

modern screen

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The **TRUTH** about those **PARIS FLINGS**
of Bing Crosby, Clark Gable, Gregory Peck, Gary Cooper

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I rode in a gondola in my maidenform bra*



The dream of a bra: Maidenform's new Etude* in fine white broadcloth
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There is a Maidenform for every type of figure*.

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NEW IPANA[®] WITH ANTI-ENZYME WD-9

reduces tooth decay...stops bad breath!



What should you know about
ENZYMES and how to fight them?

Here are proved facts — in plain language!

The enzymes you have been hearing about are formed by mouth bacteria. They speed up production of decay-causing acids. They also help produce unpleasant mouth odor.

Dental scientists now say that most tooth decay may be stopped — by stopping bacterial-enzyme action.

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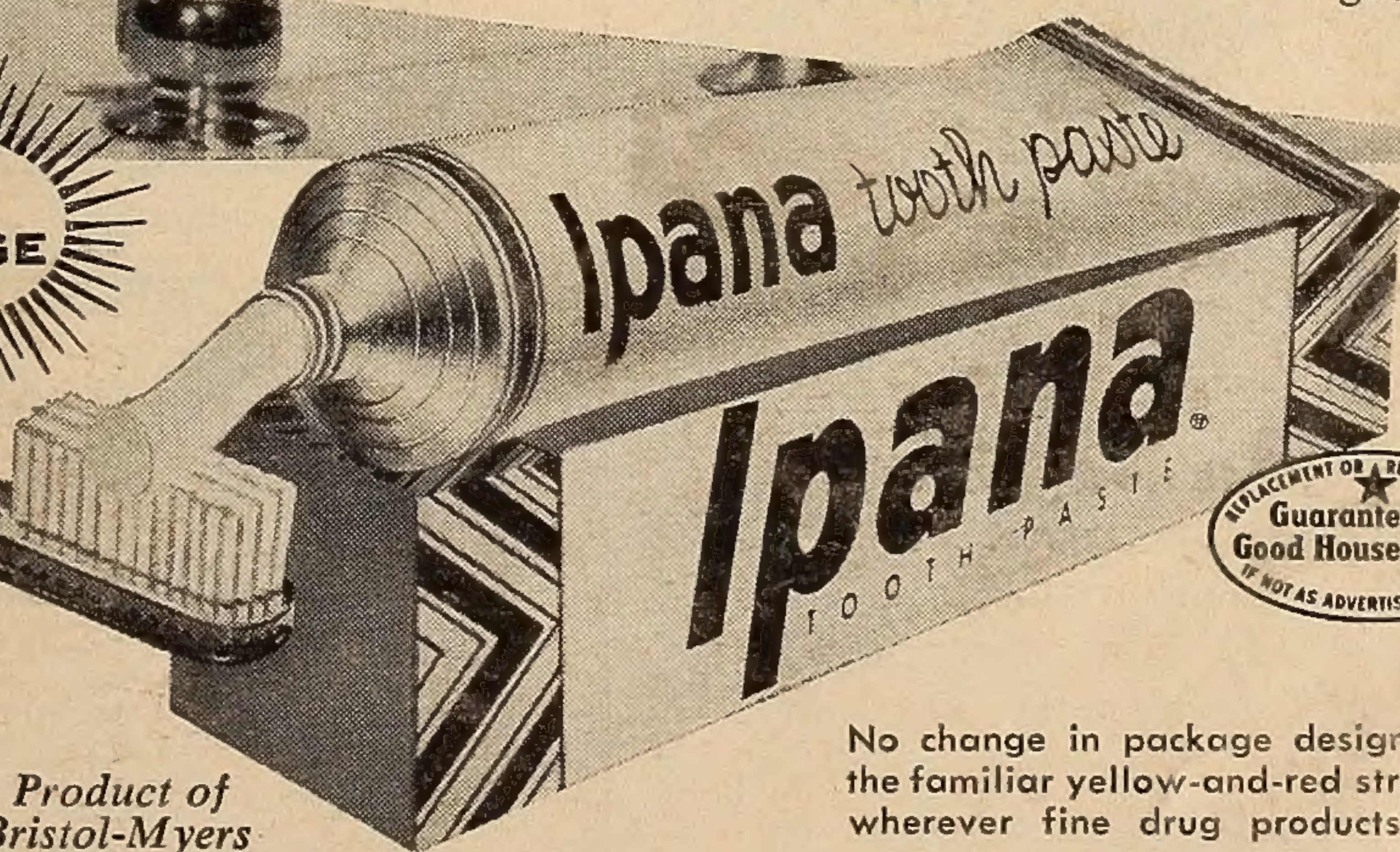
Get new Ipana with WD-9 today—encourage every member of the family to use it regularly. Don't forget your gums—they are important, too. Brushing with new Ipana containing WD-9—from gum margins toward biting edges—helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

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PACKAGE

Every single brushing
helps stop tooth decay!

Even one brushing can stop
bad breath all day!

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NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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ALL IPANA NOW ON SALE. CONTAINS ANTI-ENZYME WD-9

*Hundreds of girls
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A protecting powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream is most becoming to "Young Skin," stays unshiny longer.

DECEMBER, 1953

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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*On the cover: Color portrait of MGM's Elizabeth Taylor and her baby by Trindl and Woodfield, FPG. Other picture credits are on page 72.

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ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT

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with **BETTA ST. JOHN • KEENAN WYNN • JAMES WHITMORE • KURT KASZNAR**
Screen Play by **HARRY BROWN** • Based on the Story by **Ben Ames Williams** • Directed by **RICHARD THORPE** • Produced by **PANDRO S. BERMAN** • AN M-G-M PICTURE

THE GOSSIPS' eyebrows shot up like rockets when Greta (Mrs. Gregory) Peck honored Audrey Hepburn at a swimming pool party at the Peck home, welcoming the Hepburn doll to Hollywood.

The chatterers chirped, "How can Greta be so naive when everybody knows that Greg fell like a ton of bricks for Audrey when they were making *Roman Holiday* in Italy."

It's the gossips who are being naive in this case—not Greta. The rumor hounds have been taken in by the old, old nonsense that an actor and actress who play love scenes well on screen are also playing them well off.

The truth is that Greta and the lovely Audrey were the ones who became good friends in Rome, not the other way 'round.

Not long ago, Greta told me that things were not all they should be between her and Greg. A long separation such as the Pecks are weathering, with Gregory in Europe and Greta and the children in Hollywood, puts a strain on any marriage.

But, I happen to know that she still receives three or four letters weekly from her roving husband and many of their close friends believe they will never reach the final break of divorce.

It isn't easy for a woman to read day in and day out that her husband and the father of her children is engaged in some new "love" adventure in Europe.

Through all the gossip, Greta has kept her chin up, has been a good mother—and her conduct has earned her a great deal of admiration.

On Greg's side it can be said that he may be the innocent victim of rumors about every pretty woman he dines with in Paris, London or Rome.

Greta told me, "I hardly expect him to be alone."

If I were Greg, I'd think twice about losing a wise and understanding wife like Greta.

IT'S BEEN a month of so many explosive news breaks that before the fireworks died down I was convinced I should have gone in for china-painting or some less strenuous career than reporting Hollywood.

My nights were turned into days as developments popped in such headlines as:
LUCILLE BALL COMMUNIST VOTER IN 1936!

RITA WEDS DICK HAYMES IN LAS VEGAS!
LANA AND LEX ON SECRET EUROPEAN HONEYMOON!

Yipes! I'm sure you know all the factual details of these events—but as I look back, I find myself remembering the personal angle behind the headlines in each case.

For instance, for the first time in my life I was out of touch with my newspaper (I was trying to get a few days' rest) when the Lucille Ball bombshell broke.

Lucille and Desi Arnaz had been trying to reach me all day.

It was early the following morning when the call came through to my hotel.

Desi said, "We have nothing to hide. Lucille told the whole truth to the Un-American Activities Investigation Committee about how she happened to be registered as a Communist voter in 1936.

"The only thing that worries me is that she'll break down. But she came through like a trouper tonight on our show and I was so proud of her!"

When I returned the next day, Desi and Lucille again talked with me.

Desi said, "Not until Lucille received hun-



**GRETA PECK DAMPENS THOSE RUMORS
ABOUT GREG AND AUDREY HEPBURN . . .
EUROPE AGREES WITH CLARK GABLE . . .**

LOVELLA PARSONS'

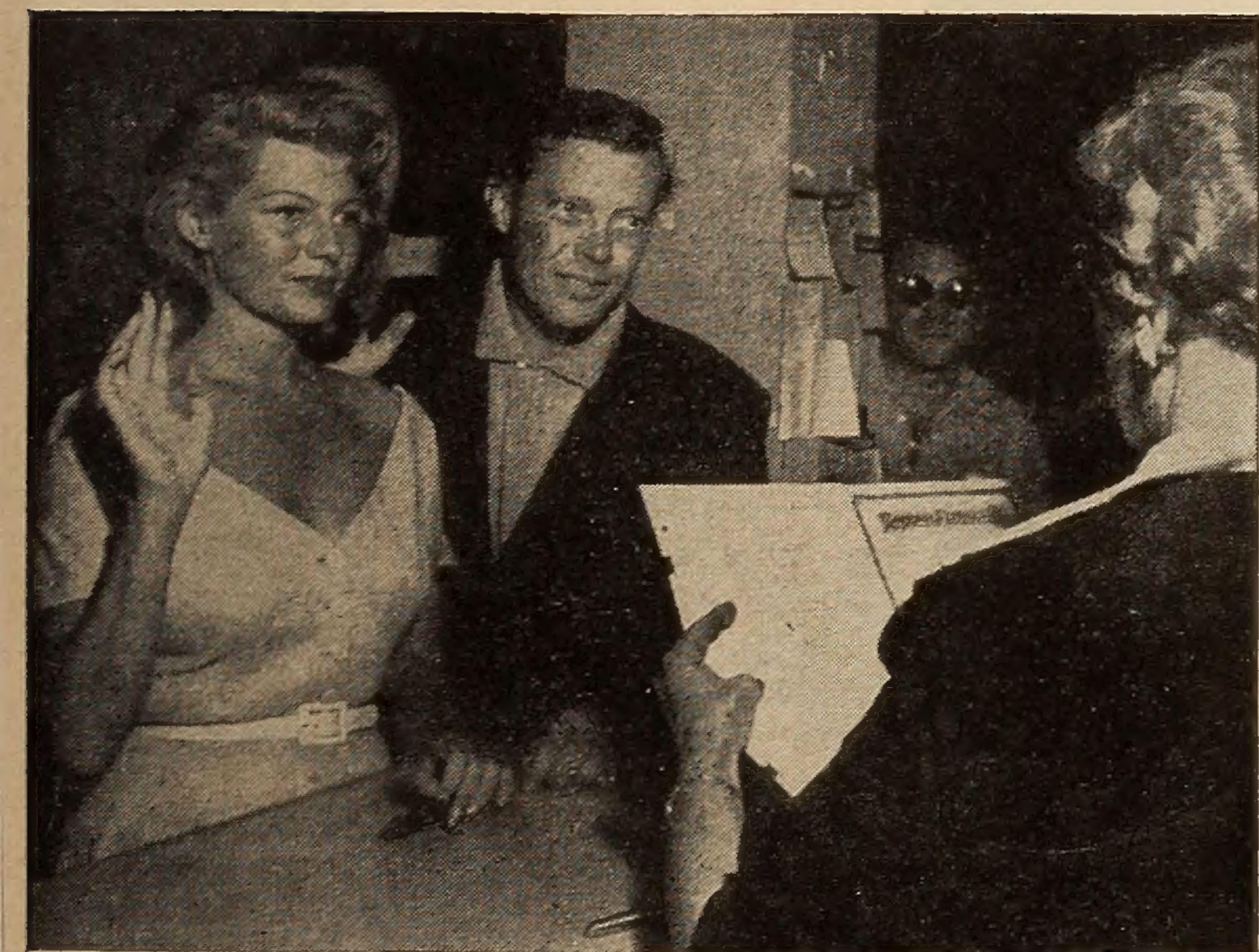


"This wedding is too important to me to clutter up with frills," Rita said. But the couple's arm-in-arm procession from her quarters to the casino where they were married was witnessed by several hundred people—some climbed diving boards for the sight.

REPORTERS OUTNUMBERED THE OTHER GUESTS. A PRESS AGENT

**\$4000 THEFT AT A STAR-STUDDED
PARTY . . . SHELLEY WOULD RATHER
HAVE A BABY THAN A DIVORCE . . .**

GOOD NEWS



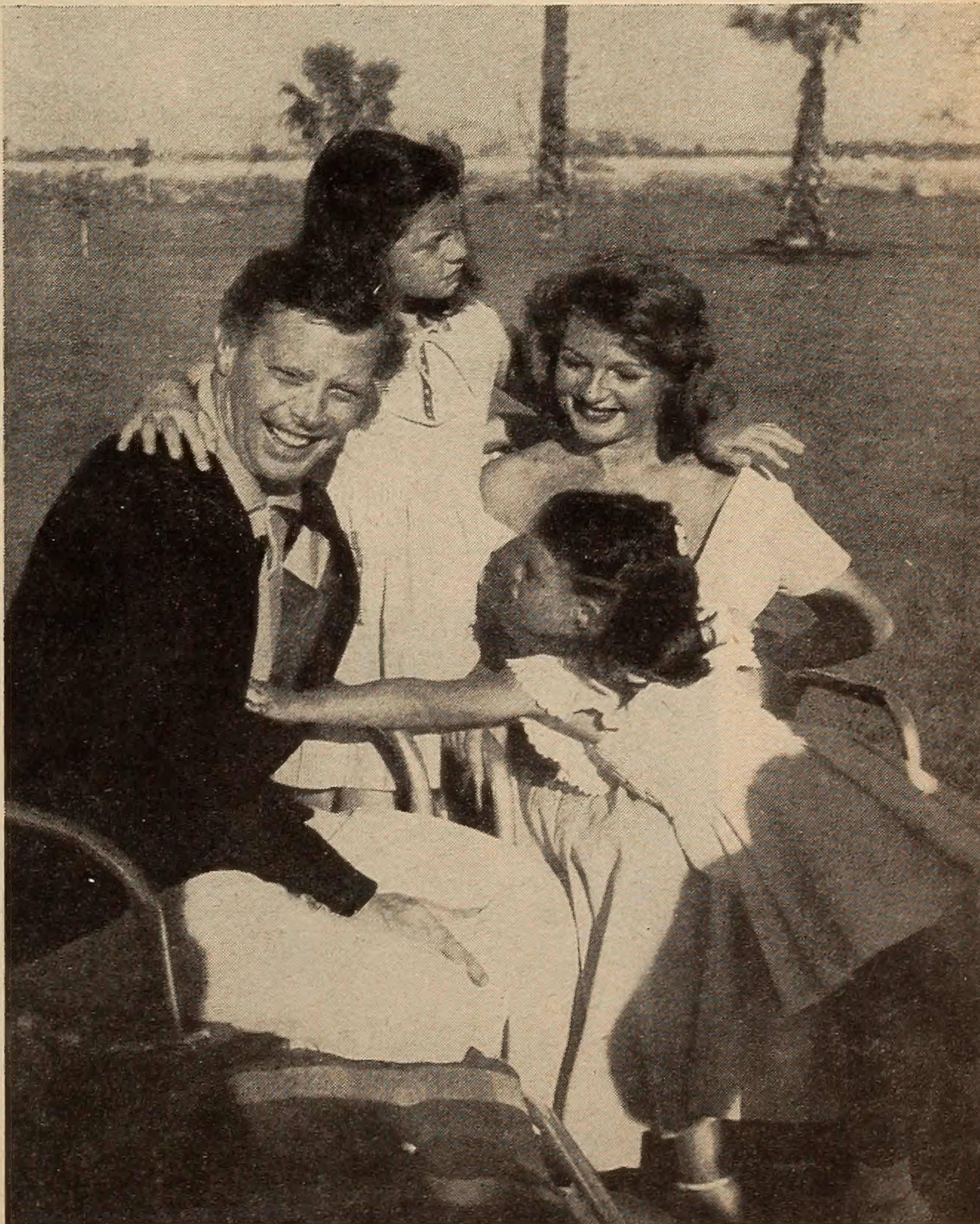
They had taken out a license as soon as Dick won divorce in 7-minute hearing. "At last, after so many difficulties," Rita sighed, regretted that her father could not leave work to attend wedding.



Wedding was held in Gold Room of Sands Casino, owned by best man Jack Entratter. The couple recited vows before District Judge McNamee, ignored gambling which continued through ceremony.



"I want a ring, too," Yasmin announced when Rita and Dick exchanged bands. Witnesses were couple's lawyers, children's nurse. Rita wore a blue linen dress (not new), toast hat, gloves, held lilies-of-the-valley and orchids.



Dick moved into Rita's suite for brief Las Vegas honeymoon before keeping Philadelphia singing date. Asked by reporters whether he had tasted Rita's cooking, Dick grinned, demanded, "Who marries Rita Hayworth for cooking?"



Pert Mitzi Gaynor, unlike most of Hollywood's younger crowd, is often seen at nightclubs on The Strip. At Mocambo with Jack Bean, she displayed her new, short Italian haircut, but admitted Jack's clipping beat her trim by inches!



Jean Simmons, also following the short-hair fad, is rumored peeved at husband, Stewart Granger, because he plans a film in England without her. Jean's latest hit, *The Robe*, has been filling theatres ever since the gala premiere.



Dean Martin and wife, Jeanne, dine at Ciro's. Rumors of trouble between them have died down since Dean's return from Europe with Jerry Lewis, squelched by announcement that Jean will soon present him with new baby.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

dreds and hundreds of telegrams and our sponsor expressed complete confidence in her did she break down and cry."

After Congressman Jackson released the full transcript of Lucy's testimony, the atmosphere cleared.

All I can say is that Lucille was the smartest girl in the world in telling the *truth*: that her grandfather so completely dominated the family's political thinking years ago, that they registered as Communists just to please an old man, although they did not vote.

RITA HAYWORTH called personally from Las Vegas to invite me to her wedding to Dick Haymes.

I laughed. "Maybe you'll have better luck if I skip this marriage," I said. I was referring to the jaunt I made half around the world covering her headline-splattered tie-up with Aly Khan.

"I'm not superstitious," said my girl friend. "You're my friend. Please come."

But work was pressing and I had to remain at my desk to keep up with the didoes of many of her stellar confreres (also breaking out in a rash of headlines).

And, just between you and me, my heart isn't quite in this latest marriage of the exotic girl I've known for so many years.

ELEANOR PARKER was shocked almost speechless when I was the first to tell her that her ex-husband, Bert Friedlob, had filed a request in the Children's Court of Conciliation that a reconciliation be effected between them.

This, despite Eleanor's divorce suit already filed last July.

As long as I've been covering Hollywood divorces, this is the first case of it's kind I've known of.

Eleanor, almost in despair said, "How can he do this? Of course, I'll fight it. Bert cannot force me to take him back. Only the two of us know the real reason back of our separation. I have never discussed it."

I told her that Bert had submitted sealed papers to the court in his petition, one of the points being that it was to the best interest of their three minor children that the home not be destroyed.

In her suit for divorce, Eleanor had said that Friedlob gave her a great inferiority complex and belittled her in front of the children and their friends; also, that he refused to let her make her own decisions even in vital matters concerning her career.

It will be very interesting to see how this unusual angle in a Hollywood divorce comes out legally. Her friends hold out very little hope that Eleanor will take Bert back—certainly not without a desperate fight.

AND HERE'S a little "inside" on the Italian wedding of Lana and Lex which made it such an ultra surprise to her studio. Exactly one week before she and Barker put wedding rings on their little fingers (????!!) Lana cabled MGM:

"ABSOLUTELY NO WEDDING PLANS.
LOVE. LANA."

WITH ALL the mishmash and nonsense about many of the Hollywood happenings, there have been two wonderful stories



BY THE AUTHOR WHOSE BOOKS HAVE BECOME WORLD-CELEBRATED MOTION PICTURES!

**WARNER
BROS.**

PRESENT

**EDNA
FERBER'S**

PULITZER

PRIZE

NOVEL

"So Big"

*He
stood
there
so big.
Love
had come...
intense, unashamed...
She was ready to forget
she'd ever been a lady...*



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JANE WYMAN

HER FINEST PORTRAYAL
SINCE 'JOHNNY BELINDA'!

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STERLING HAYDEN · NANCY OLSON



WITH **STEVE FORREST** • SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN TWIST • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER • DIRECTED BY ROBERT WISE • PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news Continued

of courage and sincerity and faith.

I mean Suzan Ball, for one, whom I most certainly believe when she tells me it was faith and her deep belief in the goodness of God that has made it possible for her to discard her crutches after many doctors had said that her shattered leg had developed cancer.

"It's as though everything beautiful were happening to me all of a sudden after so much unhappiness," Suzan told me. "I've met a boy—a man, rather—who has brought real love into my life. Through his tenderness and understanding I've come to know what real love is." Of course, she was referring to Dick Long, the promising young actor who has fallen hard for Suzan.

THE OTHER story of almost super-human courage and heart is that of Boni Buehler,

the pretty airline hostess—young, attractive and with so much ahead of her—who lost an arm and a leg in a speedboat accident at Lake Arrowhead.

The way Boni fits into the Hollywood angle of the news is that her escort, and the one who saved her life, was Geary Steffen, ex-husband of Jane Powell.

Many girls would have completely collapsed after such a tragedy.

Yet, just a bare six weeks after the accident, Boni was dining in a wheelchair at La Rue's with Geary. He introduced me as I passed their table.

"Isn't she wonderful?" beamed Geary proudly, holding onto Boni's hand, "I've never known such courage."

As I looked into Boni's eyes, smiling, vivacious—and with no bitterness—I wholeheartedly agreed with Geary.

If it were a movie script, I suppose Boni and Geary would fall in love, mutually healing both their hurts, Boni's terrible physical tragedy and Geary's hurt over losing Jane Powell to another man.

But this is real life, and I don't know whether it will turn out that way or not. I do know that these two have found a real and everlasting bond of friendship.

TWAS A REAL wingding the William Perlbergs tossed following the Hollywood premiere of Bing Crosby's *Little Boy Lost*. Bill produced the picture. Bobbie, with her own fair hands, decorated the private dining room at Chasen's and did a bang-up job.

I was very interested in meeting Nicole Maury, the French beauty and Bing's leading lady, who flew from Paris just for the occasion. (Continued on page 13)



Jane Powell, whose box-office appeal does not seem to have dropped as feared because of her divorce, says she has never been so happy. She and Gene Nelson cheerfully sign autographs on their frequent nights out.



José Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney are together constantly. Rosie gets up at 6 A.M. to watch her husband play tennis; he squires her to parties and seems to enjoy them. Rosie has lost weight since her marriage.



One of Hollywood's quietest, happiest couples, Ronald Reagan and his wife, actress Nancy Davis, took time out from their television performances to attend. Ronald is former president of the Screen Actors' Guild.



Audrey Hepburn, Broadway hit, was unknown in Hollywood before her first American film, *Roman Holiday*. After the premiere she was mobbed by photographers and fans who hadn't noticed her on the way in.

ARLENE DAHL, co-starring in
"HERE COME THE GIRLS"
A Paramount Picture
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



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THE INSIDE STORY



Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. I've read that Dick Haymes and Fernando Lamas were schoolboy friends in Buenos Aires, Argentina. How about that?
—O.F., MOBILE, ALA.

A. They were both born in Argentina, never met as schoolboys.

Q. Is it on the level that Humphrey Bogart won't permit his children to be photographed?
—A.L., BOSTON, MASS.

A. No, the Bogart children have been photographed many times.

Q. Why was there so much trouble in getting an actor to play opposite Judy Garland in *A Star Is Born*?
—N.O., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. The script was written so that it featured Garland. Several actors refused the male role because they felt it wasn't big enough. James Mason, who accepted it, felt it was fine.

Q. That Kay Spreckels who was allegedly beaten up by her husband—wasn't she once Clark Gable's sweetheart?
—B.T., PHOENIX, ARIZ.

A. Yes.

Q. Why doesn't some man ask Ann Miller to marry him? She has a lot of sex appeal. Hasn't she ever been married?
—C.I., DALLAS, TEX.

A. Divorced once, Ann Miller has turned down several marriage proposals.

Q. Isn't there a hot romance going on between Joan Crawford and Jeff Chandler?
—H.H., DULUTH, MINN.

A. They are good friends only.

Q. Can you truthfully tell me Ava Gardner's current salary, please?
—W.O., RALEIGH, N. C.

A. \$5,008 per week, forty weeks per year.

Q. How many times has Dick Haymes been married?
—B.U., HONOLULU

A. Four times.

Q. Who sang for Cyd Charisse in *The Band Wagon*?
—L.B., OGDEN, UTAH

A. India Adams dubbed the sound track.

Q. I'm told that June Allyson used to room with Gene Nelson's ex-wife,

Miriam, and Gene Kelly's wife, Betsy. Why is it that June doesn't go around with these girls any longer?
—V.B., BRONX, N. Y.

A. Since her marriage to Dick Powell, Miss Allyson moves in different social circles.

Q. What is the real reason MGM dropped Marge and Gower Champion, those wonderful dancers?
—D.K., COLUMBUS, OHIO

A. Studio executives felt they couldn't carry an entire picture; also a studio economy wave.

Q. Isn't Marilyn Monroe in love with a big shot at 20th Century-Fox? Isn't Joe DiMaggio being used as a smoke screen?
—C.J., DENVER, COLO.

A. No.

Q. What happened to Grace Kelly, who was so friendly with Clark Gable when they made *Mogambo*?
—C.H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. Miss Kelly has just finished the female lead in *Dial M For Murder*.

Q. Is it true that success has gone to the heads of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis? I understand they now refuse to be interviewed.
—E.J., STOCKTON, CAL.

A. They are both extremely cooperative with all members of the press. Always have been, too.

Q. What is the status of the Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis versus Bob Hope feud?
—D.L., AMARILLO, TEX.

A. Still going strong.

Q. Is it true that all members of the Armed Forces have been forbidden to see *The Moon Is Blue*?
—J.J., FT BRAGG, N. C.

A. The picture was banned from service theatres. Men in uniform may see it at any civilian theatre.

Q. Wasn't Rory Calhoun's badly-slashed arm the result of a fight with his wife? Tell the truth now.
—H.H., LONG BEACH, CAL.

A. The truth is that Calhoun shoved a hand through a glass-paneled door in his house, had no fight with his wife.



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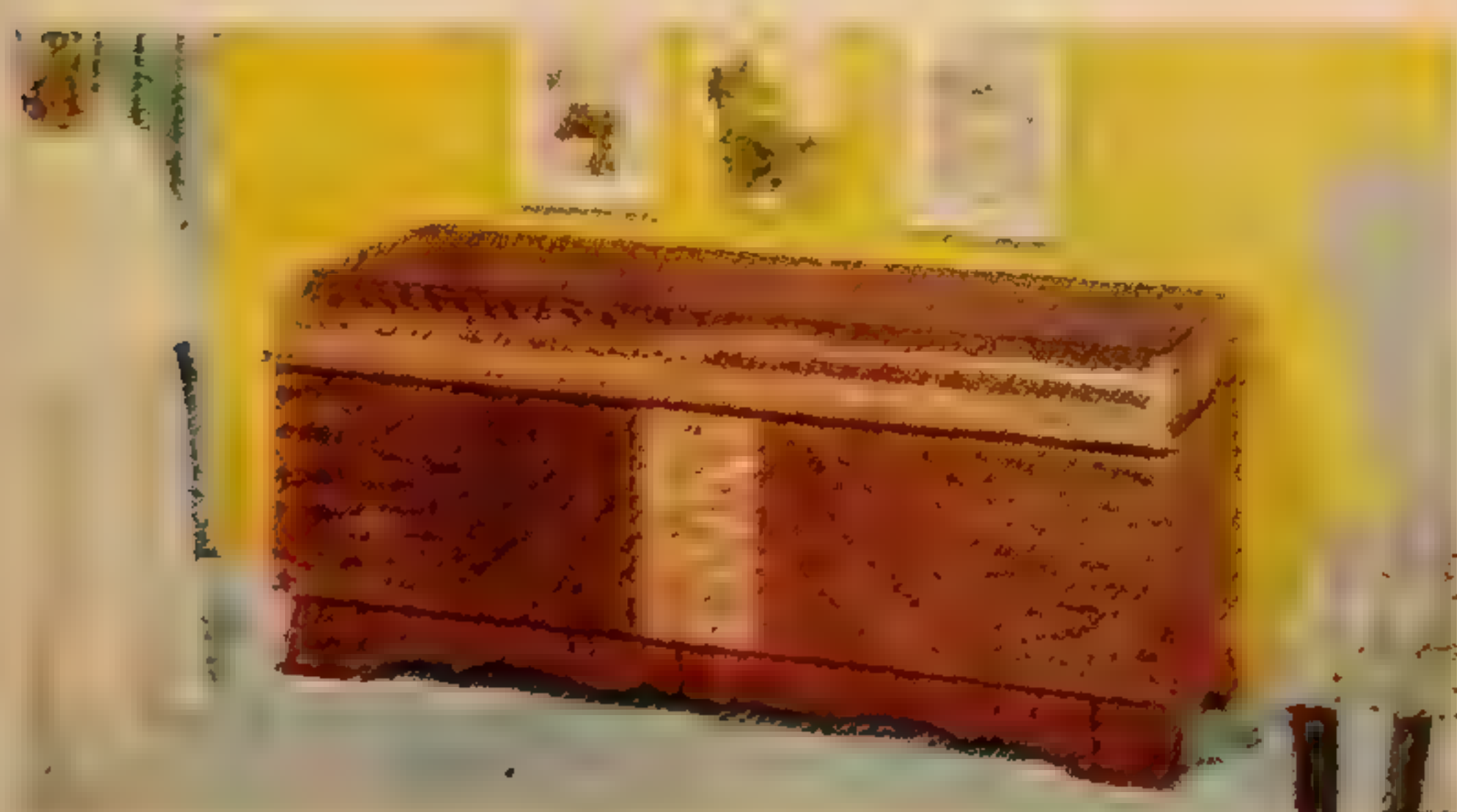
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BEDROOM

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LIVING ROOM

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Jam Spoon	3.30
Jelly Server	6.60-8.75
Lemon Fork	4.75-6.60
Mustard Spoon	2.75
Olive or Pickle Fork	5.75-6.60
Pie or Pastry Server	11.25-13.25
Poultry Shears	30.00-33.00
Punch Ladle	55.00-110.00
Salad or Serving Fork	20.00-27.00
Salad or Serving Spoon	20.00-29.00
Salad Set, Wood	14.50-18.00
Soup Ladle	50.00-80.00
Sugar Spoon	6.85-10.25
Sugar Tongs	10.75-12.00
Table or Serving Spoon	12.00-18.00
Tomato Server	15.00-21.00
Vegetable Serving Spoon	12.00-18.00
Wedding Cake Knife	18.50

CARVING SETS

Roast Set 2 pc.	\$36.00-40.00
Steak Set 2 pc.	24.00-30.00

JUVENILE

Baby Set, 2 pc.	\$6.50-7.70
Baby Fork	3.25-3.85
Baby Spoon	3.25-3.85
Junior (Child's) Set, 3-pc.	15.00-16.50
Junior Fork	5.25-6.00
Junior Knife	5.75-6.25
Junior Spoon	3.65-4.25

MISCELLANEOUS

Bottle Opener	\$6.50
Candle Snuffer	11.00-12.50
Letter Opener	6.50
Salt Spoon Pin	1.65

PLACE SETTING ITEMS

Tea Spoon	\$4.25-6.25
Luncheon Knife	6.50-7.75
Luncheon Fork	7.50-10.50
Butter Spreader	5.00-6.25
Cream Soup Spoon	6.00-8.50
Salad or Pastry Fork	6.50-8.50
Dinner Knife	7.25-8.50
Dinner Fork	9.25-13.00

OTHER PLACE ITEMS

Bouillon Spoon	\$6.00-7.25
Butter Spreader	6.00-7.00
Cocktail or Oyster Fork	4.50-6.00
Coffee Spoon	3.00-3.85
Dessert or Cereal Spoon	8.00-10.25
Fish Fork	8.50-10.00
Fish Knife	8.00-9.75
Fruit Knife	6.50-7.25
Ice Cream Fork	6.00-6.60
Iced Beverage Spoon	6.25-8.75
Orange or Grapefruit Spoon	7.25-8.00
Salt Spoon	1.65
Sherbet Spoon	3.25
Soup Spoon	10.00-12.00
Steak Knife	8.25-9.50
Tea Knife	5.75-6.50
Tea Spoon, small	3.65-4.25

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1953

All prices include federal tax
and vary according to pattern

casion. She knocked me cold by speaking perfect English. She knocked the males cold by being so beautiful and alluring.

Rosemary Clooney looked to me as though she had taken off some of those pesky pounds she put on following her marriage to José Ferrer. For the first time I have had occasion to observe, José seemed to be enjoying a party, and he was devotion itself to Rosy.

Nancy Sinatra brought thirteen-year-old Nancy, Jr., and ten-year-old Frankie, Jr., to the movie and they were permitted to drop in on the party for a half-hour. Frankie, Jr., was as pleased as punch that his invitation came directly from Bing Crosby (who was in Elko and wasn't present, himself).

That cute Charlie Coburn had an attractive "date," and danced every number.

Maureen O'Hara came with her handsome brother, Charles FitzSimmons, and Maureen agreed with me that Bing will be among the Oscar contenders next March for his fine work in this touching picture.

IT WAS Dick Haymes' own brainstorm (and not Rita's lawyer's, as suspected) that he sign what many considered those "embarrassing" papers, waiving all rights to Rita's money, or property or future earnings.

"I want the world to know that I love Rita—and I took this step on my own initiative," he told me. "I don't give a damn about her money."

Dick also had a lot to do with the redheaded Hayworth's coldly turning down a \$1,000,000 settlement from her former husband, Aly Khan, provided she would bring up their three-year-old child, Yasmin, as a Moslem.

For a guy who is having plenty of financial headaches you have to admit that Dick is going way out of his way to prove it's just loooove, loooove, loooove he feels for Rita.

SPEAKING of Yasmin, everybody at the Sands Hotel fell completely under the charm of this little girl, who is one of the most engaging youngsters I have ever met.

One of the guards (assigned to her after Rita received threatening letters) gave her a small dog.

Yasmin taught the pooch to swim and she was in the pool with him every day. She named the dog "Esther" for Esther Williams.

"But it's a he dog," the guard told her.

"Does that make any difference," the little girl asked, "when it swims so good?"

CLARK GABLE got so fat—he put on twenty-two pounds, wining and dining through Europe with his favorite gal, Suzanne Dadolle, after *Mogambo*—that he had to go on a torturous diet before stepping before the cameras with Lana Turner Barker in *The True And The Brave*.

It's supposed to be a secret, but MGM practically put the King in retirement while he shed the unbecoming poundage.

This may be the real reason behind Mlle. Dadolle's asking for her job back as a model for Schiaparelli and why many people got the idea that Gable's mad yen for her had cooled.

I hear that Lana Turner kidded Clark unmercifully about his expanded waistline. Usually, it's Lana who has to go on a strict diet to make the weight before a picture.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: If Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie are forced to work together in *Johnny Dark*, the studio bosses can start taking aspirin right now. This feud is as strong

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news Continued



June Allyson has been mothering contented papa Dick Powell ever since his sudden illness last year. At Vic Damone's opening in Mocambo's famous Champagne Room, she hovered over him attentively.



Debbie Reynolds has been dating "like cra-a-zy" ever since her break-up with Bob Wagner. She attended the star-studded premiere of Bing Crosby's latest hit, *Little Boy Lost* with another popular youngster, actor Tab Hunter.



There's a new leading lady in the Esther Williams-Ben Gage home ever since Thursday, October 1, when Esther gave birth to a 7 lb. 15 oz. daughter. Susan is the first sister for their two sons, Benjamin, 4, and Kimball, 3.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news Continued



Farley Granger vacationed on Italy's sunny Isle of Capri, spent much of his time shopping for a native hat to wear with his sporty outfit.



Lovely Jan Sterling arrived at the premiere with her famous husband, Paul Douglas. Paul's latest picture is a comedy, *Forever Female*.



Shirley Temple and her husband, Charles Black, are rumored to be contemplating a movie debut for Shirley's talented daughter, Linda Susan.

as it was two years ago. . . .

It could happen only to a movie-husband: Vittorio Gassman called Shelley Winters all the way from Rome to ask if she was divorcing him. He'd read it in an Italian newspaper that afternoon. "No," chortled Shell via trans-Atlantic telephone, "I'm planning to have another baby if I can ever catch up with you again!"

MARILYN MONROE, Terry Moore and Barbara Stanwyck all hold their mouths slightly open all the time, an odd mannerism in three such widely divergent types. . . .

If Susan Hayward liked Jeff Chandler a lot more than she does, she could take him out of circulation. But Susie's not concentrating on any gent. She's enjoying her freedom too much. . . .

After years of carrying a torch for one married lady, Rocky Cooper, I think Peter Lawford is lighted-up over another Mrs.—Judy Holliday Oppenheim. . . .

Had to giggle when I heard Ava's last feud with Frankie was because she thought he was getting swell-headed again after *From Here To Eternity*. Those Sinatras are something. . . .

Watch the Vera-Allen romance with British Richard Gully getting hot. . . .

The Tyrone Powers should forget their disappointment over a second baby daughter. The important thing is—a healthy baby.

AS USUAL when the Ice Follies comes to town, it's a star-studded event for our actors who turn out to "ah" and "oh" over the thrilling skaters like the wildest-eyed fans.

Many dinner parties were given before the gala event, one of the gayest by the Jules Steins. I rode to the Follies in the same car with Audrey Hepburn, Phil Silvers and our host.

Love this Hepburn girl. She's so regular and unaffected and kids a lot about being so thin.

At the ice palace, I sat next to the Edgar Bergens with Henry Fonda just a few chairs away, close enough to tell me that he was in town to start rehearsals on his next stage

venture, *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial*, from Herman Wouk's book.

Olivia De Havilland looked beautiful in all-white, and although she was with an old friend, Sammy Colt, her heart was about 3000 miles away with journalist Pierre Galante in New York. Love is becoming to Livvy. She looks young and sparkling.

After a brief interlude of playing the field, Donald O'Connor was back with Marilyn Erskine, and seemingly liking it.

One of the real beauties in a box was Cyd Charisse who looks more and more like Ava Gardner since she snipped her hair short. Of course Cyd, in a tomato-colored dress with a white coat, was with Tony Martin.

Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger must have had two dozen candid cameramen around them snapping pictures at intermission.

"They must think I'm a skater," called Janie, who really is almost too modest about her fame.

Rock Hudson was with his (currently) favorite date, Betty Abbott. (Hey! He got her the job of script girl on his new picture *Magnificent Obsession*—and this begins to look serious.)

Nice to see so many old friends like Dennis Morgan, Jack Benny and many others eating peanuts and popcorn and acting just like kids about the exciting show.

GUY MITCHELL, the new singing sensation who screen debuts with Rosemary Clooney in *Red Garters*, ain't goin' to get off lightly because his career zoomed so far ahead of that of his bride-of-a-year, Jackie Loughery.

The lady has made this quite plain in asking \$500 weekly alimony from Guy, who, a bare fourteen months ago, barely had \$500 to his name!

The break-up of the former "Miss America," who was far more famous than her bridegroom when they married, and the new crooning rage, is the same old Hollywood story.

Two new careers under one roof. Jealousy. Tears. Suspensions. Then—calling it all off.

FOR A FULL fifteen minutes after Spike Jones dashed back into the Harry Jamesons' house at the party being given in honor of Helen Grayco's birthday (she's Mrs. Spike) and reported his \$4000 gift for her had been stolen from their locked car, absolutely no one believed him.

Far from being a gag, the gorgeous diamond bracelet had been lifted from the glove compartment where Spike had put it until time to slip it on Helen's wrist.

Jerry Lewis, all dolled up in dinner clothes and tennis shoes (!) was one of the guests believing poor Spike was clowning—and insisted he had the gift in his pocket.

It was a case of one prankster kidding another and Spike didn't know whether Jerry had it or not.

Was Jerry's face red when he realized that Spike was not spoofing—and the detectives were called.

Among those milling around during the excitement were the Van Heflins, Betty Hutton and Charles O'Curran, Jeff Chandler and Cesar Romero.

EDGAR BERGEN's little girl, Candy, has a big crush on Guy Madison (so have many bigger girls).

Not long ago Edgar and Candy were shopping in Beverly Hills when Guy came along.

After the child had been introduced to her idol, her father asked her what she thought of Guy.

"I just wish he came in smaller sizes," Candy sighed.

THE LETTERBOX: "I can't take Jeanne Crain's new look," writes Mrs. Ronald Hunt, Mansfield, Ohio. "Bring back our old, lovely Jeanne, minus that hair-cut and those short skirts."

Carlos Turpiner opines: "Count at least one fan, me, as still as enchanted with Jane Powell as I ever was. Her private life is her own. Her talent is ours, thank heavens."

Two schoolgirls, Chicago, write: "Who is Deborah Paget kidding that she hasn't been kissed?" I think Debra has now been kissed, girls, and her name is Debra—not Deborah. That's all for now. See you next month.

Marilyn Betty Lauren
MONROE GRABLE BACALL

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in
CINEMASCOPE

YOU SEE IT WITHOUT GLASSES!

Only CinemaScope could
surround you with so glittering
an array of stars... engulf
you in the glamour of the world's
greatest city... the excitement
of Maine's ski slopes... the
dazzling beauty of a
fabulous fashion show..

20TH CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS
**How To Marry
a Millionaire**
TECHNICOLOR

Co-starring

DAVID WAYNE • RORY CALHOUN • CAMERON MITCHELL

Based on Plays by Zoe Akins and Dale Eunson and Katherine Albert • with ALEX D'ARCY • FRED CLARK and

Produced by
NUNNALLY JOHNSON
Directed by
JEAN NEGULESCO
Screen Play by
NUNNALLY JOHNSON
William POWELL

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



THE REAL LOWDOWN:

Jane Russell's chapel in the San Fernando Valley has become quite a rehabilitation spot for alcoholics. David Brian delivered a sermon, his first, to Jane's religious group last month. And the guy has never looked better . . . Did you know that Susan Hayward and Jeff Chandler were once schoolmates in Brooklyn? Shortly after Susie filed suit for divorce from Jess Barker, Jeff offered her his shoulder "to cry on." Watch this pair! . . . Quite a guy, Chandler. He came to the Multiple Sclerosis Telethon here in Hollywood at midnight on Saturday and stayed on until four P.M., Sunday, working like a dog answering phones and taking messages from donors.

Marilyn Erskine gave Donald O'Connor a black star sapphire ring for his birthday . . . Did you know that the car that overturned and almost killed Beetsie Wynn on her trip back to New York belonged to Sid Luft, Judy Garland's husband? A friend was driving it back east for Sid and Beetsie hitched a ride in it . . . Is Judy responsible for Sid's alimony obligations? Lynn Bari, his ex, keeps filing lawsuits against him in an effort to get an answer



Chandler

. . . Debbie Reynolds has become the datingest gal in town since breaking up with Bob Wagner. Wonder when Deb, my favorite Girl Scout, will dye her hair and tread the glamour trail? . . . Liz Taylor, whose hair was naturally curly, now resorts to permanents. A medico tells me this is sometimes caused by motherhood.



Reynolds

LONG HUNCH DEP'T:

Their Hollywood chums wonder what significance there was in Lana Turner and Lex Barker's placing their wedding rings on their little fingers . . . When she heard about the Lana-Lex linking, Arlene Dahl, Lex's ex, said, "I wish them happiness. I think they have a lot in common" . . . Wait'll you see Arlene's torrid love scenes with Fernando Lamas in *The Diamond Queen*! . . . If Gary and Rocky Cooper reconcile it'll be because of their daughter . . . Now that Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra are at the height of their careers—she in *Mogambo*, he in *From Here To Eternity*—their intimates don't give *that* marriage long, either, this despite its many on-again-off-again aspects that have lately become mostly off . . . The romance to keep your eye on is the one between Chata Wayne, John's ex-spouse, and Steve Cochran. Steve kept long-distancing her from Rome throughout the divorce action.



Dahl



Lanza

Don't be surprised when Shirley Temple returns to movies. If she ever needed proof that the fans want her back she got it when they mobbed her at the Multiple Sclerosis Telethon, so overwhelmed were they by her sweetness and simplicity. She attended the party tossed by Sheila MacRae, Elyse Knox and Cleo Arnold when they started their new tv show, featuring remarks about their better-halves, Gordon MacRae, Tom Harmon and Edward Arnold. Outside the tv station, on Vine Street, who got the biggest hand from the fans? Shirley. They kept yelling, "We want Shirley! We want Shirley!" till she went out and took a bow . . . Don't look for anything exciting to happen between Judy Holliday and Pete Lawford, despite the romantic rumors . . . Johnnie Ray has been working in the night clubs without his hearing aid, which means you'll see no evidence of the device in any movie he makes . . . If Mario Lanza keeps saying nasty things to reporters over the phone he's likely to wind up in the clink . . . These three kiddies look like they'll be up for Academy Awards for best supporting actor roles:

Christian Fourcade for *Little Boy Lost*, Tommy Rettig for *The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T*, and Brandon de Wilde for *Shane*.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Tony Curtis' devotion to his father during a recent heart attack confirms what I've known all along: that Tony is tops . . . Jane Powell missed only one performance of Gene Nelson's Coconut Grove engagement, that one due to Dore Schary's birthday party . . . Then Janie herself opened at the Grove right after Gene closed. I was there opening night, when Janie's mother's date, a bartender, became obstreperous and had to be led outside by Gene's agent, Johnny Darrow. Everybody held his breath during *that* incident! . . . The Powell-Nelson wedding may happen much sooner than the year set by California law . . . I talked to Janie at the MGM *See For Yourself* star party for MGMers from all over the world, and congratulated her on her singing. "How come you're singing better than I've ever heard you?" I asked. She replied, "It could be because I have a new vocal coach. Or it could be because I've never been so happy in my life!"



Nelson

Suzan Ball's ability to walk without her crutches and Dick Long's loving attendance during her long illness are the talk of Hollywood . . . Ty and Linda Power were disappointed at first when the stork delivered their second daughter instead of the son forecast by Linda's Rome astrologer. But now they wouldn't trade little Taryn for all the astrologers in the world . . . Pier Angeli has really been torching for Kirk Douglas! . . . Mrs. Douglas Mueller, the widow of a millionaire, has been consoling Fred MacMurray, following the death of his beloved Lillian . . . It's been touch-and-go for Olivia de Havilland and her French reporter *amour*, Pierre Galante. Anything in the romantic line can happen with these two! . . . Rock Hudson moved from Coldwater to Laurel Canyon—one canyon away from Betty Abbott . . . Anne Baxter dyed her hair from red back to its natural auburn shade for her tour in *John Brown's Body* and I like it, I like it! . . . When lonesome matrons (and some of the younger babes!) phone John Hodiak and invite him to parties he replies, "Did you know Anne (John's ex) is back from Europe? Maybe you'd rather have her." Ouch!

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton almost didn't get married, the in-laws and agents were so dead set against it . . . Biggest surprise, the rift in the marriage of Guy Mitchell, Paramount's new star, and Jackie Loughery, who was Miss America of 1952. Career jealousy was blamed . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor has been seeing Porfirio Rubirosa, Doris Duke's ex-husband, so George Sanders has been seeing Ilse Bey . . . Mona Freeman dated Nicky Hilton at the *Villa Nova* but they had a spat and she called her ex-husband, Pat Nerney, to come and take her home! . . . Errol Flynn just can't seem to stay out of trouble. He trounced a young U.S. businessman in a hotel in Rome. The younger man landed in a hospital and threatened to sue. Martin & Lewis got into a spat with British



Gabor



Mrs. Dorian Mehle of Morrisville, Pa., is all three: a housewife, a mother, and a very lovely lady.

"I wash 22,000 dishes a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

You and Dorian Mehle have something in common. Every year, you wash a stack of dishes a quarter-mile high!

Detergents make your job so much easier. They cut right into grease and grime. They get you through dishwashing in much less time, but while they dissolve grease, they also take away the natural oils and youthful softness of your hands!

Although Dorian hasn't given up detergents her hands are as soft, as smooth, as young-looking as a teenager's. Her secret is no secret at all. It's the world's best-known beauty routine. It's pure, white Jergens Lotion, after every chore.

When you smooth on Jergens Lotion, this liquid formula doesn't just "coat" your hands. It penetrates right away, to help *replace* that softening moisture your skin needs.

Jergens Lotion has two ingredients doctors recommend for softening. Women must be recommending it, too, for more women use it than any other hand care in the world. Dorian's husband is the best testimonial to Jergens Lotion care. Even after years of married life, he still loves to hold her pretty hands!

Use Jergens Lotion like a prescription: three times a day, after every meal!



Use JERGENS LOTION - avoid detergent hands

Now - lotion dispenser **FREE** of extra cost with \$1.00 size. Supply limited.

hollywood report

continued

reporters who criticized their act at the London Palladium, but Abbott & Costello came back from London saying, "You can't get laughs from British audiences just because you're a success in the United States" . . . The only casualty following a name-calling spat between Nora Flynn Haymes and Lita Baron Calhoun was Rory Calhoun, Lita's husband. In the middle of the melee, which started when Nora called Lita a name, Rory tripped on the front porch of his home and cut his hand . . . And Joanne Dru Ireland, John's wife and Dick Haymes' ex-wife, went to court and demanded that Dick support his three children ahead of consideration for Nora or Rita!

FUNNIES:

The story goes that Jane Russell was dressing in front of an eight-year-old niece who ogled Jane and trilled: "How come I'm so plain and you're so fancy?" . . . Guy Madison calls Los Angeles' combination of smog and heat, sometimes known as smog, *smeat* . . . Bob Mitchum to Susan Hayward: "My, you're small with your shoes off!" Susie to Bob: "You're small with yours on!" . . . When Marilyn Monroe saw the X-ray of her ankle bone following that accident in Canada she said, "That's one part of me that's never been photographed before."



Madison

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Debra Paget's family gave her an anklet with a diamond heart for her twentieth birthday . . . Doris Day bought a radiant-heat dog house for her hound . . . Joan Evans has made up with her parents (she fell out with them when she married Kirby Wetherley) but her husband hasn't . . . Loretta Young, Irene Dunne, Jane Russell, June Allyson and Dick Powell have set up an outfit called International Adoption Association, object being to get children out of orphanages into private homes . . . Ann Soth-ern will not discuss her conversion to Catholicism with the press. She says it's a personal matter, and who can blame her? . . . Rosemary Clooney arises at six A.M. twice a week to watch José Ferrer play tennis . . . Ann Blyth gave Doc McNulty a family crest for their second anniversary—second month, that is.



Evans and father

Dale Evans' contribution to date to the American Society for Retarded Children totals \$50,000 . . . Joyce Holden and Dok Stanford, who surprised everyone by announcing a date with the stork, have been married since June 16, 1951. They decided to pop with the news now that they've moved into their own home in Woodland Hills . . . The bracelet Grace Kelly is wearing is a gift from Clark Gable . . . The illness from which Jane Withers is suffering has been diagnosed as rheumatoid arthritis. Janie has to spend most of the day sleeping . . . Clifton Webb returned from Europe so excited 18 over Rome that he is installing an Italian

garden in his Beverly Hills place that's authentic right down to the naughty statues for the fountain . . . Linda Darnell returned from Italy, too, to find her daughter, Lola, an expert high diver . . . Burt Lancaster has given up the idea of buying that Connecticut farmhouse and will settle for an apartment in New York City this coming year.

ODDS BODKINS:

Nine-year-old Maggie Douglas has an overabundance of glamour parents: Paul Douglas, her real pop, and his wife, Jan Sterling, who loves to mother Maggie—and Virginia Field, her real mom, and Virginia's husband, Willard Parker, who loves to father Maggie! . . . Mary McCarty explains why Jane Russell is such a big woman: "She has to be big to make room for her big heart." . . . Marlon Brando lives on \$100 a week drawn from the Marsdo Company, a corporation set up by himself, and another \$50 drawn from his agent . . . Farley Granger is getting \$85,000 for *Summer Hurricane*, the movie he's been making abroad . . . Gal about whom I've never heard an unkind word: Eve Arden . . . Esther Williams lists her swimming pool as a tax deduction. The Internal Revenue people call it her office because she spends most of her "business hours" there—working, that is . . . Joan Crawford's cure for insomnia: spend hours every night dictaphoning answers to fan mail in bed, turn the whole mess over to your secretary in the morning, then go to sleep!



Brando

Bing Crosby caused an uproar at Paramount when he showed up in boss Don Hartman's office wearing Bermuda shorts and a sports shirt . . . Kathryn Grayson's doctor told her to cancel her concert tour because of nervous exhaustion. So, says she: "I'm relaxing at home, scrubbing floors!" . . . Betsy Drake is taking guitar lessons. Poor Cary Grant . . . Roberta Haymes switched from playing *Scrabble* to—Steve Rowland! . . . Joan Benny and Vic Damone resumed the romance-interrupted by his stretch in the Army . . . Karl Malden murders Dolores Dorn on the set of *The Phantom Ape* at Warners. But the catch is that this big-hearted guy picks her up and drives her to work every ayem!

SEX APPEAL:

If you measure Janet Leigh and Debra Paget around the chests you'll find they total Bob Wagner's height: 72 inches! . . . Greer Garson is hankering to make one of those sexy Italian films—in Italy . . . Marla English, Paramount's cute, new, little starlet, stopped by to see the Hollywood columnists in their offices. She's very cute: has Cadillac-blue eyes and lots of other things that spell s-t-a-r-d-o-m . . . Having heard her at a party, I can assure you that Maureen O'Hara's Irish soprano pipes are every bit as melodious as Ann Blyth's, and I hope she gets a chance to use them in a movie . . . A traveler back from Mexico City reports that the hottest glamour attraction for tourists south of the border is sleek, sunny, svelte, sexy, simply super Annie Sheridan! . . . Byron Palmer is buying a house where he can hide away from all the gals who've been bothering him for dates . . . Kathleen Hughes has devised

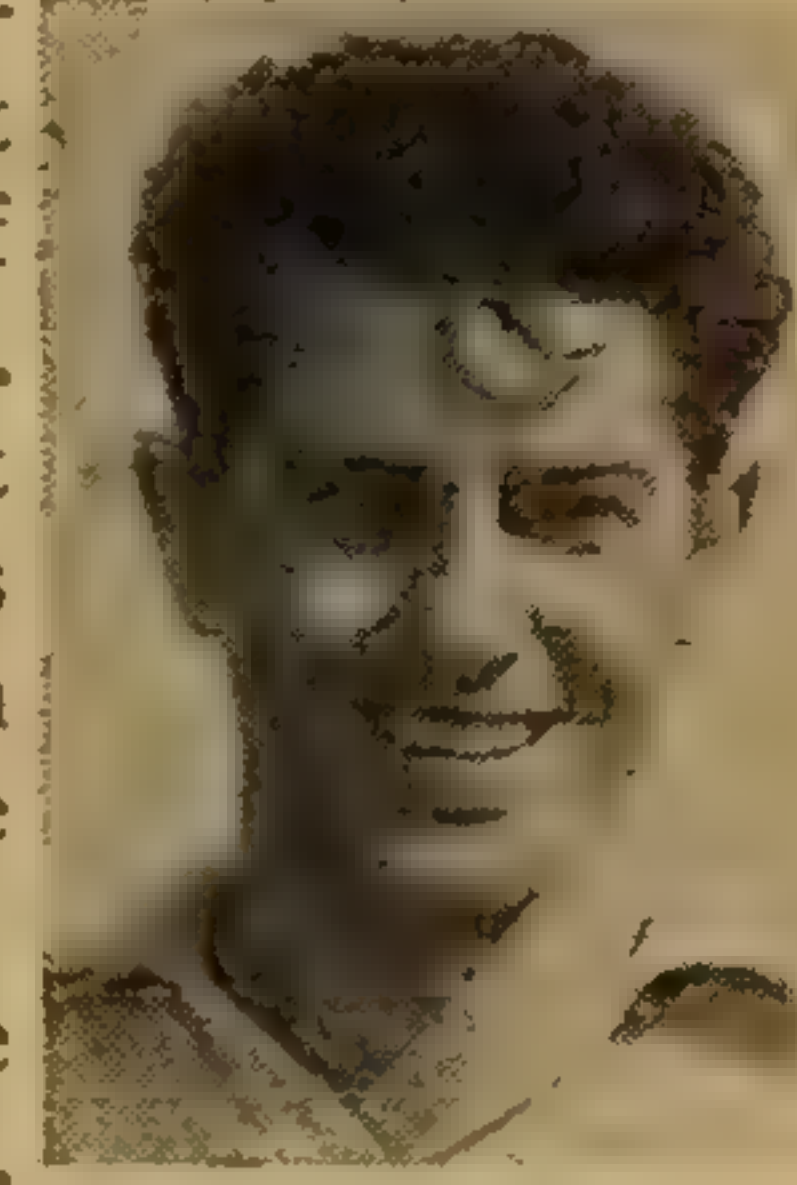


Sheridan

polka-dot toenail polish . . . Fernando Lamas tells me he would give up girls—well, *almost*!—for a chance to play the star role in Ernest Hemingway's bullfight story, *Death In The Afternoon*.

QUICK QUOTES:

I asked Audrey Dalton if she laughs at Bob Hope's jokes or at his facial expressions. She replied: "Both—a funny story's no good unless it's told with the right face" . . . Grace Kelly inherited Shirley Booth's former Hollywood apartment and sighed, "I hope some of the talent rubbed off" . . . Anne Baxter on the subject of romance: "I'm as free as the wind because the man on the white horse hasn't come along as yet."



Granger

Farley Granger wrote me from Rome: "A sweet, rich, young Italian countess thinks she and I should get married. I told her I would if she would give me Sam Goldwyn (Farley's former boss) as a wedding present" . . . Jean Peters on the subject of Latin lovers: "They take longer to tell you how wonderful you are, but what a wonderful way to get bored!"

Pete Lawford was talking about people and the questions he runs into on his trips around the country. He said that this is the sort of thing he goes through!

A girl comes up to him and says, "Have you got a sweetheart?" His answer is that his work keeps him pretty busy. Then she says, "What is your favorite type of girl?" So Pete looks around and by then there are several types hanging around and he doesn't want to stick his neck out. So he answers, "I like healthy girls."

That doesn't discourage the questioners. One asks, "Who do you like best to take out on dates?" Pete has a good answer for that. He says, "Girls . . . just girls!"

Then comes the embarrassing type question. A girl says, "You're a bachelor, aren't you? Did you ever think of getting married?" The best retort to that is this, "Yes."

Pete says that this short answer, usually, is a surprise.

It stops everything dead for about 30 seconds. Then someone says, "What do you admire most in a girl?" Pete says an actor can say—Intelligence, sense of humor, modesty, anything like that. But then some wise little creature will come up with, "You mean you don't like sex appeal in your girl friends?" At that point you say, "I'm sorry, you wonderful people, but my train is about ready to leave."

Next time Pete Lawford makes a personal appearance in your town, just to get even, you can step up to him and say, "Mr. Lawford, are there any questions you'd like to ask me?" If you tried that technique on any actor, he'd fall over in a dead faint . . . and you could drag him away, because he'd be all yours!

Carl Schroeder



Bobbi is perfect for this gay, casual "Florentine" hairdo, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. No help needed.



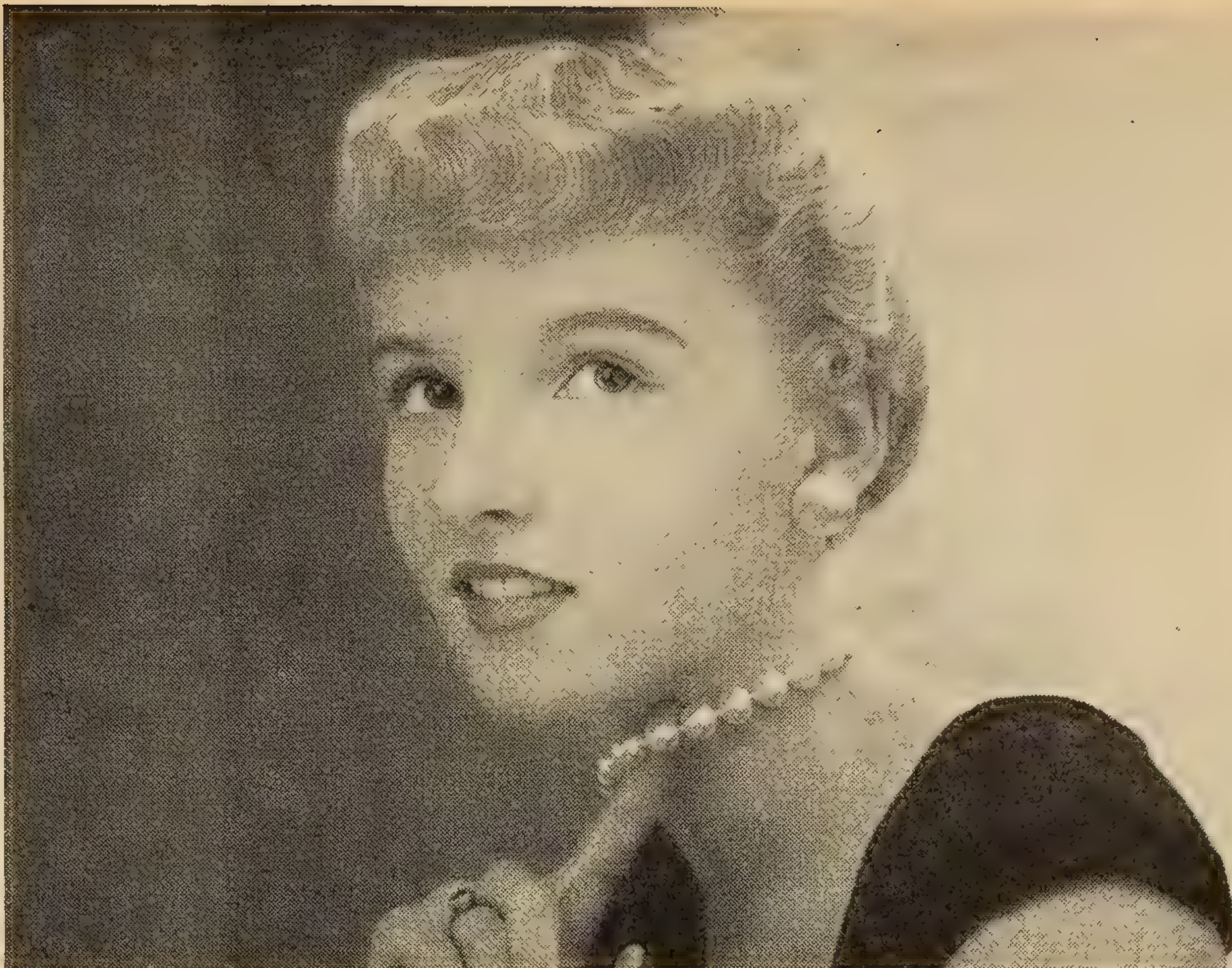
Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural look of the curls in this new "Star-lite" style. No nightly settings needed.



Casual, carefree—that's the "Skylark," thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permenents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Bobbi Bob"—the 1920 bob gone modern. Bobbi gives waves exactly where you want them.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

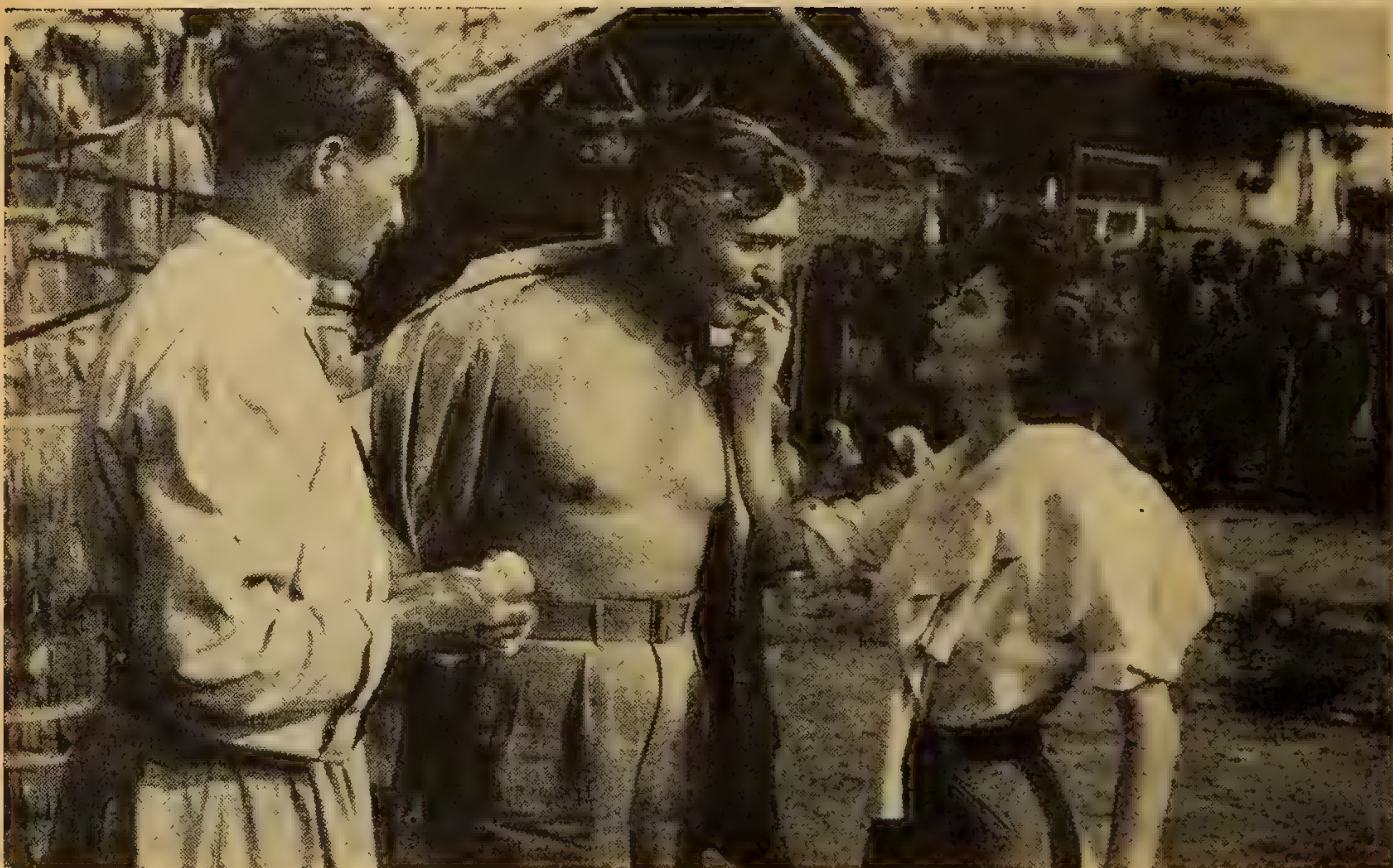
Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permenents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.



movie reviews

by *florence epstein*

MOGAMBO Some girls will go to any length to cop a maharajah. Kelly (that's Ava Gardner) hops off a bar stool in New York and lands in the middle of Africa. Her maharajah has gone up the river on a safari without so much as a fare-thee-well. Good riddance, thinks Ava, the minute she spots Clark Gable. He's a professional hunter with a jaded theory about women. Easy come, easy go, is the theory. He loves Ava till the pack boat arrives, then he gives her ten minutes to sprint for it. Getting off the boat are Grace Kelly and her scientist husband, Donald Sinden. Grace arouses Gable's protective instinct, which is one instinct away from pure, undying love. If you think Ava takes this, you're silly. She fights like a panther. The utter splendor of Tanganyika and the magnificent shots of wild gorillas and hostile natives pale a little beside this girl, whose wisecracks, low cut gowns and feline grace steal the picture. Technicolor.—MGM



A LION IS IN THE STREETS This particular lion is James Cagney and you can hear his roar all over the south. Cagney is a peddler in a small, cotton-growing town. The item he sells best is himself. School teacher Barbara Hale doesn't even ask the price when she marries him, but she pays plenty ever after. Fiery and wildly ambitious, he becomes a champion of the people by proving that the town's chief cotton dealer (Larry Keating) is short-weighting the farmers. Flushed with this victory, which is accompanied by bloodshed, Cagney acquires a blonde (Anne Francis) and lays his remaining principles at the feet of an influential gambler (Onslow Stevens). Stevens promises him the governorship. Almost delivers it, too. But you remember what Abe Lincoln said: You can't fool *all* of the people *all* of the time. Too bad Cagney doesn't remember. Among the townspeople who aren't fooled are Warner Anderson and Jeanne Cagney. Technicolor.—Warners



BLOWING WILD Anthony Quinn owns eighteen oil wells in Mexico. An uncouth bandit named Juan Garcia is willing to let him keep them for fifty thousand dollars. Quinn's so scared he's half way to the bank before Gary Cooper stops him. Cooper isn't worth a nickel (Garcia blew up *his* oil well the week before) but he has more nerve than the entire Mexican army. Don't pay—fight; says Coop, who happens to be working for Quinn after a lapse of some years. The lapse was due to Quinn's wife, Barbara Stanwyck, who always loved Coop more. Coop tries brushing Barbara off again, but it isn't easy. Ruth Roman, who passes her time as a blackjack dealer in a local casino, lends a helping hand. To get back to the oil—what with the bandits whooping it up around those wells, Barbara considering tossing her husband into one, and Coop extracting a live nitro torpedo from another—there's plenty blowing wild. Including Ward Bond.—Warners



THE BIG HEAT A cop commits suicide because his conscience would have killed him, anyway, if not his wife (Jeanette Nolan). She blossoms in mink immediately and this arouses Glenn Ford's suspicion. Glenn is a cop, too, but honest. He decides the city is ruled by gangsters and he's going to clean it up. Alone, if necessary. And that's necessary, because his superiors keep telling him the case is closed. Superiors are scared of the big boss (Alexander Scourby). Ford is scared of no one, especially after his wife (Jocelyn Brando) is victimized by the gang and his small daughter is threatened. Glenn involves himself with B-girls, moronic henchmen and smart alecs who hurl scalding coffee into their sweethearts' faces. One sweetheart (Gloria Grahame) resents this treatment; it's bad for the complexion. With her aid, Glenn exposes more crooks than the Kefauver committee. Players include Lee Marvin, Peter Whitney, Willis Bouchey.—Columbia



*Elizabeth Taylor, star of
RHAPSODY,
an M-G-M Technicolor picture,
finds Leg-O-Genic glamour easy
with Bur-Mil Cameo nylons.*



"SOFT, MISTY STOCKINGS SPELL LEG LOVELINESS..."

says Elizabeth Taylor

BUR-MIL
CAMEO
STOCKINGS
face powder finish

"Shiny stockings can make the loveliest legs appear unshapely," says lovely Elizabeth Taylor. That's the reason Miss Taylor and other M-G-M stars welcome the soft, misty, permanent dullness of Bur-Mil Cameo's exclusive Face Powder Finish. And you'll find Leg-O-Genic beauty in Cameo's 66

gauge, 12 denier personally proportioned nylons—the most luxuriously sheer stockings you can buy! Incidentally, they give up to 40% longer wear by actual test!

Ask for Bur-Mil Cameo 66 gauge, 12 denier nylons...\$1.65. Other styles from \$1.15 to \$1.65.

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BUR-MIL, CAMEO, FACE POWDER FINISH AND LEG-O-GENIC ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION.

Now... Control those "Calorie-Curves"!



Imagine! Hidden "finger" panels plus new non-roll top that slim, firm and control you without a single seam, stitch, bone or stay!

New Playtex[®] Magic-Controller!

(FABRIC LINED)

Now available in all **3** styles:
Garter girdle — Panty with garters — Panty brief

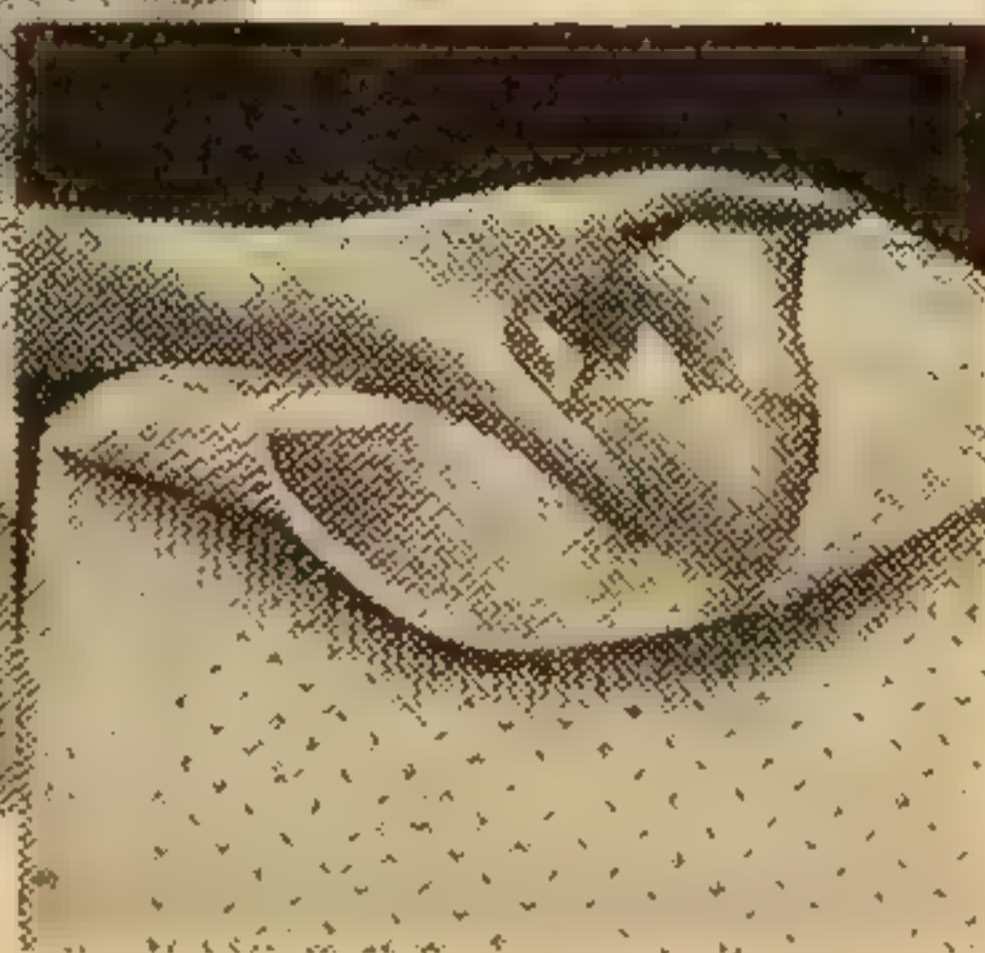


With freedom and comfort you never thought possible, Magic-Controller firms and flattens your figure from waist to thighs—gives you "Calorie-Curve Control"!

And the secret? Those hidden "finger" panels that slim and smooth, that non-roll top that stays up without a stay!

Invisible under sleekest clothes, Magic-Controller fits and feels like a second skin. Cloud-soft fabric lining inside, lovely textured latex outside, it's one piece and wonderful! Wash it in seconds—you can practically watch it dry.

Feel that soft-as-a-cloud fabric lining—see the lovely textured latex outside.



Playtex Magic-Controller*...Now in all 3 styles

Garter Girdle . . . with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, \$7.95

Panty Girdle . . . with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, \$7.95

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Fabric Lined Playtex Girdles, from \$4.95

Other famous Playtex Girdles, from \$3.50

Extra-Large sizes slightly higher.

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending



VICKI Vicki (Jean Peters) was a waitress until publicity man Elliott Reid and columnist Casey Adams discovered her. Overnight, they turned Vicki into New York's most famous model. But both are willing to swear they didn't turn her into a corpse. Someone did—on the morning she intended to depart for Hollywood. A sadistic detective, Richard Boone, insists on handling the case. Nothing would give him greater pleasure than sending Reid to the chair. But who says Reid's guilty? That detective looks pretty homicidal himself. And there are other suspects. Vicki's sister, Jeanne Crain, kept plugging away as a bookkeeper while Vicki wallowed in glamour. A matinee idol, Alex D'Arcy, loved Vicki enough to kill her if she spurned him. Take that crazy little desk clerk, Aaron Spelling. He could have made a fortune haunting houses. Why not question him? No sir, you can't sway Boone's one-track mind—and guess where the track is going!—20th Century-Fox.



TANGA TIKA It took Dwight Long four years to produce *Tanga Tika* (he was his own director, sound man and cameraman) which may be why he achieved such a happy blend of authenticity and charm. This is a movie about Tahiti, but don't expect a documentary. Expect a warm and simple love story centering around Timi, an island chief's son. To wed his girl Timi must have money, so he enters the South Pacific Olympic Games for a prize purse. You see dance competitions, canoe races, javelin meets—events highlighted by the knowledge that Timi's romance hangs in the balance. In addition, you see copra workers scaling giant trees, fishermen stoning their prey as the Tahitians did a thousand years ago. You see a Chinese wedding ceremony, a tropical feast, a shipwreck and a rescue in shark-infested waters.—Norton and Condon.



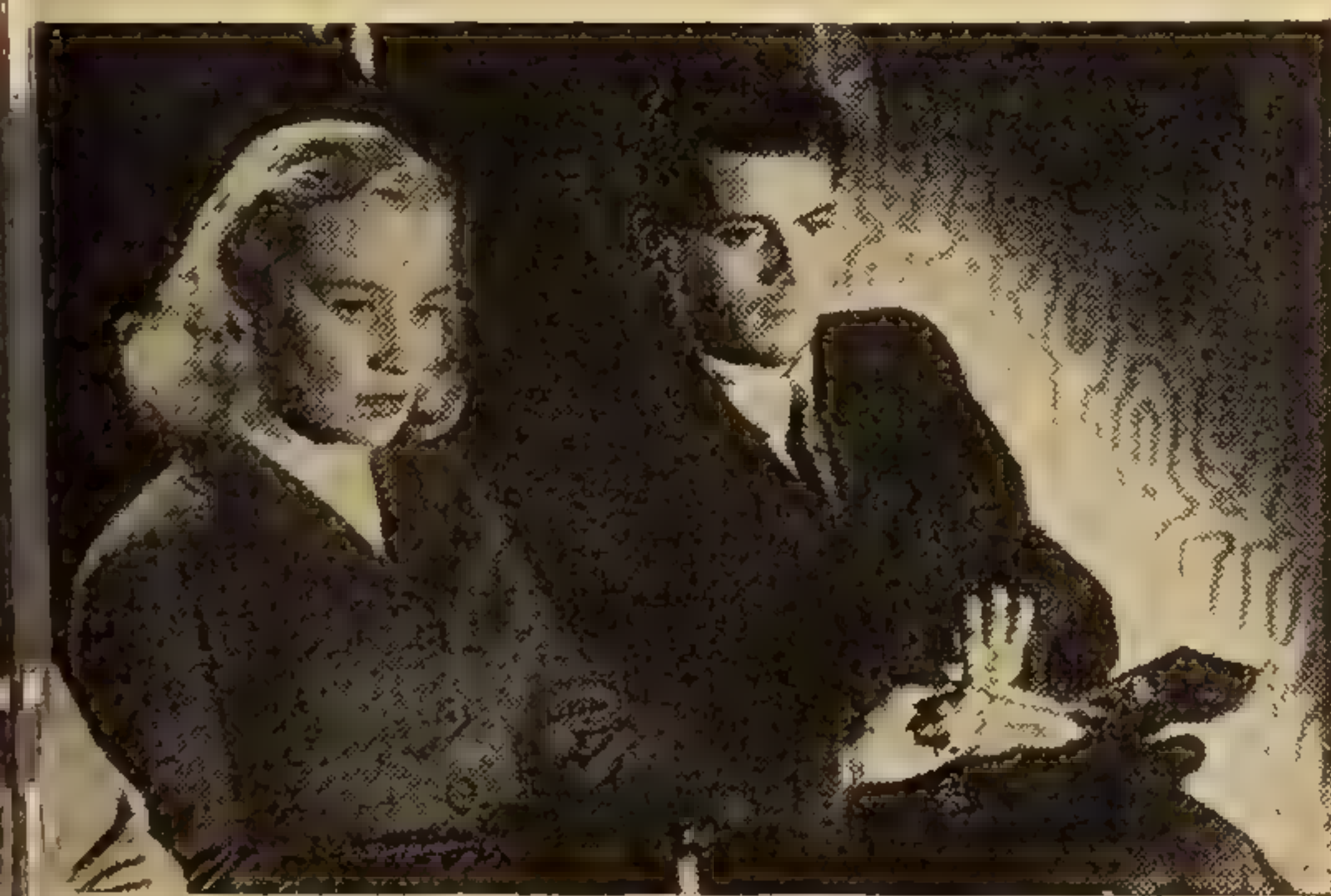
THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE Papa is a newspaper editor in Dawson, Alaska. For his pains in trying to reform that outpost, he catches two bullets in the chest. Mama (Agnes Moorehead) and her four daughters (Rhonda Fleming, Teresa Brewer and the Bell sisters) arrive via dogsled—too late for the funeral, but not soon enough for Gene Barry, a saloon keeper who immediately succumbs to Rhonda's charms. Gene is the villain in this piece, as his dancing girls and poker tables will attest. Rhonda fixes him; she takes over her dad's newspaper and writes poison pen editorials. Sister Teresa doesn't want revenge; she wants to show her legs in Barry's chorus, and does, to the disgrace of her redheaded family. And sister Cynthia dares to fall for Guy Mitchell, the saloon's emcee. What turmoil, what heady passions play themselves out in this Technicolor, 3-D, musical drama!—Para.



THUNDER OVER THE PLAINS In 1869 there weren't any oil wells in Texas. No Nieman-Marcus, either, so you can understand why Phyllis Kirk is bored. Besides, carpetbaggers are swarming around like vultures feeding on the farmers. Ben Westman (Charles McGraw) is a kind of local Robin Hood making it tough for those baggers. According to martial law, Westman's an outlaw. Phyllis' husband, Randolph Scott, is an Army officer, but he's thrown into confusion about performing his duty. He admires Westman too much. Lex Barker is an officer of a different stripe. He hates Texans, he likes Phyllis, he's willing to relieve Randy of the care of both. Gunfighting goes on amid Technicolor scenery, but *Thunder Over The Plains* isn't just a shoot-'em-up. It deals with those rare qualities known as honor and loyalty—and that's a refreshing change. Cast includes Elisha Cook, Jr., Hugh Sanders, Lane Chandler, Mark Dana.—Warners.



HARRY ME AGAIN Marie Wilson and Robert Cummings almost never get to the altar in this one. Bob is a jet pilot recalled to duty about three seconds before he can produce the ring. I gotta go, honey, he whispers to his eager bride and races out of the church. While he's becoming a hero in Korea, she's inheriting a million dollars from a newly-dead aunt. Marie can't tell Bob, though, knowing his stubborn pride. This same pride impels him to tell the world, via national radio hook-up, that any wife of his will have to struggle along on the sixty-five bucks a week he earns as an auto mechanic. What happens next is exactly what you'd expect, although that doesn't make it any easier to sit through. Assisting in the broad and baleful attempts at comedy are Ray Walker, Mary Costa, Richard Gaines and two French comedians.—RKO



SPERATE MOMENT The time is post-war Germany; the place is prison where an innocent man (Dirk Bogarde) is serving a life sentence for murder. He doesn't care, because the woman he loved (Mai Zetterling) was killed during the last weeks of war. Imagine Dirk's surprise when Mai turns up on visiting day. Let me out of here, he screams. Own, boy, they say. Obviously, Dirk is being framed, in his position, it's hard to prove. The only chance is to escape and find the arch-fiend (Albert Finney) who posed as his dearest friend. Actually, even's a ruthless black-marketeer. He knew Mai was alive, but he lied a little to save his own skin. Now a chase begins that grows in excitement as each guess to the murder is bumped off. Lieven hightails for the Russian sector of Berlin, but he can't run fast enough when love and justice betrayed are at his heels.—J. Arthur Rank; U.-I. release

Dummies don't perspire

...but real live girls need MUM®

MUM

CERTIFIED

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.

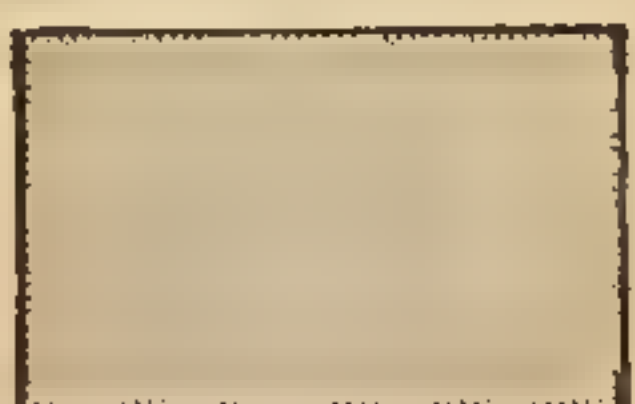


Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed!

Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria . . . doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Usable right to the bottom of the jar. Get Mum—stay nice to be near!

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Take a Tip from the Nelsons! See and Hear "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"

Two different shows, radio and television, every week. See your paper for times and stations.



AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT

"OZZIE & HARRIET" know what to do!



They know that . . .

LISTERINE INSTANTLY KILLS GERMS ON THROAT SURFACES . . . BY MILLIONS!

At the first sign of a sneeze, cough or snuffle, out comes the Listerine bottle and the Nelsons start gargling. With heavy TV and radio commitments, they simply can't afford to let a cold or a sore throat due to colds get them down if they can help it.

Like millions of other healthy American families, they have found that, used early and often, Listerine can often help head off a cold entirely or lessen its severity.

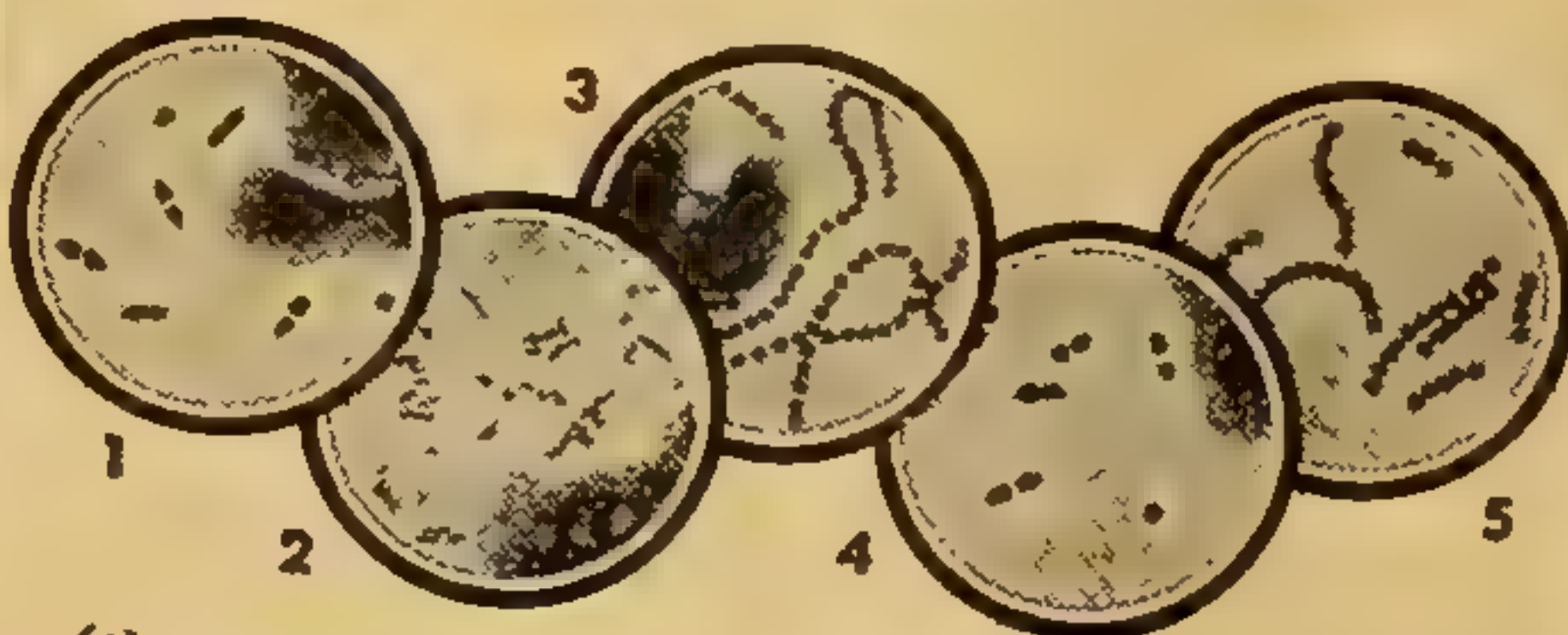
That is also true in reducing the number of sore throats.

In tests over 12 years, users had fewer colds, fewer sore throats

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders" (see panel above).

These are the threatening germs that many authorities believe account for much of a cold's misery when they invade the tissue.

Kills germs like these
way back on throat surfaces



- (1) *Pneumococcus* Type III, (2) *Hemophilus influenzae*,
(3) *Streptococcus pyogenes*, (4) *Pneumococcus* Type II,
(5) *Streptococcus salivarius*.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

Listerine often halts such mass invasions . . . attacks the germs before they attack you. Actual tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% even fifteen minutes after gargling and up to 80% after one hour.

This safe, germ-killing action, we believe, accounts for this remarkable record:

Tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, and generally milder ones, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

So, if colds are going around, it's a pretty smart idea to see that everybody in the family gargles systematically with this wonderful antiseptic.



DECAMERON NIGHTS One of the greatest medieval story tellers was a writer named Boccaccio, and his most famous work was a collection of tales called *The Decameron*. Someone, namely RKO, finally got smart and based a movie on it. This movie, Louis Jourdan plays Boccaccio himself—a sensitive romantic, hopelessly in love with a young widow (Joan Fontaine). Joan is of such high moral character that she clings to mourning much longer than decency requires. Jourdan seeks refuge in her castle during a local war, and to keep him busy she demands he tell an after dinner story after every dinner. Certainly, says Jourdan—and what a spicy, imaginative spell he weaves over that lady. Clothed in laughter and medieval costume, *Decameron Nights* is exotic and delightful entertainment. Binnie Barnes, Godfrey Tearle, Joan Collins are among the cast.—RKO

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE ROBE (20th-Fox): This widely-heralded epic of early Christian days tells in sensational new CinemaScope (realism without goggles) the story of Lloyd C. Douglas' best-selling novel. Heading the huge cast are Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. Technicolor.

LITTLE FUGITIVE: Wonderful newcomer Richie Andrusco as a seven-year-old who thinks he has killed his brother and runs away to Coney Island for a mixed-up, riotous day. Independently produced, this picture took top honors at the Venice Festival.

THE ALL-AMERICAN (U.I.): Tony Curtis as an athlete who shows a snobbish Ivy League College what football and democracy are all about. Also attending: Richard Long, Lori Nelson.

THE MOONLIGHTER (Warners): Action, excitement, and plenty of love interest with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray and Ward Bond fighting it out amidst cattle rustlers and bank robbers.

THE CADDY (Para.): If you can believe it, Martin and Lewis got together on a golf course and began their career by taking a few hilarious pratfalls in front of a little fat man with a lot of pull. Barbara Bates, too.

THE GOLDEN BLADE (U.I.): Piper Laurie and Rock Hudson in Bagdadian costumes and Technicolor are enough to defeat any plot (even by Gene Nelson)—add an invincible sword and half a dozen plots—and you come up with a lot of fun.

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY (Col.): A brilliant portrait of Army lives and loves adapted from James Jones' best seller. Excellent performances by Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, Burt Lancaster, Deborah Kerr and Donna Reed.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES (20th-Fox): Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell in tights and Technicolor as Anita Loos' uninhibited gals with diamonds on their minds. Also involved: Charles Coburn, Tommy Noonan, Elliott Reed.

THE BAND WAGON (M-G-M): Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse team for top-notch dancing in this above-average musical; delightful songs and a lot of Technicolored fun with Oscar Levant, Nanette Fabray and Jack Buchanan.

LATIN LOVERS (M-G-M): Lana Turner doesn't know what to do with all her money and can't decide whether to let millionaire John Lund or masterful Latin Ricardo Montalban help her out. Technicolor.

ISLAND IN THE SKY (Warners): John Wayne and a crew of Army pilots are downed in a Greenland snowstorm; Colonel Walter Abel makes a desperate attempt to locate the lost men before their supplies run out.

sweet and hot



**Highly
Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars:
Average

by leonard feather

RECORD OF THE MONTH

DUKE ELLINGTON—*Premièred By Ellington*** (Capitol). Here's an unusual album idea. All eight songs were originally presented by the Ellington band years ago, but were not written by Duke, who usually writes all his own music.

Stardust is here—Duke's band played it before it had its famous lyrics. So are *Cocktails For Two* and *My Old Flame*, which the Ellington band played in two movies, *Murder At The Vanities* and *Belle Of The Nineties*. You'll also hear *Liza, Flamingo, Stormy Weather, I Can't Give You Anything But Love*—all melodic performances with the unique Ellington touch by a band that's still ahead of the field.

Odd sidelight: *Three Little Words* is the song Duke first recorded for a movie soundtrack, along with the Rhythm Boys trio—because the producer wasn't satisfied with an earlier solo version cut by a member of that trio, a lad named Bing Crosby.

FROM THE MOVIES

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY—*Taps* by Rudy Vallee (Victor). Title theme by Ray Bloch* (Coral). *Re-Enlistment Blues* by Ray Bloch (Coral).

The Ray Bloch version of *From Here* features a very pretty accordion solo by Mat Mathews, a talented new star from Holland. Rudy Vallee's disc is coupled with a new version of his perennial *Whiffenpoof Song*.

JOE LOUIS STORY—theme and *I'll Be Around* by George Bassman* (MGM).

These two sides, recorded in New York, are from the soundtrack of the biographical film about the fighter. Bassman, best known as the composer of *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*, wrote some unusually interesting background music.

LITTLE BOY LOST—*The Magic Window* and *Cela M'Est Egal* by Bing Crosby** (Decca).

These two tunes from Bing's latest should help to reestablish his slightly sagging popularity on records.

STORY OF THREE LOVES—Eighteenth Variation from Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsody On A Theme of Paganini* by William Kapell with Fritz Reiner & The Robin Hood Dell Orch.* (Victor).

POPULAR

ERIC DAMONE—*Ebb Tide** (Mercury).

TOMMY DORSEY—*Tenderly* LP** (Decca).

This is listed as a set of "love songs in waltz time." Actually it's nothing of the sort (there isn't a single tune out of the eight that's played in waltz time) but these are excellent swinging adaptations, arranged by Neal Hefti, of tunes that were originally waltzes, including the title song, *Charmaine, I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now* and, most important, Tommy's recent best seller, *The Most Beautiful Girl In The World*.



What solves your family gift problem?

- ☐ Charge 'em to Dad ☐ I.O.U.'s

You'd plant really different (and wonderful) presents under the family tree? Write I.O.U.'s! One to Mom, promising you'll take over some household chore daily—for 3 months. To Dad your pledge to deliver 20 shoe shines on demand. And Sis? She'll prefer the *present* to future service; get something glamorous, "grown-up." But one day you *can* do her a service—by helping her to get the sanitary protection that keeps her confident: *Kotex*. Those flat, pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!



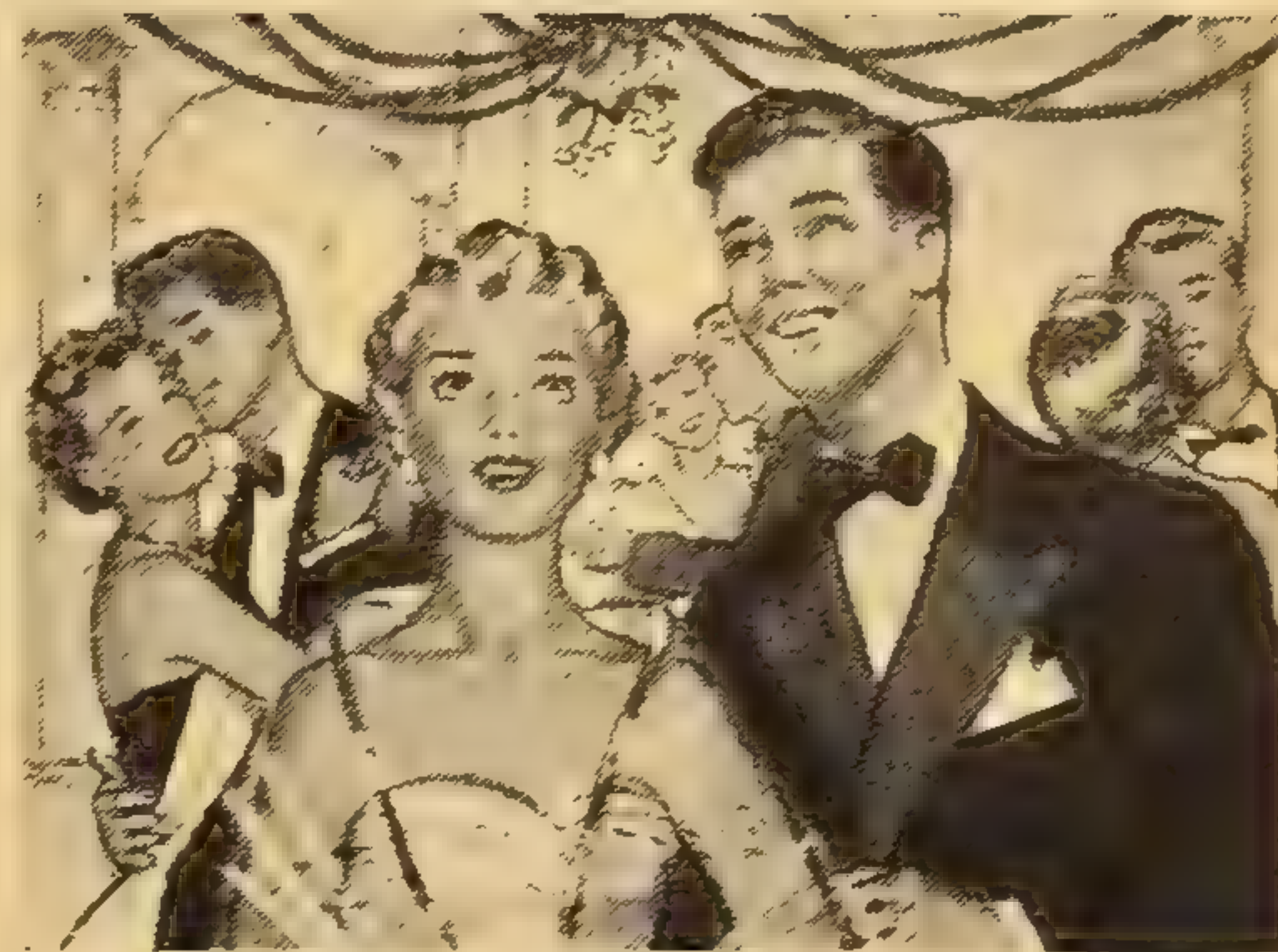
Want to winterize your chassis?

- ☐ Add anti-freeze ☐ Change oil

Snow weather sets your teeth a-chattering? Heed both hints above. Keep your radiator (circulation) "het up" with such "anti-freeze" as outdoor sports, wholesome meals, ample H₂O and juices. And chap-proof your pelt; change to richer beauty creams. On "those" days, you'll radiate poise with the comfort *Kotex* gives: softness (*holds its shape!*), plus extra protection to thaw all chilling doubts.



Are you in the know?



For mistletoe bait, why not try—

- ☐ Formal flattery ☐ Gooless lipstick

You, too, can be a Lorelei in your holiday formal—even if you're built on the lean and hollow side. A gently draped bodice, a gossamer stole, can make a dream dress perfect for you. So too, a girl's *calendar* needs should be exactly suited to her. That's why *Kotex* gives you a choice of 3 absorbencies. Try 'em! There's Regular, Junior, Super.



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

- ☐ Romeo & Juliet ☐ Kotex and Kotex belts ☐ Moon 'n' June

Made for each other—that's *Kotex* and *Kotex* sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic . . . they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And *Kotex* belts take kindly to dunking; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two . . . for a change!

Creating a successful personality
for yourself is like painting a picture,
according to vivacious Mona Freeman.
It takes care and a natural manner—
plus a lot of attention to make-up.

Take my word for it

by MONA FREEMAN, star columnist for December



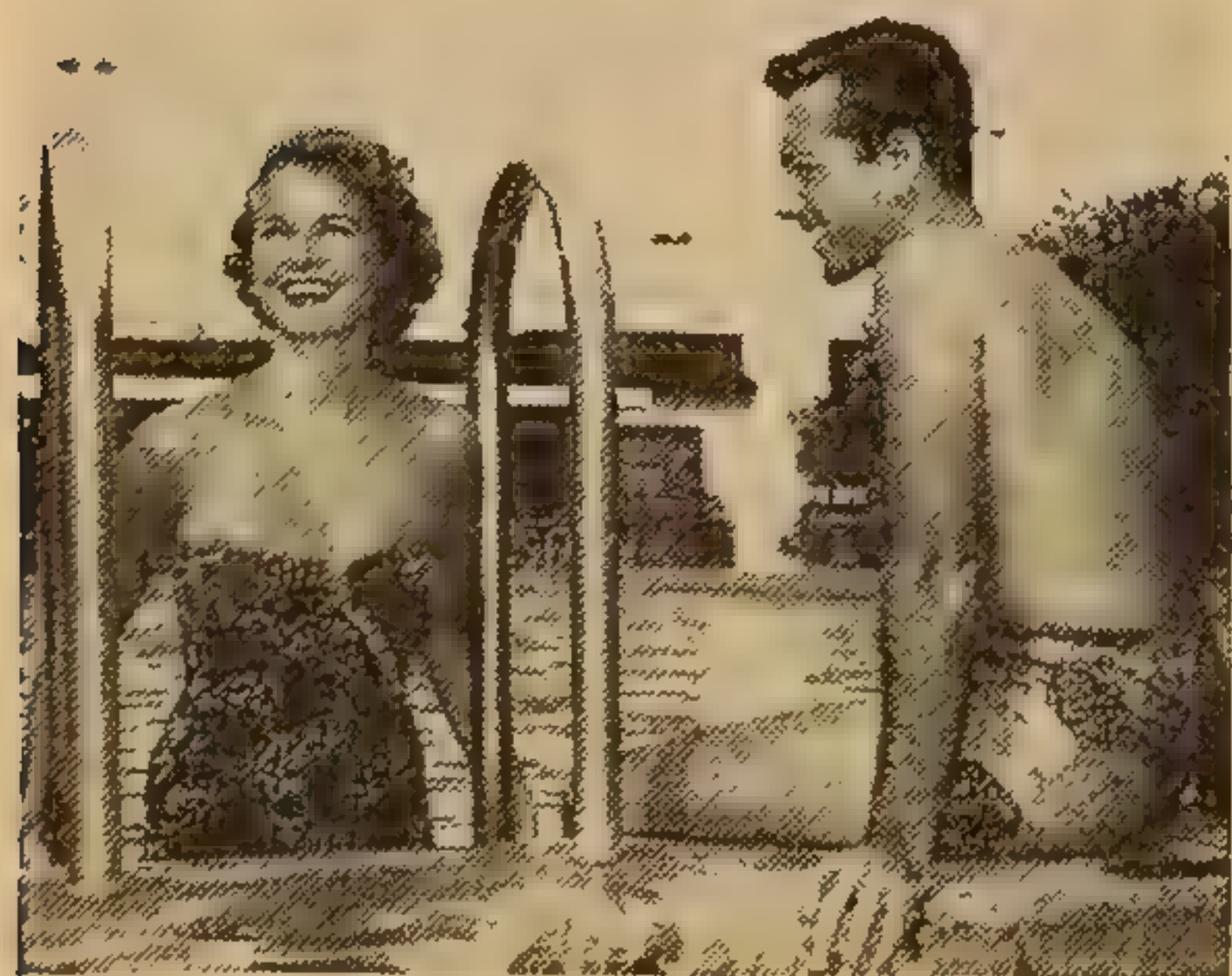
Painting made me more tolerant



but baby won't be an "easel-orphan."



I learned not to bubble too much,



and to try to keep an even mood.

HOW TO BE INTERESTING—BE INTERESTED in many things but mostly in people. There are many approaches. I found a good one in painting, though I didn't know it to be that at the time. I started to paint four years ago for recreation. But I found it was also giving me a new pair of eyes and a new understanding of people. The friend whose appearance I had formerly written off as just "plain" I now began to see as individual, possessing qualities in either formation of features or combination of coloring that I ached to capture on canvas. Faces took on a new meaning to me—and so did their owners. I saw more deeply, more thoroughly into their personalities. I became, via something I thought was just a hobby, much more tolerant.

I UNDERSTOOD MORE ABOUT MYSELF, TOO. I found out that I have a tendency to go whole hog about things. For a while I got so that nothing else mattered as long as I could paint. The house went to pot, appointments were put off, my little girl became an "easel-orphan." When I awoke to what was going on I gave up painting altogether for a while, and now I watch myself against overdoing it. My worst model is myself—I refuse to hold still in the mirror.

Painting gave me an insight into the moods of people—including me. I am the victim of many moods, not all good, and I used to give in to them. The worst one, curiously enough, was a gay exuberance which would strike me every so often. This was bad because anyone meeting me when I was "high" in this manner would expect me to be the same bubbly person always. When I failed to come up to expectations the next time they saw me, there was an odd letdown; a sense of social failure floated in the atmosphere and, believe me, this can be demoralizing.

THE IMPORTANCE OF AN EVEN MOOD cannot be overstated—especially in marriage. Can you think of any more provoking (and more common) expression between husband and wife than, "Well! What's got into you today?" Two people who recognized this in their marriage were my husband and I. We got so that whenever one of us was down the other automatically worked to talk her or him out of it. Of course, when we were both down . . . but let's not even bring that up!

If you think I'm overenthusiastic about painting's helping me in unexpected ways, let me tell you about some other benefits that came sneaking into my way of life as a result of it. For instance, while working on a picture of a girl friend one morning I was suddenly struck by the length of time it took to paint a face on canvas compared to the short time it took



to "do" a face in real life—meaning my make-up! From that time on there has been no more hasty smear, daub and slap-on for me at the mirror. I take pains. Once I have it on though, before going out for an evening, that's it. I don't fuss with it afterwards.

PAINTING IS A BUSINESS OF MIXING COLORS to get the exact shade you want, and in doing faces it is also a blending of the colors to reproduce the way nature works in its tones. All artists know this, and also girls who put on make-up. But I decided I wasn't paying enough blending attention to my own face when I realized how much care it took to make a face look realistic on canvas. In time I developed some little beauty tricks along this line. First of all I made sure my face was absolutely clean before I applied make-up. No more of this rushing home and piling on new make-up on top of old, as girls will often do.

In applying rouge—which I do with a brush, of course—I began mixing in a little face powder with it. I found it went on more smoothly and eliminated this business of looking pale except around the cheeks where you suddenly take on a harsh, healthy look. Instead, you could achieve, in this manner, the soft, rosy sort of glow that looks as though it comes from within instead of having been slapped on from without.

I USED TO APPLY VASELINE or cold cream to my eyelids to give me that old eyeshine, but I gradually realized that here you have to fight gravity and it's a losing battle—the vaseline tends to run and gather at the eyelash line. Pretty soon you feel something and daub at it and there you are, making pretty conversation in the parlor and wondering what to do with a fingertipful of goop! So ruling out the greased-eye treatment, I went in for silver eye shadow instead, putting it on at the eyelashes and achieving my sparkle without worrying about having to drain my eye oil every social mile.

There are two more phases of this blending process. After my make-up is all on, I take a hot washcloth and hold it close against my face. Or sometimes I even daub at my face with warm water. What I achieve here is most important—an elimination of the dry, powdery appearance that so spoils the look of a face, and a more perfect blending of everything you've used, powder, rouge, lipstick and pencil.

I don't have to tell you not to touch your mascara with either the washcloth or water!

AND THEN THE FINAL TOUCH. In portrait work I learned that when the hair is lightened wherever it is against the face the whole appearance is softened. I make use of this technique for myself now. You know that hair-streaking vogue that originated in France and has become all the rage? I use the same touch to lighten my hair around my face. In summer time, fortunately, the sun does it for me. I'm one of those blondes whose hair bleaches into a two-tone job, lightening up just where I want it. But in winter or when I can't get out into the sun for long enough periods, I get my hair streaked to achieve the same effect, blonde-streaked, not grey.

WHEN I BUY A DRESS I look for what I have earned to call the "impossible." This perfect dress is one that is very plain, very simple, yet very feminine. You know what I mean. It isn't color, or decoration, or unusual effect. I don't care what the color is, the decorations only add flip, unusual effects individualize the dress more than they do you. The "impossible" has to be present in the line, in the cut. If it isn't, anything else in the dress is just an inducement to compromise.

Like everybody else I have to compromise a lot . . . but I keep looking. When I do find what I want I hang on to it, believe me. I once bought an outfit that will seem a whole botch of colors when I describe it but, take my word for it, it was a dream costume. The skirt was a tight-fitting, dark blue, wool crepe, and the jacket was cashmere, done in green and white checks, with a red lining! I know, I know how it sounds. But it was *it*! For five years it was the star of my wardrobe. The moment I lifted it off the hanger, knowing I was going to wear it, I felt myself armed, primed and set for a conquering day!

As soon as I finish this I think I'm going out prowling again . . . looking through the stores for the "impossible." I'll never hunt big game in Africa, but I bet the thrill is the same!

LEARNING TO LOOK FOR WHAT I WANT has turned me from the worst shopper in the world to, I think, a pretty good one. I used to pick up things that had no possible relation to the rest of my clothes. Now I buy nothing I can't visualize as part of a combination; in fact, not only as part of one combination but part of others I might be able to make up from my wardrobe. Very often I do what many girls do, I'm sure. I play the "clothes game," laying out all I've got to wear and trying to re-assemble it in new outfits. Sometimes you can hit on some surprising combinations.

Having taken care of my make-up and my clothes, there remains only one thing more to worry about . . . the real me . . . and how real am I to people I meet? What's the use of kidding? Beauty and clothes can make a girl look interesting but in the long run she has to be interesting to hold on to her happiness.

BEAUTY IS A RESPONSIBILITY. To me there is nothing worse than a girl who uses her beauty at a time when she should be using her intelligence or better still, her true, warm heart. For it is only by heart-to-heart steps with others that a person can lift himself into being a really happy human being.

Mona Freeman

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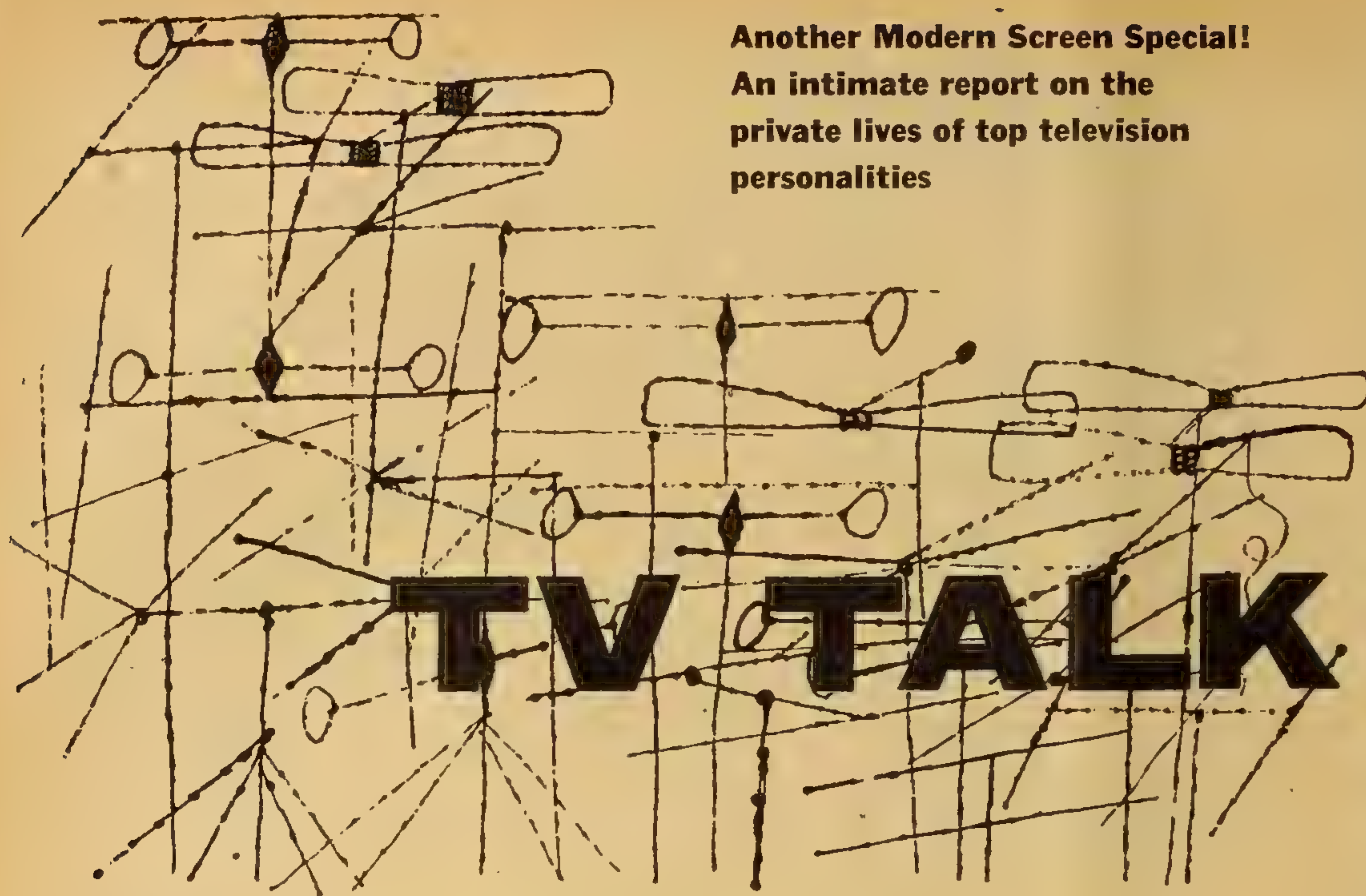
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Another Modern Screen Special!
An intimate report on the
private lives of top television
personalities



JACKIE GLEASON's home life is one of the most frenetic in show business. Separated from his wife, he lives alone in a penthouse apartment in the same hotel Mrs. Roosevelt used to live in. But he's never alone. He has incorporated himself so that the \$25,000-a-year duplex is deductible. And he uses it for an office, rehearsal hall, and dancing school—for everything that goes into his television show. There are dancers hoofing in one room, singers warbling in another, and scriptwriters somewhere else. Agents and directors and friends wander in and out of the kitchen helping themselves, and the phone keeps ringing. Jackie—or Jackie's voice—is everywhere.

RED BUTTONS actually enjoys writing out his rent checks. His jazzy new apartment overlooking the East River costs \$400 month, and Red is just plain proud that he can afford it. He and Helayne, the tiny Mrs. B., went out and signed up for the layout before his first TV show. Only after he made his sudden and smashing success did they know they could afford it. Before they moved in, Helayne got herself an interior decorator. The living-dining room ended up café-au-lait, chartreuse, and coral. Their bedroom is all pink—the walls, the carpeting, the oversize bed, even the telephone. But one room was never finished. It could be a den or a guest room, but the Buttonses don't want anything but a crib in it. So there the room sits, with suitcases and pictures stacked on the floor, waiting for the one thing Red hasn't got—a baby. Don't pay any attention, by the way, to the rumors that Buttons has gone high hat. He's just trying to get something out of life that his club-date days never gave him. And he has found out, just as all celebrities do, that the minute the money starts rolling in, the relatives start asking for it. The people he wants to do things for—his parents, his brother, and his sister, the people who did things for him before he was a big star—get anything they want. They don't want much, however; it's the cousins he never heard of who are clamoring. And ignore the nasty rumors about Helayne. Sure, she calls Red, "Rouge," but it's not an affectation. So does his lawyer—and anyone else who knew him overseas. When he was in France entertaining with the Mickey Rooney troupe during the war, he told a French girl at a bar that his name was Red Buttons. "Ah," she said, "Rouge Boutons!" His buddies picked it up; the next morning the sergeant at roll call bellowed out "Rouge Boutons," and now Helayne uses it. All very legitimate.



TWO OTHER TENANTS in the same building with Red and Helayne are Faye Emerson and her piano-playing husband, Skitch Henderson. Faye leads a busy social life all her own, and some observers think that her marriage is smooth only when it strikes Faye's fancy. As you know, she gave up her Butch hairdo in a hurry, right after she stopped being the intellectual moderator on *Author Meets The Critic*, and returned to her famous chignon. So, from the neck up, she looks about like the old Faye. Below that, though, she has spread. And she's not the fashion plate she used to be. You can see her around town in sober black numbers that don't turn her into the glamour girl we all used to know.



THEIR FRIENDS WONDER how long Ernie Kovacs and Edith Adams can keep on this way. They've been in love for years, but the Hungarian with the string tie and the little blonde singer of *Wonderful Town* can't get married because he already is. Although his wife has left him and their two little girls (his mother takes care of them), she apparently doesn't want a divorce. Religious difficulties stand in the way, too.

DAVE GARROWAY really isn't nuts about J. Fred Muggs, the chimp who gets more fan mail than the star of *Today*. And Mr. Muggs acts as though the feeling were mutual. When you see him away from Garroway, he's as lovable as can be—friendly and full of tricks. But around Dave he apparently doesn't feel too playful. He proved it once by biting him!

BERGEN EVANS, the professor with the puns on *Super Ghost* and *Down You Go*, doesn't have to worry about losing his teaching job at Northwestern because he frolics on TV panel shows (a cause for firing in many colleges). He's been there so long, and is so popular with the students, that a near-riot would break out if the University tried to clamp down.

IT'S FUNNY how men will stick to the same physical types when they pick a second wife. Movie producer Frank Ross (*The Robe*) did it when he married Joan Caulfield. You'd never know it from hearing her on *My Favorite Husband*, but her voice is low-pitched just like Jean Arthur's. Jean, of course, was Joan's predecessor. Joan, incidentally, made a lot of friends in the New York press when she came to town for interviews before her show started. It undoubtedly helped *My Favorite Husband* get off to a good start. The fact that the show turned out to be good didn't hurt, of course.

SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY used to be very fussy about which newspaper and magazine writers he would deign to see. Even wrote CBS a letter giving them a list of the publications he would talk to! It was a short one, too. But when he found himself without a sponsor, he changed his tune fast.

JEROME THOR and his agent told the press that he and wife Sydna Scott left Europe and *Foreign Intrigue* because they wanted to get back to the good old U.S.A. after two years abroad. The other side of that story is that he picked up a bad case of plain, old-fashioned temperament. Even reached the point where he allowed the cameramen to shoot him from just one side, his "good" side. It might be all right for Claudette Colbert, but the boys on the other end of the camera were not impressed.

MAKING TV SHOWS ABROAD can be just as hazardous as making movies abroad. Movie stars make treks to Europe to do pictures for some independent outfits and then return because the financing has fallen through. And so do the TV people. *Foreign Intrigue* and the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., shows have been the only successes; the rest have gone little further than a press release or two. Even Fairbanks had trouble in Paris; he tried to set up another show there, and the deal did not go through. American TV producers, on the whole, have a bad name abroad. Too many fast-talking characters have showed up, shot a pilot film, and disappeared without paying their bills.

YOU'D BE SURPRISED if you knew how some of the panelists feel about their fellow guessers. The ones who play for fun get pretty peeved with the ones who play for keeps. And nearly all of them worry about being upstaged. Don't believe, incidentally, that many of them make \$500 or \$750 a week. Most of them are quite satisfied for \$200 or a lot less.



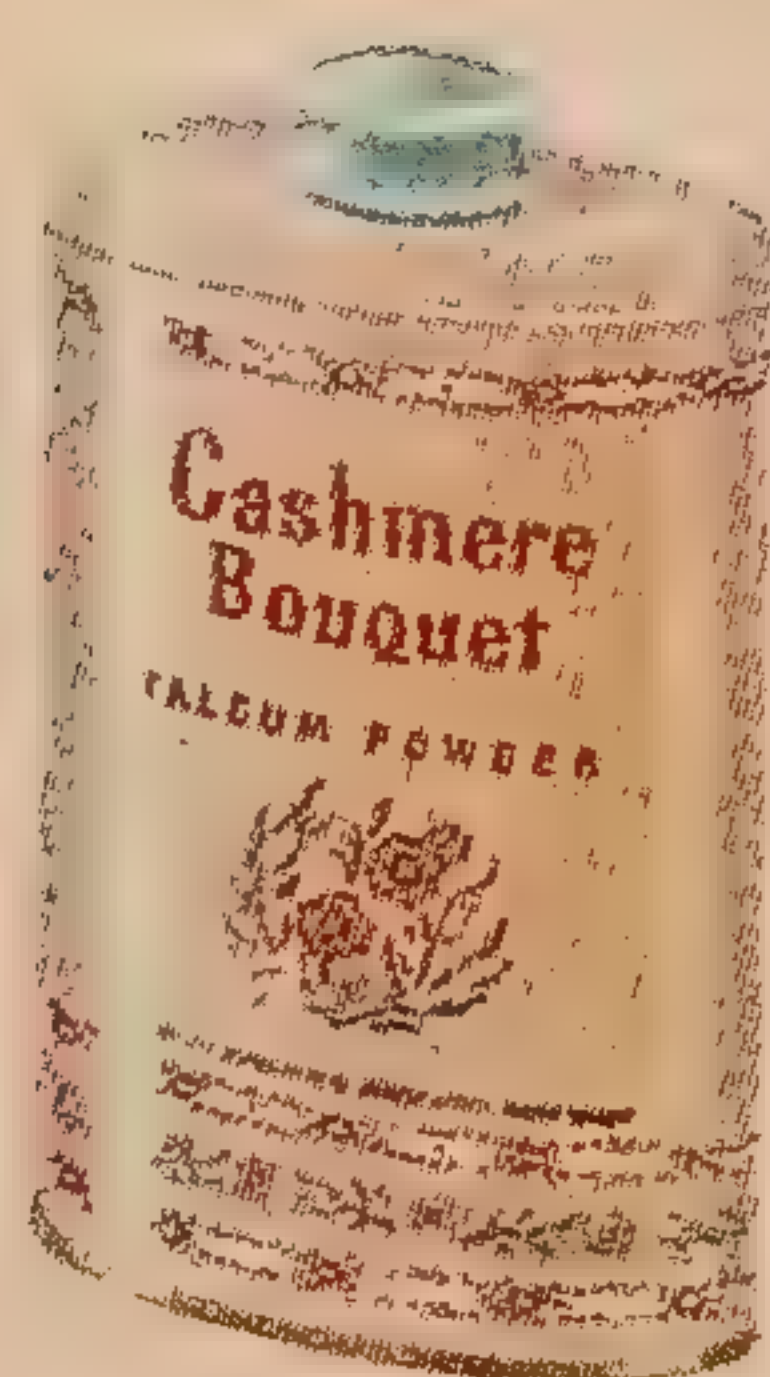
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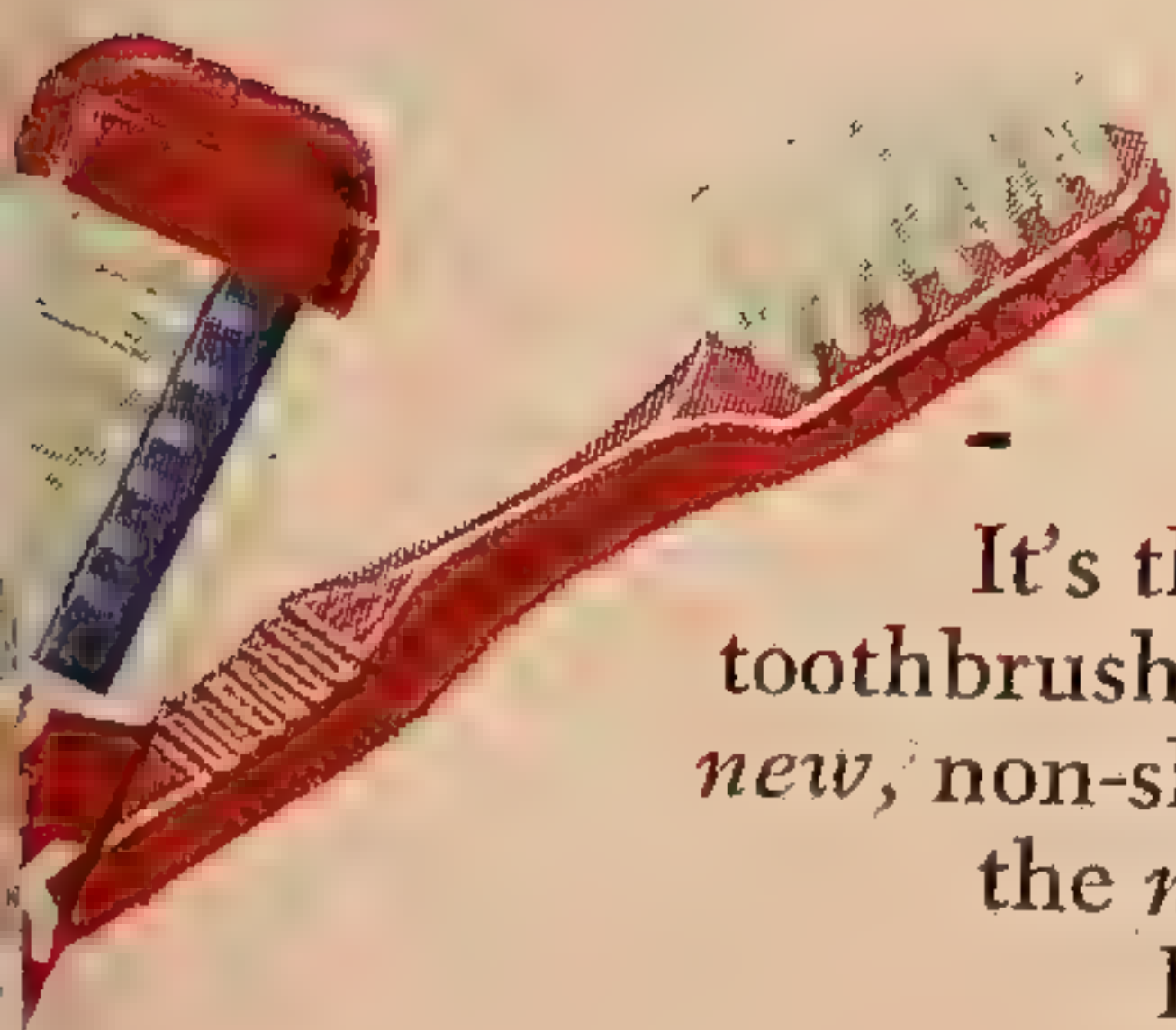
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NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

happy the bride . . .



Lana and Lex took Lex' son Alexander, daughter Lynn, Lana's mother and daughter, Cheryl, along on Paris honeymoon.

Only a few months ago
Lana and Lex
tied the knot.
But already rumor says
it was a slip-knot—
and it's slipping!

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

■ According to one of the persons who was with Lana Turner in Italy and in London during the production of *The Flame And The Flesh*, "MODERN SCREEN is probably more responsible for Lana Turner's marriage to Lex Barker than any other single factor.

"Your magazine," this informant reports, "ran a story about Lex and Lana (our August, 1953 issue) entitled, *They Called Them Shocking*, with a cover blurb that read, 'Lana and Lex: They Scandalized Europe.'

"When Lana read that story, she blew her top. I mean really blew it. She was mad. She said that she was living her own life. It was her business. No one was going to tell her what to do, and especially not MODERN SCREEN. If she wanted to go around with Lex Barker, she was going to do it, and she didn't care what anyone wrote about it.

(Continued on page 78)



THEIR COURTSHIP'S HISTORY WAS WRITTEN IN GARISH HEADLINES AND THEIR WEDDING WAS SEALED IN FLASHBULBS. IS THIS THE HAPPY ENDING RITA AND DICK DREAMED ABOUT?

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN...

By WILLIAM BARBOUR

One of the most popular pinups in World War II was a photograph of Rita Hayworth. It showed her sitting up in bed, clad in a transparent nightgown. This pinup was plastered on bomb bays, block-busters, and barracks walls throughout the world. Rita Hayworth was portrayed as the most beautiful, glamorous, desirable woman on earth. *Life* magazine described her as the American version of the "love goddess."

A few years later, when Rita was married to Aly Khan, a columnist for the *New York Post* spoke for the male sex when he wrote: "There is scarcely a man among us who on the occasion of this news does not suffer a sense of personal defeat."

But today, Rita Hayworth is more often regarded as a typical Hollywood glamour girl who wears her heart on her lips. This change of the attitude of the public may be attributed to her recent marriage to Dick Haymes and the incredible circumstances surrounding it.

Earlier this year when Dick and Rita began going together, instead of acknowledging their friendship, they made a secret of it. Rita refused to talk to reporters. She refused to tell friends where she was. She refused to discuss Haymes in any light, whatever. Every question concerning Dick got one answer, "No comment."

Haymes, a rather muddled character, behaved even more strangely. For long periods of time no one could find him. Not even his wife. Not even his lawyer. Servants at the Hayworth home answered questions with, "Dick Haymes? Never heard of him."

Actually, there was no need for any of this furtiveness. Nora Haymes, Dick's third wife, had told him that their marriage was finished. Some people say Nora fell in love with an agent who was once very close to Rita, and who promised Nora a great career. Others believe that Nora fell in love with a producer of the legitimate theatre.

Whatever the reason, it was she who decided that she wanted no more of her marriage with Haymes. They agreed to separate, and Haymes was a free agent. A man who chronically falls in love, he fell in love then with Rita Hayworth.

Instead of being proud of their mutual love, instead of admitting it, Dick and Rita made a mystery of it. When Rita took a train to New York, Haymes went along. For some reason, they felt it necessary to be so discreet that it became a kind of cloak-and-dagger performance.

No one could understand why. Nora Haymes was never in a position to name Rita Hayworth as a co-respondent in a divorce case, and Dick and Rita knew that. Were they ashamed of their love?

The plain, simple, appalling answer to their strange headline-making behavior is that they both occasionally have very poor judgment about their personal lives.

Look at the Haymes record. (Continued on page 92)

WAS IT JUST PARIS IN THE SPRING OR THE REAL THING? HERE ARE THE

THE TRUTH ABOUT THOSE CONTINENTAL FLINGS

These five stars went to Europe for work or a quiet vacation. But home



Suzanne Dado, really in love, gave up modeling for Schiaparelli to tour Europe with Gable. Experts say this may be only Paris fling to end in marriage.



Gary Cooper wooed Gisèle Pascale while she was supposedly engaged to Prince of Monaco. His success convinced French he is a great love

■ Paris is the traditionally romantic city, a magnet which attracts, sooner or later, the most beautiful women on earth. Respectable businessmen may sow their wild oats there without making the rest of the world party to their indiscretions. But above all, Paris is a city in which a man's behavior may be his own business, but his romantic nature the business of thousands of predatory women. Certainly, American movie actors abroad are more than fair game.

In the annals of motion picture history, 1953 will be recorded as the year of the great European migration. Practically every star you can think of spent some of 1953 in Europe.

Why?

Their reasons were varied. Many went abroad to take advantage of the favorable tax law which was later legislated away. Some went for vacations. Some went because they couldn't find work in Hollywood, a few went abroad for love, and a handful went on studio assignments. Regardless of their reasons for going there, some of Hollywood's top flight male movie stars managed to reserve a considerable amount of time for their Paris flings.

"Your actors come here," one Parisian explains, "because this is a city where a kiss in a café does not make headlines, where a night of revelry with a girl and a bottle of wine does not fill a gossip column. Paris is a lover, and it gathers all the world's lovers

to its bosom. If a man has the price, Paris denies him nothing."

Of course, most movie actors have the price. But with money or without, when Americans are in Europe they are faced with unfamiliar social standards. Briefly, the French expect gentlemen on a fling to handle their *amours* lightly, but deftly and discreetly. The Italians are not so much concerned with sophistication. They admire volatile romance and they like to go to a wedding.

Bing Crosby, for example, was quickly accepted by Paris high society. Clark Gable apparently ranked next, but his chances of complete acceptance suffer from his failure to accept the social position of the French *mannequin*, either because he doesn't understand it, or because he doesn't care. Gary Cooper pays little attention to the social set, preferring to stick with the movie crowd. He enjoys great public popularity in France.

Unquestionably, Bing Crosby understands and follows the Parisian social law. For a while, he squired about a Belgian girl named Arlett Piquet. But the girl who received the most attention from *Monsieur* Bing, and incidentally from the press, was Ghislaine de Boysson, a twenty-ish model who works for Jacques Fath and Schiaparelli.

In Paris, models are a special class of people. Generally speaking, they are (Continued on page 87)

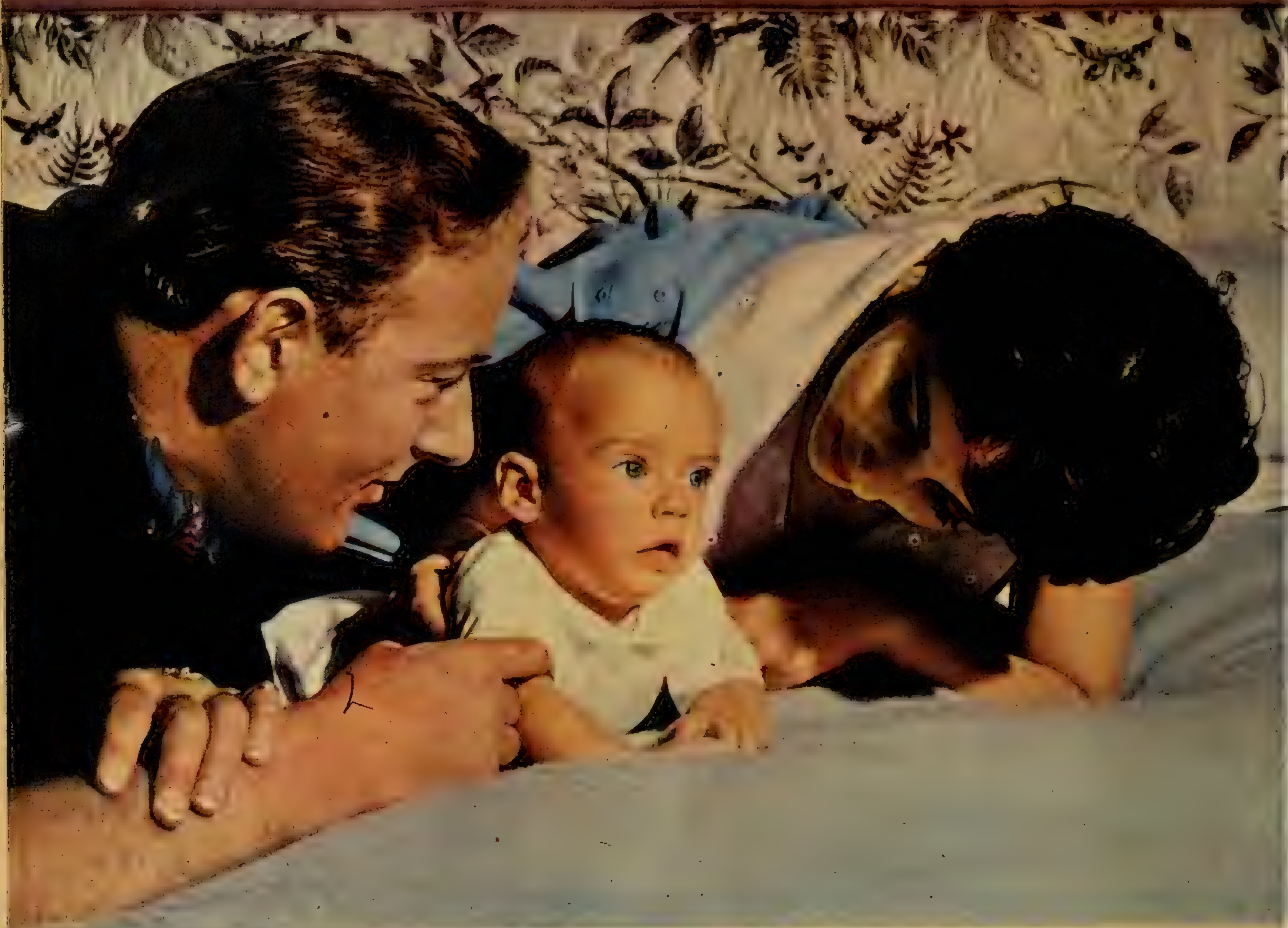
and Hollywood may have a lot of trouble getting them back from their extra-curricular romances!



Cosmopolitan Bing Crosby holds high social position in France, dines with Comtesse des Cars. His romance with model Ghislaine de Boysson follows approved French pattern.

Actress Ursula Thiess holds German view that women should follow and adore their men. Many believe she and Bob Taylor will have a happy marriage.

Audrey Hepburn, Veronica Paganie were among Gregory Peck's rumored romances.



▲ "I can't call him Michael," Mike complains: "I feel as if I'm talking to myself!" So he called his son "Boy" (because the hospital identification bracelet worn by the new baby read "Boy Wilding"). Then Liz came up with "Britches" for a pet name. Now a confident father, Mike once feared hospital would give them the wrong baby.

◀ Liz and Nurse Mary share care of eight-month-old Britches. Ordinarily cheerful and easy to handle, Britches is given to crying only when tired. He found the flight across the Atlantic wearing, alarmed Liz and the plane's crew with his wails until England and a nurse comforted him. Imperturbable Mike, Sr., only felt sorry for the other passengers!

➤ Mike couldn't resist adding his own family snapshots to MODERN SCREEN'S collection. Liz shares motherhood with one of her menagerie—Gigi, her French poodle, who had a Caesarean birth at the same time Liz did, produced almost as cute offspring. Britches shares his parents' love of animals, plays happily with the family's many pets.

The happiest time

■ The steward of the giant BOAC flying ship moved up to the crew's cabin. Lightly, he tapped the pilot on the shoulder. The skipper looked back.

"Elizabeth Taylor and her baby," the steward shouted.

The skipper relinquished control of the ship to his co-pilot.

"What about it?"

"The little fellow is crying his head off," the steward said. "Miss Taylor thinks maybe he's sick."

The pilot got up and walked back to the tail of the ship. Liz and her son had spent the night in a berth flying across the Atlantic, and according to her, "He was just wonderful, not a peep out of him, until about an hour ago. Now, he just won't keep quiet."

"I feel sorry for the rest of the passengers," said Michael Wilding, the baby's father. "I think he's tired."

The pilot nodded and returned to the nose of the ship. He motioned to his radio officer. "Send a message to London Airport. Tell them to have a nurse standing by."

Three hours later, when Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding set foot on English soil, the nurse was waiting. But first the three (Continued on page 38)



Liz often plunks Britches on her huge bed for romp with 4 cats!



Still new to motherhood, Liz admits, "When he cries, I cry."

by Susan Trent

The immortal Raphael never painted lovelier mother-and-child pictures than those caught by MODERN SCREEN's camera in these exclusive shots of Elizabeth Taylor and her son.

Psychologists say the American home is child-centered. Liz and Mike agree—and they love it!

(Continued from page 37) Wildings had to pass through Customs and Immigration.

A reporter asked an official whether Liz was traveling on an American or British passport. There had been some question of her citizenship before she had left Hollywood. On previous trips she had used dual passports, having been born in England of American parents.

"She is an American citizen using an American passport," the official explained. "Her husband is a British citizen using a British passport."

Liz carried her crying eight-month-old son as she went through Passport Control. The minute the

Immigration men were finished, she handed the baby over to the waiting nurse. Instantly, the child stopped crying.

Liz, wearing a dumpy little bowl of a hat, a wide, flourishing skirt, with a fabric stole to match, turned to her husband. "How do you like that?" she asked.

The imperturbable Michael Wilding smiled. "Probably thinks she's Mary." Mary is the baby's nurse in Hollywood.

They drove to the flat in Grosvenor Square West which Michael Rennie's wife had rented for them. Here Liz undressed her son, changed him, and gave him his bottle. (Continued on page 73)





"I don't care where I work," says the new Liz, "or if I ever work. I just want to be with two guys named Mike."



Mike enjoys fatherhood, counters Liz' worries with calm efficiency. He reassured her before trip, ("Typhoid injections don't bother



babies") promised that son would like new nurse in England, ("This baby likes everyone") and agrees that a big family will be just fine.

IF YOU'VE HEARD ANY WILD STORIES ABOUT MITCHUM LATELY, DON'T BELIEVE A WORD. CHANCES ARE HE



THIS *is a* MONSTER?

■ From all you read about Bob Mitchum, it would seem that such time as he can spare from sleepy-eyed stardom he cynically devotes to the neglect of his character. Most interviewers can't even come close to the truth about him.

It is not the fault of the writers. It is difficult to capture Bob on paper, and Bob doesn't make it any easier. He often takes an impish delight in supplying some of the wrong colors which have been used to paint the popular picture of him.

The result is that the Bob Mitchum the public knows is a self-made fraud. A big, tall one. Inside that, Mitchum is a guy he never lets anyone see; that he isn't going to let anyone see, no matter how misrepresented he is. Listen to Mitchum about Mitchum and after a while you can feel him laughing at you, and through you, at the world. He paints himself black, black and heartless. And in the end, you listen not so much to what he says as to yourself asking why he says it.

It is becoming clear that all through his professional life he has tried to hide two aspects of himself: (1) that he is a man with a heart, and a soft one, (2) that he is serious about the art of acting. But time—Bob has been under journalistic observation for nearly ten years now—is defeating his little game. Despite his own efforts, he reveals his true self in little ways—little, but significant—and by a record of achievement he can't very well obscure. There is nothing he can do to keep this from washing out, bit by bit, the legendary Mitchum, the careless, indolent, even dissolute fellow he not only pretends to be, but sometimes makes painfully realistic demonstrations to prove he is. *That* fantasy is slowly being replaced with a flesh and blood figure who, if not so colorful, is more human and a lot more (Continued on page 80)



Bob pretends to treat homelife carelessly, leave family worries to Dorothy. But he has been seen feeding the baby, carrying luggage and making like a model father with his sons.



Self-styled toughie, Bob is a very dependable actor, lets nothing keep him from work. On location with Rory Calhoun and Marilyn Monroe he even refrained from wolf whistles.



Bob's directors know the only safe person to bawl out is Bob himself; "blackhearted" Mitchum has walked off sets to protest unfair treatment of crew members by higher-ups.

My roommate, Elaine

BY SUZANNE SCHEIRER

Don't room with a movie star! Not unless you're prepared for roses in the bathtub, bear cubs in the livingroom, and badminton all over the house!



The author, blonde Suzanne Scheirer, prefers to do the driving for herself and impulsive roomie Elaine Stewart; she is often routed out of bed for 3 A.M. spins to the desert or ocean.

■ I opened the door of my apartment, put one foot inside, and stopped dead. I may be a coward, but I wasn't going in until I knew whether I was seeing things or not.

I wasn't. My roommate, Elaine Stewart, was sitting in the middle of the livingroom rug, wearing a pair of black satin slacks, and in her arms she was cradling a baby bear. I was used to the black satin slacks, and I shouldn't have been surprised by the bear, because when you live with a movie star you shouldn't be surprised by anything.

It's like living with an electric spark, a runaway freight train, or the bubbles from a glass of champagne. It's playing Hamlet at four in the morning in costumes made of colored napkins and swimming by moonlight in the Pacific Ocean, and never knowing what to expect next.

The bear came from a South American admirer—if admirer is the right word. He had flashing eyes, wavy hair, and a Spanish temper. He met Elaine on the set while she was making *Take The High Ground*. When Elaine refused to go out with him, he got so angry that he threatened to send her an alligator. I guess he couldn't find an alligator, so he sent the bear instead.

There was the time I started to take a bath and almost stepped into the middle of the 412 red roses that were floating aimlessly around the bathtub. And there was the time Elaine felt like playing badminton.

The roses were a gift from the Navy. Or rather from a Naval squadron that chose her its queen. Each man in the squadron had sent her a rose, and the only vase Elaine (Continued on page 61)





anybody

■ A few days after Gene Kelly finished *Crest Of The Wave* in London, newspaper editors notified their reporters in New York to keep close watch on all ports of entry.

"Gene Kelly," one waterfront newsman was told, "is the first and only actor to have spent seventeen months overseas under the old tax law. He has earned about \$300,000, tax free. He is also responsible, in part, for the change of the tax laws by Congress. We want a story on him."

Alert newsmen subjected every plane and ship passenger list to close scrutiny. When they were absolutely confident that Gene Kelly could never get into New York City undetected by the press, word came from Hollywood that Gene was back in movietown and that Arthur Freed, Metro's chain-smoking producer, was throwing a big welcome-home party for the dancer.

The editors back east were fit to be tied. Verbally, they went to work on their waterfront and airport reporters. How in heaven's name had they missed Kelly?

Chagrined, the reporters offered several alibis. One said that Kelly was traveling under an assumed name. Another said flatly that he got off his plane in Boston and caught a direct flight to Los Angeles. A third announced that Kelly was really in New York, having a series of wild parties in a midtown hotel while awaiting the return from Europe of his wife, Betsy, and his daughter, Kerry.

When Arthur Freed read this last item about his leading star, he blew his top. "We're gonna sue that guy," he stormed, naming the columnist who printed the defamation. "This time he has gone too far. He really has. We have a libel suit set to go. Sayin' those things about Gene. Lies, all (Continued on page 94)

The Gene Kelly formula has always been "All for one and one for all" but they say there's trouble brewing in Paradise—maybe Betsy's been getting second billing.

BY ALICE FINLETTER

here seen Mrs. Kelly?



Betsy's fine performance in *The Snake Pit* is still remembered. Now that Kerry, 9, is in school, Betsy has too much time on her hands.



Cyd and friend Dusty Negulesco combed city for perfect center table for livingroom: it has slide-out trays that are removed for buffet dinners.



The Martins' ten-room Colonial house stands on a busy Sunset Boulevard corner. (Tony likes to be in the middle of things!) Once grim and old-fashioned, it has been modernized by Cyd.

the Song and Dance house

by Marva Peterson

CYD CHARISSE AND TONY MARTIN BROUGHT A BRIGHT NEW LOVE TO AN OLD COLONIAL HOME.

■ The shrill, sustained jangle peculiar to long-distance calls sounded in the kitchen.

"Pittsburgh calling Mrs. Tony Martin," the operator monotoned.

"This is she," Cyd Charisse acknowledged. It was Tony, of course. In their five years of marriage, he never has missed phoning at least once a day while he's out of town.

"How're the boys?" he asked.

"Great," Cyd said. "Little Tony had his first trip to the dentist today . . . Well, we got him into the chair, anyway . . . You're sending what?" The beautiful, leggy dancer walked the phone into the library. With one toe, she deftly shut the kitchen door behind her. The conversation with Tony, mostly love-talk, lasted half an hour.

When it was over, Cyd was still smiling, inside and out. In the front hall, she met Casey, their amicable butler. "If a crate arrives with some lamps," she offered lightly, "they're from Mr. Martin."

"Lamps?" Casey repeated. "Did you say lamps, m'am?"

"That's right."

"Did the mister say how many we can expect?" Casey asked, with a pained expression.

"Three." (Continued on next page)



Foyer and stairs were originally red tile; Cyd covered them with carpet to match the rose-beige livingroom rug inherited from previous owners, lined one wall with antique mirror and indoor plants.



Cyd did Tony's study-music room in cocoa and light brown, had his theme song, "I'll See You In My Dreams," painted along top border. She papered the walls with sheet music from an antique shop.



Cyd had Spanish arches of pink and grey master bedroom squared, planned room to blend her feminine pink chaise, wall-length mirrored dressing table with Tony's tailored TV set, dark green armchair.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

MORE

the Song and Dance house continued



Cyd and Tony love sunning; patio has chaises of various widths, pool-side telephone, dining tables and serving counters from bar and kitchen.



Cyd and Tony keep in shape by constant use of fenced-in pool, long walks on their acre of lawn and old trees. Four years ago house and grounds seemed too large for the newlyweds, now barely holds their growing family and staff.



Tony surprised Cyd with a Provincial dining room set. "The rest of the house is modern," commented Mrs. Martin, "but—I like a change of pace!"



Fireman-red leather chair and ottoman accent quiet tones of the library. The tailored motif shows in the leather-topped card table and chairs.

"Where the blazes can we put three more lamps?" the outspoken butler muttered. "We already got more lights than we got electric outlets. We got more pictures than we got wall space. More records than—" "Now, Casey," Cyd placated. "You know Mr. Martin likes new things around the house. Don't let it worry you. I'll find a place for them."

By now, Cyd Charisse knows what to expect of her tall, handsome, singing husband. She knows that he's a shopping addict, that given fifteen minutes between planes, he may buy a dozen ash trays, a Mercedes-Benz, an oil painting, two platinum rings, or a whole dining room set.

She knows, too, what an incredible amount of bric-a-brac he receives from his thousands of fans. A couple of little old ladies in Michigan, for example, knit him one laprobe every two years. When he played the Palladium in 1948 he mentioned that he loved sports, especially cricket. At the next performance he was gifted with two dozen cricket bats, one of which he brought home to hang over his bar. He has framed personal letters from Eisenhower and Nixon thanking him for entertaining at the Inaugural festivities in Washington. When he sang at the American Shoe Manufacturers Convention he received a token gift of one of his own shoes—in bronze.

Tony is also one of Leo Durocher's best friends, which means he gets his share of Giant trophies. Cyd must find room in their library for autographed baseballs, autographed photos of all the leading players, and a bat used in the 1950 World Series.

The lamps, too, were a present from a grateful fan. One night, during a recent (*Continued on page 64*)

Jack Palance is Hollywood's most terrifying find. But he isn't really as tough as he looks—just almost!

BY JACK WADE

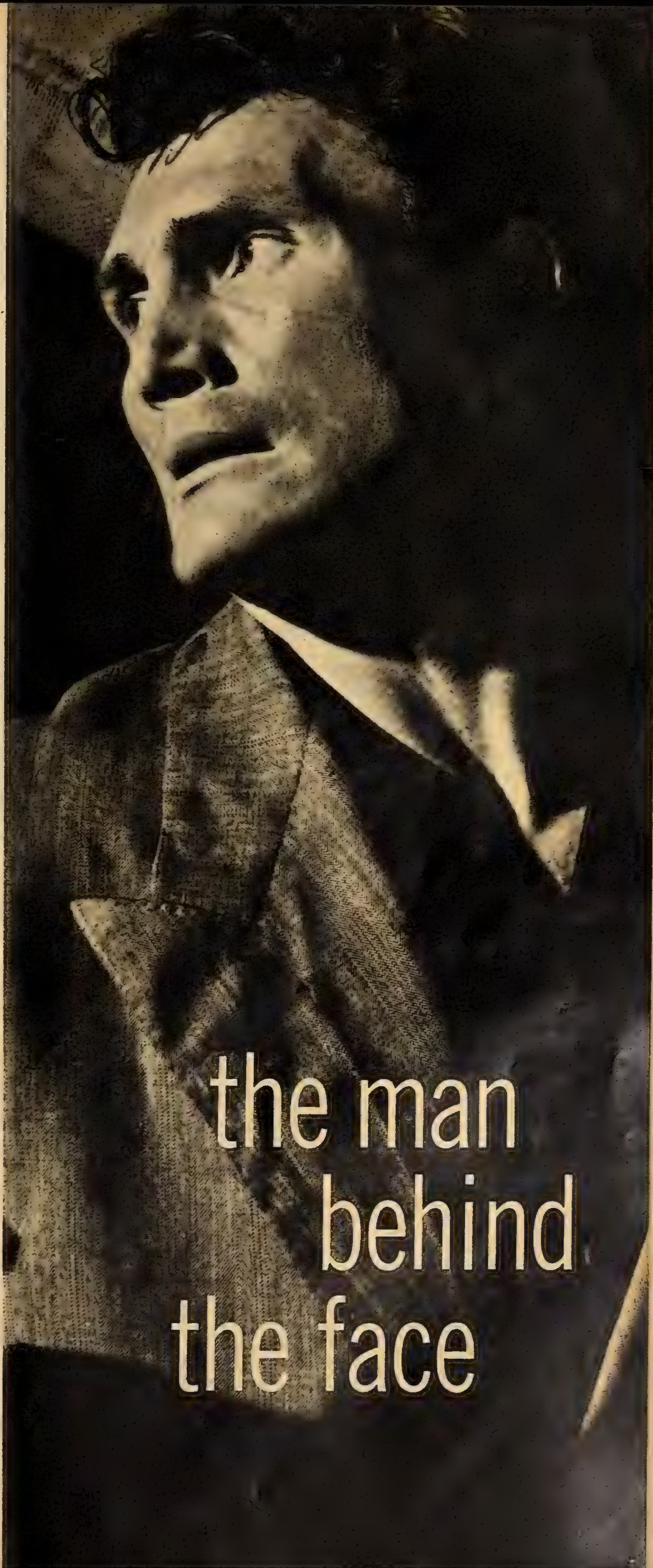
■ There are acting discoveries by the hundreds each year, but once in a decade a man like Jack Palance shows up, shoulders his way into the spotlight, forcing the real men of Hollywood to move over. Then, because there is room for just so many important male stars, some guy whose virility and talent are optical illusions drops quietly back into oblivion.

Jack Palance jolted the public for the first time in the role of a man with murder on his mind; the sadistic husband of Joan Crawford in *Sudden Fear*. That he wasn't promptly promoted to stardom is due to the curious fact that producers constantly cry for new faces, but when they see one as compelling and different as Mr. Palance's, they are thrown for a loss.

In this quandary they have had something in common with Palance, for he didn't always have this face. He doesn't like to talk about it, but his nose has been broken more times than he can remember. And at one time he spent many months hiding away in a furnished room in New York, struggling with the fear that he would never again look human. The face, which is now so familiar and approved by the public had been (*Continued on page 88*)



Jack met wife Virginia in a theatre basement, later hocked his suits to pay for their honeymoon. Daughter Holley is named after their Greenwich Village honeymoon hotel.



the man
behind
the face

Friend of the Family

BY HENNY BACKUS

Keeping up with the Gages is for the



Our crowd at one of the get-togethers Esther loves. There's Renee and Bill Lundigan, me, Janet Blair, Jim, Esther. Seated: Ben, Lou Hirsch.

No matter how many chairs are available, Esther always p down on the floor. She didn't like the hat I was trying

HENNY AND JIM BACKUS HAVE KNOWN ESTHER SINCE THE GAGE MANSION WAS HODGE PODGE LODGE.

■ The first time Esther and Ben Gage invited my husband and me to their house, we were really impressed. To visit a movie star in her native habitat was moving a couple of New Yorkers-by-adoption into the lifted pinky set.

As we drove out to Brentwood, we actually sneered at the hapless tourists who were buying maps so they could gawk at movie stars' homes—from the outside, yet.

We parked our car at a discreet distance from the house, and approached it with no little trepidation. My husband, Jim, who has since become famous in his own right, was aghast—but aghast—at the sight of the small, white frame house.

"This is a movie star's home?" he gasped. "To me, it looks like Hodge Podge Lodge!"

And he was right. Apparently, they had thrown together everything around the place with their own little mitts. We found out that Ben had even built the pool. Pool? It was an oversize Lily cup. We had expected something that would compare favorably in size to Tahoe.

Not that it was Ben's fault, really. They didn't have as much money as Bing Crosby—then. Besides, they loved doing things for themselves. So Ben did all the carpentry, and worked so hard that the house eventually spilled over into the next lot, which they didn't own. If Esther wanted to go to the incinerator, she was off limits!

But Hodge Podge Lodge was their honeymoon cottage and they loved it. Esther made all the curtains, the slipcovers, the lampshades and the upholstery, and she had enough time left over to knit Ben a few pairs of argyle socks. It was all lovely and informal. In fact, there was a bow on the garbage can.

Well, that was a few years back, when my husband was

best known as "Hubert Updyke" on the radio, which led to our meeting with Esther and Ben. We were living in an upholstered telephone booth over Schwab's drugstore. This, at a time when Jim's character, "Updyke," was billed as "the richest man in the world."

We were transplanted New Yorkers, and we disdained automobiles (let's face it, we couldn't afford one). Jim had gone into Romanoff's restaurant in Beverly Hills to get out of the rain and wait for a taxi. He was standing there, trying to look accustomed to such places, when two tall, beautiful people approached him.

"We watched you do Updyke the other night," said Esther, while Jim tried to swallow his busy Adam's apple, "and we want you to know that we think you are the greatest!"

You tell any man he's great, and you've got a friend. So has your spouse. Then and there, we became friends of the Gages, and we've never let them go.

You ought to see how things have changed since 1946 when we first laid cynical eyes on Hodge Podge Lodge. Since then, the Gages have pioneered in a place called Mandeville Canyon, a deep gorge, previously the residence of coyotes and rattlesnakes living in little houses of beer cans left by brave picnickers. That's all changed since Esther and Ben took over. Now it's a sort of Schubert Alley (a place in New York where you see no one but famous people.) But life in Mandeville Canyon, despite the encroachment of movie millionaires, is still primitive and breath-taking.

For instance, Dick Widmark lives there in a house he made over from an old nursery, and on a clear day, you can see him with a small ax, hacking at an (Continued on page 81)

with strong constitutions. If you can ride with a practical joke, Esther's the most—and a real friend.



er and I don't like spectator sports, so when Jim Ben do golfing we stay home and cook together.

Even when she was working on a picture herself, Esther always found time to help me in my work on the lot.

We dressed up as waiters and waitresses from The Trails for a costume ball.



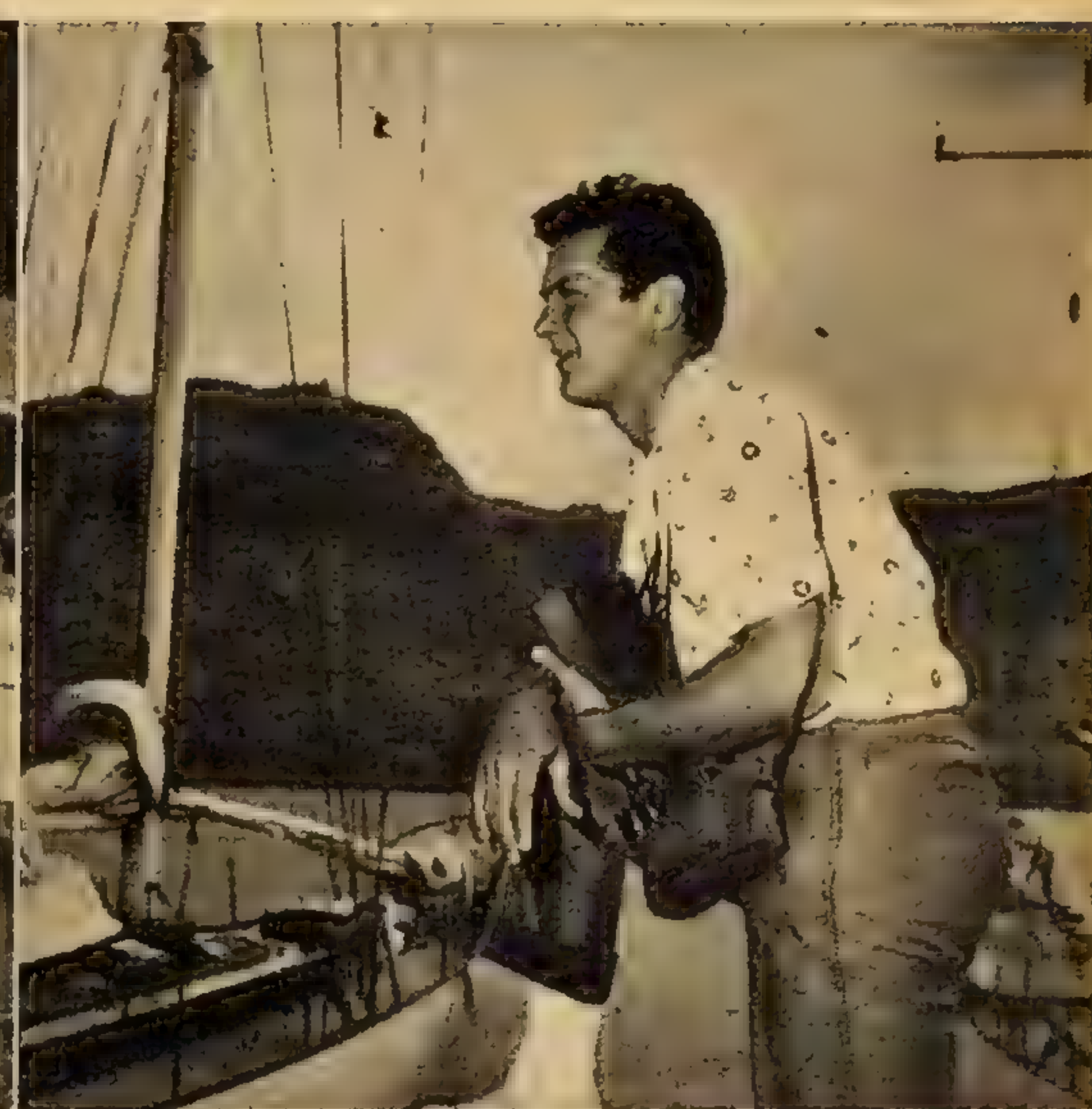
HAWAII WITHOUT JANET WAS NO PARADISE FOR TONY. MINUS THE MISSUS, LIFE WASN'T CIVILIZED.



While making *Beachhead* Tony haunted his hotel mail box; hoped for at least two letters a day.



New island games served to kill time for Tony while he waited for Janet's frequent phone calls.



Tony took photos for Janet but he'd rather have painted at home.

■ In the old days (three years ago), I figured myself to be a fairly happy guy. That was the era when I threw my clothes on the floor at night and didn't care whether anybody picked them up or not. I drank a dozen bottles of orange pop every day and ate what I wanted when I felt like it, even if it was peanut butter and pumpernickel at three A.M. My life was as orderly as Macy's basement after a bargain sale, and I had all the self discipline of a pampered Pekingese.

I'm a changed man. So much so that when I look back on those days I wonder that I could ever have thought myself happy. Three years with Janet have taught me how to be civilized, and most important of all, I've come to depend on someone else for happiness. I'd suspected that for some time, but last summer when I finished *All American* and left immediately for Honolulu to make *Beachhead*, I had it proved to me. Without Janet I fell apart. It meant a five-week separation, the longest we had ever had, and the longest we ever will have. It was as though I were living in a state of suspended animation. I counted the days and the hours and the minutes until I would be home, and in the interim I made a game out of getting to bed as soon as possible every night so that I'd be unconscious for a while.

Much as I love Janet, it's still hard to understand how (Continued on page 90)

I'd make a lousy Bachelor

by Tony Curtis



Letters to Janet began "Hello Darling," told what a good boy he was.

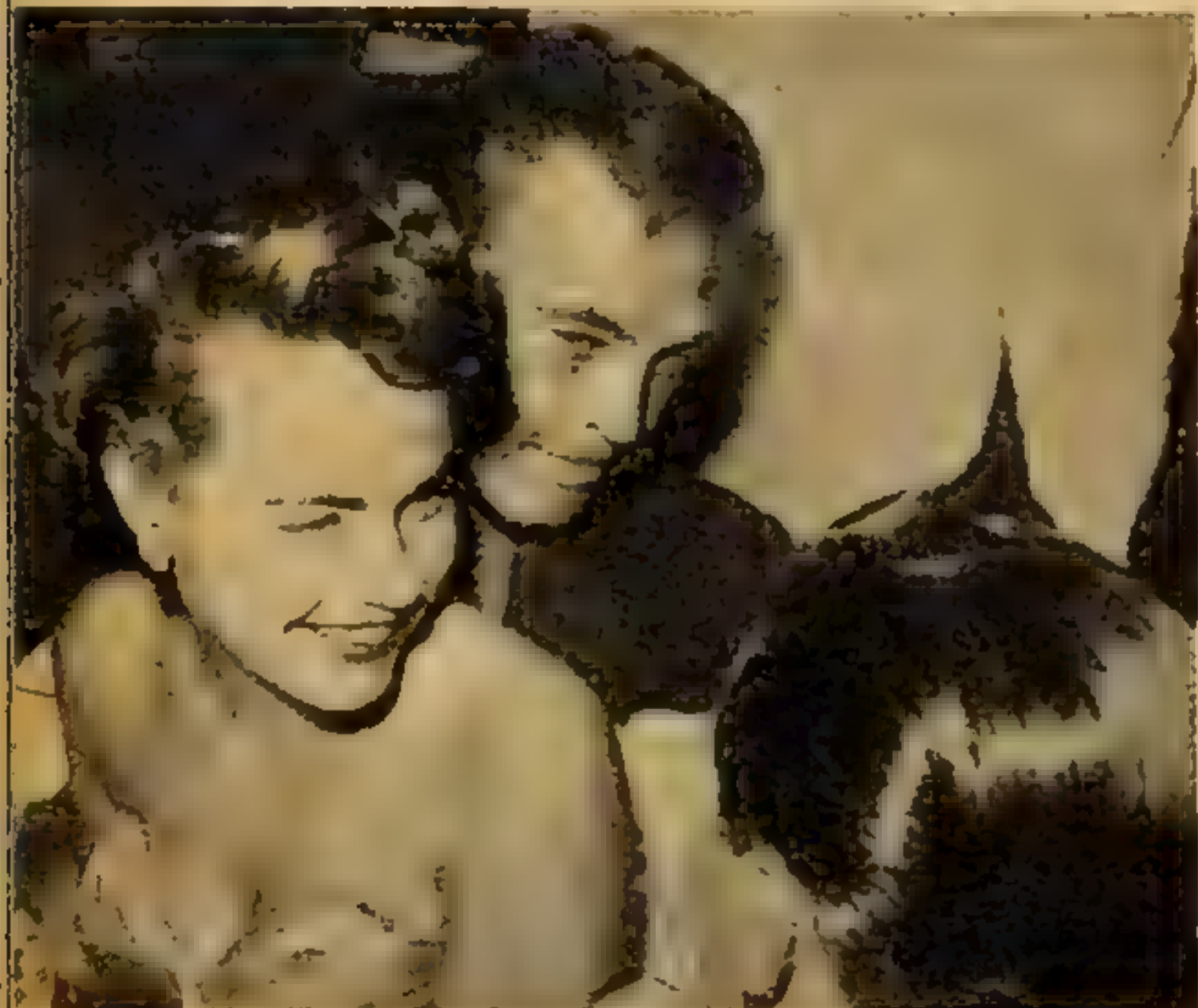
Fighting mad about recent stories, Terry Moore asked MODERN SCREEN for a chance to tell her side. Here's an unusual feature: a sizzling defense by an angry star!



Sex-queen with a candy bar? Terry attends a premiere with British actor Lawrence Harvey.



Were Terry's many dates with Liz Taylor's wealthy ex, Nicky Hilton, "bad publicity?"



Terry, who objects to sex build-up, wore low-cut gown on big date with popular Scott Brady.



Ty Power co-starred with Terry in *King Of The Khyber Rifles*, enjoys reading articles about her.

■ I'm not at all sure I should be writing this article. In fact, friends with whom I've discussed the project have, for the most part, advised me not to. Man-bites-dog is a commonplace compared to actress-bites-magazine. In some respects—in theory, at least—you might as well put your hand in a buzz-saw as retort to a writer who has every weapon to tear you to pieces, whereas you, with no column nor other public outlet at your command, are relatively helpless. Well, maybe that's one reason I'm doing it; that "relatively helpless" business, I mean. Surely no one is so relatively helpless that she is not entitled to defend herself against distortions, false inference and simple untruths. If indeed she *is* that helpless, she goes further than imperilling her career; it seems to me she has sacrificed to ambition her right to live with dignity. And if she wants to be a star so much that she will surrender to moral cowardice, then she's in the wrong business. There's not enough fame or money in the world to compensate for living with fear.

Then there's another reason I'm willing to stick my neck out. MODERN SCREEN is willing to let me. There's a little more to that than meets the eye. Because MODERN SCREEN, you see, is the magazine I'm biting—or rather, an article that appeared in the September issue by Steve Cronin, titled: *Is Terry Moore Heading For Trouble?*—one of those affectionate variations on *Have You Stopped Beating Your Wife?* Although the story bothered me, as it would have bothered you if you had been the subject, I do honestly appreciate this magazine's courage and fairness in letting me refute their own article in my own words. There are not too many publications that would do it. Similarly, I haven't a doubt that the editors bought Mr. Cronin's essay in good faith. MODERN SCREEN's reputation in the film colony is that of a tough, but clean fighter, not always sweetness and light, but not given to low blows either. And the evidence of that is what you are now reading.

Let me say one more word for the film personality in (Continued on page 75)



AN OPEN LETTER TO MODERN SCREEN

Now let me tell it!

by Terry Moore

"Actors are a dime a dozen"

Don't try
to tell Dale Robertson
that you think
he's great—or even a
success! The answer is
very likely to be
a horse-laugh!

BY RICHARD MOORE

■ Amid the diminishing stockpile of Dale Robertson lore, there emerged the fact that as a child he had taught himself to do a good many things with his left hand, just in case his right hand should be amputated someday. It was a revelatory slant on a man who is not necessarily a pessimist but who does have a death-grip on the long view.

Robertson mentioned this casually over lunch at the RKO commissary. He had fiddled for a while with a platter of small herring lying at a sort of parade rest on a bed of lettuce, and now gave up the encounter to light a cigarette. It was strictly a portside operation: removing pack from pocket, extracting cigarette, tearing loose match, lighting match, lighting cigarette. His right arm never moved.

"The way I figured it was," Robertson said, "I'm no southpaw. So if I did lose my right arm, where would I be? I like to be ready for anything."

And "anything," it presently developed, included his own hypothetical demise as a motion picture star—presumably a long way off, but still a likelihood, sooner or later.

He had just come from downtown Los Angeles where he had conferred with associates on an independent business enterprise, and he was absorbed with its details—more so, at the moment, than he was with his better-known vocation.

"It's another left arm," he said. "If I fall, I'd rather fall in a load of hay than on a cement block. One thing I'm sure of, actors are expendable."

Between takes on an earlier picture, an actress told her friends that Robertson had turned to her and remarked with negligent grimness: "You know, they could grab any guy in off the street and teach him to do what we're doing here." The actress had been a trifle offended. "What *he's* doing, maybe," she had said. "But it's taken me years to learn my job."

Robertson hadn't meant it exactly that way. "I'm not talking about what they call a star. A star—and I'm not putting myself in that category—is another matter. He has to have something. But go down to the level just below that, and what have you got?"

"This I'm willing to bet on: two groups on any picture set can be replaced, the guys who sweep out the stage—and the actors. The rest are technicians and are indispensable. But pushing a broom or sidling up to a bar and saying: 'Make mine whisky!'—these can be replaced. So can a lead. I don't want to sound too much like the worry-wart who wears both belt and suspenders, but I've got no reason yet to think I've got this thing taped. Too much can happen."

"A player can't call himself a star or think of himself as a star until he's been around between five and ten years—and after he's reached the low point in his career and survived it. That's the real test. Guy Madison's a good example. He's been about as far down as you can get. Now he's come back and he's going to stay. I haven't reached my low yet but I have a feeling I'm getting there. Then we'll see. It's a superstitious feeling in a way, a way things have of going. Like the other night I saw a picture I might have had. Well it was a good picture, a wonderful picture. I sat through it twice, something I haven't done since lord knows when. And it was a good part, too, which is more what I'm getting at. Maybe that's a straw in the wind. (Continued on page 83)



Sid Luft has brought
Judy back from
heartbreak
to happiness and health.
Nobody's calling him
a "nobody" now!

BY STEVE CRONIN

the right Mr. Wrong



Sid Luft, ex-RCAF pilot, entered Judy's life when her emotions and career were low. Despite unfriendly criticism, he planned her now-legendary Palace debut, gave her confidence and a happy home.

■ The best place to see movie stars at their worst is the tenth tee at the Bel Air Country Club. Here a deep gully with a yawning mouth 135 yards across waits to gulp down the golf balls of those who blow up when faced by a mental hazard, whether they be screen celebrities or just plain citizens.

Judy Garland, a "beginner" golfer, adjusted her little clown hat, took a practice swing, then stepped up to the ball and took an easy swing. The little white sphere started off low, gained altitude as it cleared the big ditch and came to rest thirty feet



in the green, a well-nailed shot of almost
yards.
Gee," Judy muttered, as a murmur of
excitement rose from a few bystanders,
that's more gratifying than an encore at
the Palace!"
The Judy Garland of today, who gets as
much thrill out of a well-played golf shot
as she does from the thunderous applause
of the theatre jammed to standing room only,
hardly reminiscent of the girl who was
"blown away" by Hollywood's self-ap-
pointed career experts, a few short years ago.

While many another star has twinkled
on and off the Hollywood horizon, Judy
Garland today stands on the threshold of
an even greater career when she returns to
pictures. Far behind Judy is the frenzied
life in which movie executives overworked
her so seriously in the mad scramble for
box office dollars that she grew up a popu-
lar, well-loved performer and a tragic, lone-
some girl.

Abruptly, a few years ago, Judy's inner
spirit rebelled at the endless grind of over-
work. There's no need to go into that now,

for we all read the headlines about her
breakdown, largely caused by extreme pres-
sure from those who wanted to rush her
into one hit picture after another while the
"going was good." We also followed the
story of her marital breakup, and here in
Hollywood, we heard the frequently re-
peated statement, "As if Judy hasn't had
enough trouble already, now she's gone
and married the wrong man!"

Oddly enough, it appears that "marrying
the wrong man" was the "rightest" thing
she ever did. It was (*Continued on page 84*)

a Faith for my child

by Deborah Kerr

■ Melanie Jane is six and beginning to ask the questions one cannot always answer. The where and why of God, and especially the Who, are intriguing her, not too deeply yet, but again and again. When I manage to slide by the momentary emergency of inquiry without committing myself she gives evidence that she is not going to be put off for long. I sometimes want to tell her that I know exactly how she feels.

The wonder of life has touched me, but not yet the true knowledge. Though I have sought it with all my heart, in some periods of my life fiercely, at others passively, and am yet seeking it, I, too, have been put off.

But if He has not yet seen fit to give me whole and abiding belief, He has at least planted in me the yearning for it; even more, the instinct that will not permit me to admit that there is nothing left of us beyond the dust to which our corporeal bodies must return.

This much I can tell Melanie, although it is too soon yet, at the beginning of her life, to speak of the end. But when she can contemplate it, and if she has not yet found a better teacher, perhaps I shall. I do pray that in church (though I do not yet know which church because I was a seeker in more than one) she can find her (Continued on page 72)

"I have wondered
all my life . . . where
shall I go to find
God? Now my daughter
is asking me this
question. Shall I give her
my faith or help her seek
her own as I did?"



my roommate, elaine

(Continued from page 42) could find that was big enough for the flowers was the bathtub.

The badminton game was played on a rainy, winter afternoon. Elaine just felt like playing badminton. When I stepped over our threshold that day, I stepped smack into the middle of a winning serve. The ball was made from my best cashmere yarn, and the net was yards and yards of red ribbon from candy boxes, and the livingroom furniture was piled on top of everything, including the kitchen sink. Triumphant in the midst of the debris, Elaine was beating the tar out of two very self-conscious neighbors.

Badminton in the livingroom and roses in the bathtub don't add up to peace and quiet. Nice words—"peace" and "quiet," but they don't mean much when Elaine Stewart is around. They're shoved out of the way by words like "excitement," "quicksilver," "high as a kite," "low as a snake's ear," "unpredictable," and "whirlwind." And eight hours' sleep a night is another thing that's shoved out of the way when Elaine Stewart's around.

THERE are some people who like to sleep and there are some people who don't. Elaine fits into the latter category. She thinks that the middle of the night is too nice to waste in sleeping. Half the time she wakes up about two A. M., pulls me out of bed, and throws my bathing suit in my general direction. If I'm awake enough to catch it, we drive down to the beach and go swimming. If I'm not, I can usually get her to settle for an hour of gin rummy.

Elaine drives like a devil, particularly in the hours before dawn, and sometimes I just close my eyes and hope that there are no other drivers on the road. When I do, she's liable to turn the car around and head for the desert. We don't do anything there; we don't even talk much. We just sit in the car and look at the stars and wonder how anything can be as beautiful as a desert sky.

Elaine was trying to describe it once, and she came close when she said, "The stars seem to topple out of the sky at you like a three-dimensional movie."

Sometimes Elaine starts to cry. Then she turns away and looks for her constellation—Gemini. When she can't find it, she says it's because this is one of the days that Castor and Pollux have to spend in Hades.

She can point out my constellation too—Sagittarius. She is fascinated and guided by the stars. We're living together because she's Gemini, and I'm Sagittarius. They are supposed to blend. They are supposed to blend so well that she is looking for someone born under the sign of Sagittarius to marry. So far she hasn't found the right Sagittarian.

Elaine has had her fortune told, her palm read, her tea leaves looked at, her handwriting analyzed, her electric impulses measured, and the bumps on her head read. The first fortuneteller she ever went to—when she was a model in New York—told her that she would get a contract and come to Hollywood. His other prediction—that she would marry three times—hasn't come true yet.

She blames her impulsiveness and unpredictability on the stars. People who are born under Gemini are supposed to be talented, restless, and mercurial. Elaine is all of these. She does everything in cycles. For weeks she'll date every night, then she'll stay home for a month, listening to music, reading poetry, or just talking seriously.

Of course that makes life difficult for me at times. When Elaine is in a "people

From selling at Saks
to love scenes with Curtis—

MEET MARY MURPHY



■ Little, honey-haired, blue-eyed Mary Murphy, who bounced from the bundle-wrapping counter at Saks Fifth Avenue on fashionable Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills into a Paramount contract, says "the dream is getting wilder all the time."

She's just back on the mainland following a month spent on the "garden island" of the Hawaiian group, Kauai, playing with Tony Curtis in *Beachhead*, for United Artists.

"I'm just beginning to appreciate the breaks I've had," she said. "For the first year or so I was mentally numb. It just couldn't be that it was me, who has no great-grand-uncle or aunt who ever so much as thought of becoming an actor or an actress."

"About a year ago, though, I sort of came to and settled down. Acting can be such hard, hard work! I was scared stiff before I started *Hot Blood* with Marlon Brando, but he turned out to be 100 per cent. He helped me a lot and he really had the patience of an angel.

"*Beachhead* was the most fun and the most work I've ever done. When you see me running through the trees and falling flat on my face when Tony, thinking I'm an enemy Jap, grabs my foot—brother, that's me!

"Tony was terrific and his fans are going to love him as a tough, young Marine. This Curtis person is one of the finest citizens I've met—takes his work seriously, loves it, and feels he must do his best in order to work off a debt to his fans that he can never quite repay. The children on Kauai loved Tony and he loved them. He did magic tricks for them. And got up a baseball game between the *Beachhead* company and a local team.

"As for me, I was in heaven. I was the only girl in the cast and everybody was wonderful to me. Even now, when I look at some of the lovely things I brought back from Hawaii, I have to pinch myself to be sure I'm not day-dreaming behind that counter at Saks."

mood" there may be twenty-two for dinner. If she isn't, she may not even be home for dinner. And I never know.

I do all the cooking, and I just have to trust to my intuition, since Elaine hasn't brought home a crystal ball—yet. Sometimes some of the guests eat steak and the rest have hamburger, but it usually works out all right.

Elaine knows where the kitchen is. She even sits down in it and talks to me while I'm cooking. But she looks at the stove as though it were a poisonous snake.

"Cooking would be a wonderful hobby," she tells me every so often, "if I were all alone in a mountain cabin somewhere, snowed in, with nothing else to do. But I haven't got enough time now for everything."

In any case, she loves to eat. If she were left alone, she'd eat nothing but roast beef, malted milks, mashed potatoes, tomato soup—and spinach. She's wild about spinach and even wilder about tomato soup. I can never let her go shopping by herself, because she'll forget what we need and come back with one dozen cans of soup.

She doesn't dislike other foods; she just never thinks of eating them. But she's willing to eat anything that I'm willing to make. And I must admit I've tried some awful experiments on her, including grapes in chocolate syrup.

I forgot one thing she likes—ice cream. Preferably chocolate ice cream. She eats it every time she can, even uses it on her breakfast cereal in the morning.

IT'S THE little things that pile up when you live with a movie star. And when you live with Elaine, pile up is the right word. There are dozens of cakes of soap in the bathroom, because Elaine only likes big, new cakes, and I can't use up the old soap quickly enough to keep up with her. There are dozens of light bulbs everywhere and dozens of lights on, because Elaine can't stay home without turning every light in the apartment on. The place looks like a homemade rainbow at night, because Elaine likes her electric lights to be colored—green, blue, yellow, and pink.

And I'm sure that her cavemen ancestors had more stone axes and more clay

PUTTING YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD

You can be more than photogenic—you can be a personality!

■ Thirty-five years with Hollywood lovelies!

"It's nice work, if you can get it," says Gene Kornman, ace still photographer at 20th Century-Fox.

With his camera Gene could detect glamour in a stone. Of course Betty Grable and Marilyn Monroe have more to offer.

"No two faces are alike," says Gene, "even those of identical twins. And no one face is always the same. Take Liz Taylor. She has, perhaps, the most photogenic face in Hollywood. Anybody could take a good picture of Liz. But getting the mood behind the face is something else. That takes team work on the part of the subject and the photographer.

"I like a light street make-up if the pictures are to be black and white. Use a little mascara and a touch of eyebrow pencil, unless the brows are naturally dark. Lipstick, of course.

"Sometimes I ask a player to go over her face with a light oil before sitting for a portrait. This is a favorite trick of Gene Tierney's. It highlights her beautiful high cheek bones. Claudette Colbert likes to emphasize her facial structure, too. Patting the skin with damp tissue just before a shot gives a nice texture; and wetting the lips with the tongue adds sexiness."

Gene has no preference for blondes over brunettes or vice versa. They merely take different lighting. But he's mad about color.

"Susan Hayward is just another brunette in black and white," Gene says, "but what you can do with that red hair of hers in color! It's no wonder the girls hit the dyepots these days with so many pictures being made in color.

"I usually ask a player to sit unless the assignment calls for a standing shot. Most people are more relaxed when sitting," Gene explains. "Unless, of course, you're lucky enough to get a Loretta Young. Loretta poses easily and untiringly . . . uses her eyes and hands expressively.

"You expect a dancer to have body grace but Mitzi Gaynor has a face that says a lot, too. I never tire of trying to catch her changing expressions. Girls with long necks should wear something fluffy around the shoulders, not necessarily close to the face. Celeste Holm is an example. Round-faced girls should wear necklines that lengthen the face; thin faced girls vice versa; and Miss Fatty should never face the camera straight on. The girl with the heart-shaped face can wear anything.

"Be careful of your hairdo," Gene advises. "Nothing is more important to a good portrait than a simple, becoming hairdress. Finally, get some extra shut-eye the night before the sitting and be sure you're wide awake—with no puffiness about the eyes—before you face the camera." Gene believes that the average girl can be photogenic.

"If you'll follow these simple suggestions you'll not only get a good picture, you'll be a personality."

Gene, who was head still man on *The Robe*, had himself a field day there. The ladies in the cast are Jean Simmons, Betta St. John and Dawn Addams.

tablets and more caves than anyone else in the tribe. Because Elaine collects things. It wouldn't be so bad if she only collected poetry. (Even though that means that I'd better get to the magazines first. If I don't I'm liable to find that Elaine has clipped the last page of a mystery story because there was a poem on the other side.)

But she collects bigger things, too. Souvenirs. Records. Letters. She's got every letter anyone ever sent her, including one from her kindergarten teacher asking her to be a toadstool in the class play.

I counted her stationery once, and she has fifteen different kinds. A few are conservative white. Most of them are red; two are black; and there's even one that's red and black. As you may have guessed, red and black are her favorite colors.

"I use the stationery I'm in the mood for," explains Elaine.

That's true about nail polish too. And I can usually guess what's going to happen that night by the color of the polish she wears. If she's going to curl up on the couch and get sentimental, she'll be wearing pink; if she's going out, it can be any shade from purple to platinum; and if she's wearing green—well, I'd better get ready for a pre-dawn drive to the desert.

The funny thing is that she's conservative about clothes and jewelry. The only ring she ever wears is an heirloom that was made in Spain centuries ago and has come down from oldest daughter to oldest daughter in her mother's family. It is a strange ring of beaten silver with five diamonds in the shape of a cross. According to family legend, the diamonds are supposed to sparkle when the true owner meets the man she will marry. According to Elaine, it hasn't sparkled yet.

I'M SURPRISED at that, because our phone never stops ringing. Elaine doesn't have a steady. When she's on a "going out" spree, she'll date a different man every night for two weeks. Most of the time she and her date go dancing.

But she never can decide what she wants to do until the last possible moment. So no date is ever surprised when he arrives in a tuxedo and finds Elaine in slacks. He knows that she has decided to stay home for the evening, even if she told him on the phone half an hour before that she'd love to go to *Ciro's*.

And there are three boys who'll never talk to her again—at least not for a few weeks. The first one called at six o'clock one evening.

Elaine answered him with "Call me back at eight-thirty. We'll do something, but I don't know what."

Ten minutes later the phone rang again. A different boy, and Elaine told him the same thing. At six-thirty the third call came.

"I'll know what I want to do at eight-thirty," was Elaine's answer this time.

At eight-twenty-five she made up her mind.

"Come on," she said.

She threw me a coat, grabbed my arm, and pulled me out of the apartment just as the phone started ringing. We went to a third-rate neighborhood theatre, ate three bags of popcorn apiece, and saw *The Quiet Man* for the fourth time.

The occupational hazards involved in living with a movie star are many—but they are not varied. They include pre-picture blues, mid-picture blues, and after-picture blues. When Elaine is in the throes of any of them, she kicks off her shoes, hurls herself face downward onto the sofa, and looks like a cocker spaniel that has just been lost.

"Leave me alone," is all she says. Except sometimes she adds, "I was awful," or



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"I will be awful," or "I feel awful."

When this happened with her last picture, *Take The High Ground*, I knew exactly what to do. Through trial and error. Because I have tried everything.

I have played her favorite record, "Manhattan Towers"; and I have played her favorite vocalist, Frank Sinatra. They just make her sadder. I have tickled her feet with our only pet, a rubber mouse with long whiskers and red eyes. She only burrows further into the pillows. I have suggested spinach and dancing, water polo and tomato soup. But nothing cures her—nothing except a movie. It must be an old movie that she has seen before, an exciting movie with cowboys or Indians or pirates, and it must be playing in an old theatre where you can buy penny candy and licorice twists next door. In three hours she is cured.

But I don't think that anything can ever cure her of forgetting. She dreams too much in the sun. Or maybe that's what made her a star—the dreaming.

SHE DREAMS about the sea and the novel she wants to write about the sea one day, and she forgets her lunch and the

shopping list. She dreams about her future as a star pinwheeling through desert skies, and she forgets to take the laundry. She dreams about the time her ring will sparkle, and she forgets her purse, or if she remembers that, she forgets her key.

It's funny sometimes, the way she forgets. There was the night I woke up to hear noises in the living room. Armed with Elaine's tennis racket, I switched on the lights and prepared to strike. But it was only Elaine, halfway through the window, one foot still on her embarrassed date's shoulders.

She steadied herself on the window sill. "I forgot my key," she said.

I couldn't think of anything to say, so I looked stern.

"I can't help it. I won't do it again."

I started to laugh. I had to. Elaine looked like she always does when she's forgotten something, like a little girl who has been caught with a hand in the cookie jar. In a minute the three of us were laughing so hard we couldn't stop.

Of course Elaine mislaid her key again—and again. Now I'm so used to her that burglars could steal anything in the apartment, and I'd just turn over and go back

to sleep, thinking that Elaine had forgotten her key.

And there was the night before Christmas. Elaine was flying home to New Jersey late that night and we had prepared to celebrate by doing the town. She had shopped for weeks to get just the right presents for her family. The presents had been wrapped in the stores, but we spent the whole afternoon putting piles of red ribbon all over them. Finally, hot, tired, and aching, we stepped back to survey our handiwork. Elaine was so proud—until she started to write the cards and discovered she'd forgotten which present was which.

So the nightclubs got along without our patronage, while the four of us—Elaine and I and our two tuxedo-clad dates—sat under the Christmas tree, surrounded by tons of red ribbon, and rewrapped gifts.

Yes, it's funny, the way she forgets. But it's more than funny, too. It means that her feet may be walking along a concrete sidewalk in the city of Hollywood on the planet of earth, but her head is up in the clear, beautiful desert sky, and her hands are reaching for the stars. END

song and dance house

(Continued from page 48) singing engagement at the *Chez Paree* in Chicago, Tony was asked to sing, "Happy Birthday" to a youngster. He obliged and the father of the teen-ager who was having the party turned out to be a lamp manufacturer. He showed his gratitude by sending Tony three of his newest products.

It's a credit to Cyd's good disposition and adroit management that she can still work Tony's acquisitions into their ten-room house. A lesser woman would have given up long ago. But Cyd hardly lifts an eyebrow any more. She simply crowds the old pictures closer together to make room for the new ones. She shifts the furniture around to allow for a few more tables and on them she sets the extra lamps or whatever Tony sends home.

CYD, of course, wasn't always this relaxed and trusting about Tony's spending and his acquisitional idiosyncrasies. Her first doubts were over the purchase of their two-story, California Colonial-style house.

They had been married only a few months in 1948 when she discovered that they were paying an astronomical rent for a modest Bel Air honeymoon home. She was horrified. Her Texas blood began to boil and she decided it was foolhardy to rent a house. She began working on Tony at once, pressing him to buy a house—just any little place with a garden and a pool. Tony was agreeable provided the place wasn't too far from town. He likes to be in the middle of things.

The Martins looked at a great number of handsome new homes with pools to match. But always, either the price was out of reach or the location was too far out. Disappointment settled over the newlyweds like a bank of smog until Tony came home one afternoon with what he called "sensational" tidings. He had found a "buy" on the corner of Beverly Glen and Sunset Boulevard, about the busiest corner west of Hollywood and Vine.

He was wildly enthusiastic. "It's just what we've been looking for! A little old, maybe, but what a location!"

Cyd's ardor was restrained. She had to admit the address was ideal but when she saw the house—well—it had the charm of a mausoleum. The foyer and stairs were

paved in red tile. The livingroom was dark and heavily beamed. The whole place looked gloomy and forbidding.

"What do we want with four bedrooms and plumbing from the 1890's? I like the old trees, but honestly, this house gives me the creeps."

Tony wasn't at all subdued. "With some paint and a few kids we can liven it up in no time."

Grudgingly, Cyd yielded to her husband's enthusiasm. A mere four years later, the ten rooms are full and overflowing. With a family consisting of twelve-year-old Nicky, Cyd's son by a former marriage, husky, three-year-old Tony and his nurse, Pauline, the upstairs rooms are completely occupied. Then there are Frances and Casey Casparian to look after the house and Joan Arden, the secretary who comes by the day to work in Tony's office-in-the-home.

"Tone was right," Cyd now admits. "We filled the rooms in short order, and the truth is we could use an even bigger place."

BEFORE the Martins actually moved into this spacious, old, brick house, Cyd corralled a couple of painters and a carpenter and put them to work modernizing the place. She had them paint the exterior brick a fresh white with dark green trim. She hung new brass coachman's lamps beside the front door. Inside, she had the men slap light grey and white paint over all the somber dark beams. She instructed the carpenter to put more shelves in the library and to convert a lavatory into a formica and mirrored bar. The front hall closet became a powder room. To give it a bright finish, not reminiscent of any closet, she had the workmen paper the whole room including (home decorators, please note) the back of the door.

Upstairs in the master bedroom, the carpenters squared off the old-fashioned Spanish arches and built a mirrored dressing table for Cyd. It runs the whole width of the huge bedroom. She put all new fixtures in their Mr. and Mrs. bath. And because Tony is considered one of the best-dressed men in show business, she had to turn an upstairs linen closet into extra wardrobe space. By the time they moved into the fifteen-year-old house, it had lost its dated look, and Cyd was excited and full of ideas about how she would furnish her first real home.

"Most girls grow up with dreams of how to decorate their houses," she says. "They know the kind of bedroom they want or the type of fireplace they'll have. I never gave the matter a thought. From the time I was fourteen I was so immersed in dancing that I sort of skipped over that stage. Then all of a sudden I had a home and it was up to me to make it attractive."

"Not having any pent-up desires I simply started from what seemed to be a logical place. The rose beige rug in the living room came with the sale of the house. I wouldn't consider scrapping such a bonus, so I found out who had laid the carpet and ordered more of it to cover the stairs and the tile floor in the entrance hall."

The same firm that filled the carpeting order also made custom draperies, so Cyd ordered tailored pull draperies with selvalances for every window in the house.

The previous owners gave them a fireman-red leather chair and ottoman. Cyd and Tony were delighted with the hand-me-downs. They were in excellent condition and made an ideal chair combination for the library. For that reason and that reason alone, Cyd started furnishing the library first.

She did the room in grey and green, employing the red as a foil for the quieter colors. She tried to keep the room underfurnished, using only a couch, a leather topped game table with matching chairs, and the new bar. She knew for sure that Tony's trophies and gifts would soon crowd the furniture. She was right. Since she first decorated the house, she has had to add a glass case for his collection of miniature liqueur bottles, half a dozen more record cabinets, a built-in radio, and a TV screen.

"The room just can't take another improvement," she says, "but that won't stop Tone. Not one bit. He'll keep buying anything that catches his eye."

BEFORE decorating her livingroom, Cyd sat down and analyzed her needs. She knew that Tony would be working at home with song writers and music arrangers. Experience had taught her that these fellows get carried away in a frenzy of artistic creation and forget everything but their work. They plop their feet on the furniture, drop cigarettes on the rugs, spill drinks, and make a general mess. Of one thing she was sure. She would need a practical livingroom that could withstand



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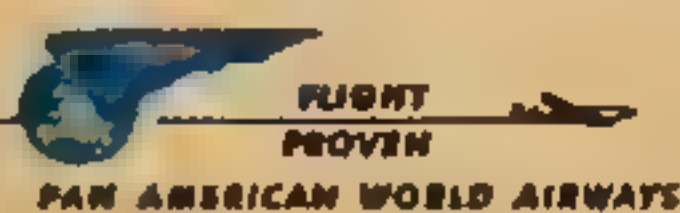


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their abuse plus the wear and tear of children.

With this end in view, she had four small couches covered in a dirt-proof, cocoa-colored fabric. She had her tables and piano done in an antique finish and then highly waxed to resist practically everything. And she chose only big, unbreakable lamps.

The task of decorating and filling a large house takes time and effort, as Cyd soon found out. She enlisted the help of her friend, Dusty Negulesco. She is a talented painter and the wife of the movie director, Jean Negulesco. Even so, the job progressed slowly. She and Dusty wanted to keep the rooms comfortable, but original. They spent weeks matching colors and choosing fabrics. They combed odd little shops for the round table that now sits in the center of the livingroom. It has removable, underneath trays that slide out and are used in buffet dinners. They also spent months finding one-of-a-kind pictures and novel accessories.

Midway in their labors Tony took an active interest in interior decorating and decided to make one of his large-scale gestures. This happened one afternoon when Cyd and Dusty had triumphantly finished papering his office and music room. They had found a book of old songs in an antique store and with that as a start, they devised the scheme of using the pages of sheet music for wallpaper. The two girls had papered the yellowed pages on the walls themselves, after which, they had adjourned wearily to the pool. They were stretched out on chaises taking a well-deserved rest when Tony walked in.

"Go take a look at your new music studio," Cyd suggested.

A few minutes later Tony returned. "Gosh, kids. It looks great! You did a terrific job." Then, "I've got a little surprise, too."

There was a pause.

"I bought the diningroom furniture, this afternoon."

"You what?" exploded Dusty.

"I saw a nice table and some chairs and a couple of other pieces in a store right on Sunset," Tony explained. "So I bought them. They'll be delivered tomorrow. Boy. That's another room finished."

Dusty made a choking, clucking sound.

"Darling," Cyd said quickly, "it sounds marvelous. I can hardly wait to see it."

When the furniture arrived the next day it proved to be of fine quality. Nevertheless, it is Provincial and the rest of the house is comfortably contemporary. "But, you know," Cyd says, "I kind of like the change of pace."

For an entertainer who spends more time away from his home than he spends in it, Tony takes an inordinate amount of pride in his residence.

ONLY a few months ago when he was singing in New York, he was approached by an old nightclub buddy. "Hear you've married a movie star and got a big mansion in Hollywood," the crony said. "How can a foot-loose guy like you take care of such a plushy set-up?"

Tony's mind flashed back over the years when everything he owned was in his suitcase. "It's simple," he said, "I'm married to an angel, and all we need to take care of the house is a song from me every now and then, and a dance from her every now and then."

His friend looked at Tony quizzically. "You been drinkin'?" he asked.

"Never been more sober in my life!"

Next day, he bought three oil paintings and air mailed them to Cyd. Right now she's trying to find room for them.

(Cyd Charisse can be seen in MGM's *Brigadoon*.)

END



modern screen fashions

■ Lovely Maureen O'Hara acted as Chairwoman for the voting for the Modern Screen Fashion Star medal awarded to Playtex Magic-Controller girdle by unanimous decision. New and wonderful—favorite of Hollywood stars—this girdle slims you as nature intended and is as comfortable as your own skin. It features a non-roll top, that stays up without a single bone or stay, and invisible "finger" panels for firm abdominal control. It washes in seconds, dries like a miracle. Maureen wears the Magic-Controller girdle under her casual, career and formal clothes. Universal-International's Technicolor *War Arrow* is Maureen's forthcoming film.

holiday



Rhonda Fleming in Sherbrooke's glamorous, all-weather, all-purpose pyramid coat of velveteen that is spot-resistant and water-repellent. Striped taffeta lining—also with *Milium* lining in contrasting colors. Black, red, purple, turquoise, dusty pink or gold. About \$50.

Umbrella, about \$8.

Smart cover-up for your footwear in rain, sleet or snow—Rain Dears Deluxe by Lucky—Norlon plastic boot that is clear, tough, long-wearing and feather-light (triple-thick, non-slip soles). Easy-on-and-off bow-tie tape and snap fastenings. Universal-Fit, for all types of shoes, S.M.L. or XL. Fashion-Fit, for cuban or high heels, S.M.L. Each complete with plastic pouch, about \$2. Rhonda is in Paramount's 3-D Technicolor film, *Those Redheads From Seattle*. Rain Dears Available At Shoe, Notion and Rainwear Counters Everywhere.

glamour



In gala holiday mood—Jan Sterling, currently in Paramount's *Alaska Seas*, poses in Max Wiesen's date dress of lush rayon. *peau de soie*. A full skirt flares from the flatteringly tucked and molded hipline. A glittering rhinestone shoulder pin accents the cut-out neckline. Self belt. Black only. Sizes 12½ to 22½. About \$11 at Bullock's, Los Angeles; Fries & Schuele, Cleveland; Marshall Field, Chicago. Hosiery—the new 12 gauge, 66 denier nylons in the latest Cinerama date-time color, *Cine-beige* by Gotham Gold Stripe. \$1.95.

the flattering look

■ The season's gala clothes call for true figure glamour—these bra styles by Lovable are the perfect answer. The exciting costume jewelry is by Capri.

Top: This bra called *Add-Vantage* features smoothly stitched cups that are invisibly lined with soft *Foamette* and backed with jersey to give a fuller bosom look. Especially designed for the in-between cup size. White embroidered broadcloth—also white or black acetate satin. Strapless, white broadcloth only. About \$2. Capri's glittering rhinestone Pavé balls. Earrings, \$3* and \$6*. Necklace, \$8*. Bracelets, \$8* each.

Center: For your budget, *Budget Beauty*, a bra that features four-section cups and circular stitching. Sea-foam, white, pink, blue, lilac, black or yellow-rose broadcloth. Also in white, pink or black in nylon or acetate satin. About \$1. Fringed, gold-plated mesh *String Bean* earrings with pearls, \$3*. Pearl and rhinestone studded bracelet on gold-plated metal, \$6*. Matching necklace—not shown, \$6*.

Bottom: new and exciting, *Bra-leen*, a combination bra, waist-cinch and garter belt. Lined, embroidered nylon-sheer bra and front panel, power net sides and back—feather-light boning. Adjustable back closing, removable straps. White only. About \$5. Capri's black jet and golden bead necklaces, \$2* to \$5*. Earrings, \$2*. Matching bracelets—not shown, \$2* each.

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a faith for my child

(Continued from page 60) own way. Yet I remember from my own early days that children brought into the realm of religion tend to stumble through it in beautiful innocence at first. They make their own interpretations of what they see and hear, such as are suitable to their thinking and make sense in their little worlds.

I remember this story of my husband's childhood. When he was about Melanie's age he was fascinated by the hymn singing in church. Someone, about this time, gave him a teddy bear, one of those fluffy, brown ones with button eyes set close together. A few days later his mother asked him what he had named it. He replied, "Gladly." Curious, she asked where he had gotten such an odd name.

"Why, don't you remember?" he asked. "We sing about him in church every Sunday. 'Gladly my cross-eyed bear!'"

If it hasn't struck you yet, what he referred to was the hymn line, "Gladly my cross I'd bear."

It is perhaps more than just strange that this endearing mistake, born of the love of a child for his toy, is to me as warm and encouraging a sign as any sermon I have heard that there may be a greater beneficence to life than we suspect. The inborn faith of children may yet be our strongest proof that we are not, as our intellects tend to persuade us, just hopeless nomads flickering briefly somewhere and somewhen in space-time.

IT SEEMS to me that when I was a small girl we asked fewer questions than children of today; perhaps the perplexities of life entering the home via radio and tv accounts for the greater curiosity of the current crop of youngsters. We of my day were more sheltered and consequently, I sometimes think, more secure.

Of the first church I can remember, an ancient, small edifice with beautiful Norman and Saxon arches in Sussex, England, I can recall not the sermons of the venerable preacher, but only the smells of the musty pews, the burning candle fat and our damp clothes on a rainy Sunday morning. It was not that I wasn't interested, I'm sure, but rather that the reedy voice of the pastor dealt in sentiments phrased in a manner unclear to me, and even when understood, of remote significance. His words hummed and sometimes even sang in my ears, but conveyed very little meaning. Yet out of this came a love for the thoughtful tranquillity of the church. It was nice to go. You felt goodness enter into you and you were sure as you left that you were once more a very good little girl.

I was a much more ardent churchgoer when I was fifteen, but not, I think, as good a little girl. Along with every other young miss in the boarding school I attended, I was in love with the curate, a dark young man of imposing tallness whose sonorous voice held us transfixed.

This was in Bristol and we used to march by twos (in a "croc" as we called it) a full three and a half miles to church every Sunday, but no one uttered a word of complaint. It was the curate's job to teach the classes for confirmation and it was difficult to remember what he said, because we were not listening to his words—just to him. He could have told us anything.

He must have conveyed the right intelligence because we were confirmed as members of the Church of England. Yet just a few short years later I was undertaking to study Catholicism, and just before or after this, Christian Science. This was during the war. I was tremendously moved by what was going on and impelled to

find a comforting spiritual foundation for my life.

WE WERE undergoing the bombings in England when it began to dawn on me that I had not seriously considered faith in my plans up to this time. I had gone to church, I had been a believer by rote, but I felt, with some panic, that I had been untouched inside. I think now that this attitude was a phenomenon peculiar to my generation, one brought up between two world wars and witness to a rather deplorable era in man's history. I remember at least one way this affected the young people on our level, the fading middle class gentry of England. It was traditional among us that church socials and tennis teas were the sort of activities through which you met proper young men. But somehow the proper young men were no longer turning up at these functions. You met them now in the outside world, in industry and in professions. Into the outside world we girls went.

But before this happened, and while living in London, an aunt of mine, a woman of deep Episcopalian piety, gave me a prayer book which I accepted thankfully and greedily scanned for solace. My disturbance was great and events were aggravating it constantly. One morning I would see volunteers removing bombing victims from blasted dwellings with calloused preoccupation. The next morning I would be asked in church to join the congregation in prayers for the enemy—the men who had murdered these people.

On Salisbury Plains I stood one afternoon watching our soldiers drill and train. It came over me then that when their sergeants got through teaching them how best to kill, their chaplains would instruct them in love and kindness. To consider men capable of this state of human culture as worthy of God's attention was difficult, to say the least. To rationalize the horror of what my eyes were seeing daily, with the salvation I must spell out on Sundays for those who were committing the horrors, set up a conflict of emotion that left me unhappy and shaken. In my craving for a spiritual lift I not only read my prayer book but touched on both Catholicism and Christian Science. I read what I could, I questioned friends of these beliefs. I would think for a period that I had found what I sought—and then I wouldn't be sure.

I kept asking myself questions I could neither answer, nor allow to go unanswered. Are we but envelopes carrying the seed of life and destined to be tossed aside when we have delivered our quota? Have I, with all my thoughts and inward stirrings, no more significance, universally, than a plant which turns to the sun? In my prayer book, in talking to my friends, I was trying to see past the ritual of the devotions they described to the source of it all. Would I ever?

THERE was much to muddle my thinking those days. In England we were eating soy bean sausage, powdered milk and eggs, and similar make-do foods on

an austerity diet. But when I went to Ireland to make a picture, just across the water a few miles, I saw pictures of a dinner given by the Italian legation there in which fresh mountain trout, rich beef, butter, thick cream and fabulous desserts were among the dishes served. And this was at a time when the Italians were surrendering to us!

I didn't begrudge the Roman diplomats their heavy-laden tables. I have been to Italy and know that for millions there during the war life was just as meager, or even worse than for us in England, and that all of us would eat well if we could. It was just another puzzling aspect of human affairs. Did it make no difference to heaven that of two men who prayed to it, one feasted and the other starved?

We were living in an altogether hectic period during those days. Nobody seemed to be sticking to the old values, not even the young man I was planning to marry. He seemed to place no importance at all in using ordinary common sense to keep among the living. A pilot with the British Transport Command at the time, he would send word through from France that he was coming into London for a date. The appointed day would arrive, more often than not foggy and rainy, but in he would fly in a borrowed plane—once in an old crate that had been condemned as unair-worthy. Then we would go out to a night club considered "safe" from the German buzz bombs because it had a deep subterranean entrance. We never seemed to notice that after you entered you then climbed upstairs and actually had nothing between you and the sky but a glass roof. That's the way we were. But afterwards I would think about it and tremble at our recklessness.

Despite the consideration I was giving other faiths at the time, when Tony and I were married it was in my old church. The wedding was held at St. George of Hanover in London. I think that in the moments of the ceremony, standing in the lovely old interior of this venerable place of worship, and listening to the time-hallowed service I was more spiritually sound than ever before in my life.

PERHAPS I can convey the magic of this moment to Melanie, and of those other moments in our lives when hope and love surge so strongly within us that we are convinced God must be very near.

Perhaps I will tell her of a moment in Hawaii when I was there to work in *From Here To Eternity*. On the windward side of the Island of Oahu I found a lonely beach where sea and sky melted together in color and form so breathtaking that you could only marvel at it. Lying on the sand as glory streamed across the heavens was like being in church and seeing the music of an organ rather than hearing it.

Here it was soon easy to forget *who* I was and wonder *what* I was. Out of my wondering I got no sign, no proof from above. But, something within me seemed to ask, why was I permitted to see this beauty, to be so close to it, if I were not also a part of it? And could such beauty be born out of anything short of Someone's divine love for it?

I had been wondering all my life . . . where shall I go to find Him? How shall I address Him? And here He could be. He had found me out and here He could be. He was spreading the miracle of Himself from horizon to horizon.

Out of these moments, I must tell Melanie, must come the answers to her questions. Perhaps men have known about this for many thousands of years. And this may be why it was written long ago and carried down to us: "Lift up thine eyes to the hills from whence cometh all strength."

END

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue:

4, 5, 6, 8, 13, 14—The Sands Hotel, Parry, Beerman, Snyder, Scott, Wide World; 31—Wide World; 32—The Sands Hotel; 34, 35—Wide World, Bennett; 36, 37, 38, 39—Trindl and Woodfield, FPG; 40—RKO; 43—MGM (Apger); 46, 47, 48—Beerman, Parry; 49—RKO; 50—MGM; 54, 55—Scott, Snyder, Beerman, Globe, The Ambassador Hotel; 56—Scott; 58, 59—Beerman, Parry; 60—Columbia (Lippman); 67-70—Engsted, Green, Opée.

the happiest time

(Continued from page 38) Without a murmur, baby Wilding, whose blue eyes are beginning to turn his mother's shade of violet, fell off to sleep.

"I'm glad there's nothing wrong with him," Liz said.

"He's just tired," Mike said. "After all, we've been flying since Wednesday."

"So am I," Liz said.

Wilding kissed her on the cheek. "Lie down. Have a bit of a rest."

A few moments later, the phone began to ring. Friends knew of the Wildings' arrival from the radio and the afternoon newspapers. Now, they were phoning to welcome them to England.

Wilding, pretty well knocked out himself, bore the brunt of this assault by telephone with his usual calm and aplomb.

The only thing that disturbed him was a phone call from his parents, Henry and Ethel Wilding. "It was supposed to be a surprise," he explained later. "Liz and I brought the baby to England to show to my parents who are really getting on in years. We were going to ring them and say, 'Well, here we are, the three of us.' But they'd heard about our plan before we ever left California."

After talking to friends and relatives, Wilding spoke to the London newspapermen. One of the reasons the actor is so well-liked by the press is that he has always been cooperative and thoughtful.

Unlike many American film stars who use studio press agents to run interference for them, Mike Wilding has never been stand-offish. To him, newspapermen have always been friends, and he's always glad to talk to them.

This time he was no different. When they rang to ask if they could drop by for a fast minute or two, he said, "We'd be delighted."

Liz, of course, loves to sleep—"I'm naturally lazy," she claims—and when the reporters got to the Wilding flat, the young wife was off somewhere in dreamland. But not Wilding.

"How long are you going to stay in London?" he was asked.

"We're over here for six weeks," Mike said. "Strictly a holiday. No pictures."

"How is Mrs. Wilding?"

Mike grinned. "Exhausted. Out cold. Fast asleep."

"Was it a rough trip?"

"Not particularly. Michael is usually so good. Hardly ever cries, but when he gets tired you can't stop him. He was very tired. I'm sure the other passengers will testify to that."

WILDING went on to explain that Liz hadn't had a vacation in six months, that after the birth of the baby she had gone directly into *Elephant Walk* as a replacement for Vivien Leigh and then she had done *Rhapsody* for MGM with Vittorio Gassman.

As for him—well, he'd just finished *Torch Song* with Joan Crawford.

"As soon as we find a nurse," Wilding said, "Elizabeth and I will probably take off for the Continent."

A few days later, Liz hired an Australian nurse for Junior, and the Wildings were ready to embark on their European holiday.

"We tried very hard," Mike says, "to get on the jet to Rome, but all the reservations were filled, so we caught an ordinary aircraft."

"We'd both been to Rome before. In fact, Liz knew the city much better than I. We checked into the Grand Hotel, saw the sights for a few days, and then flew out to Madrid."

Elizabeth Taylor is a well-traveled girl, but she'd never been to Spain before. She



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and Mike were looking forward to seeing their first bullfight.

"I thought I was going to like it," Liz says, "but I got sick."

"She just couldn't take it," Mike adds. "Too much blood, too much gore. After the first *corrida*, she left the arena. I stayed and watched. I'd read so much about bullfights. I wanted to see one."

The next morning, after a week away from little Michael, Liz said she wanted to fly back to London. She was homesick for her baby.

The birth of a son has wrought a marked change in the personality and outlook of Hollywood's most beautiful actress.

She is no longer the flighty, unpredictable girl of yesteryear. She has matured into a steady, easy-going, young woman. Much credit, of course, must go to Michael Wilding for this. In Madrid, for example, when Liz began to worry about Junior, Mike said, "Darling, we'll simply catch the plane to London tomorrow morning."

Reassured by her husband's promise and attitude, Liz stopped worrying and enjoyed a wonderful night. The following afternoon, she was back in Grosvenor Square, and little Michael lay cuddled in her arms.

WILDING is a sensitive man who understands the moods and meanderings of

his wife. He never pressures her, never disturbs her with problems or crises. He takes everything in stride. At the bullfight in Madrid when Liz got upset, Wilding merely said, "You go ahead back to the hotel, dear. You'll be all right." No fuss.

Wilding never reports his working problems to Liz. He has well-balanced values and having been married to an actress once before for ten years, he knows what upsets the female histrionic temperament.

He has seen to it, for example, that Liz takes baby Wilding in her stride. There is always the tendency for a young wife to grow irritable and nervous after the birth of her first child. Unsure of herself, she worries and frets at the baby's every snuffle.

Mike has seen to it that Liz enjoys her baby. When she grew anxious about the little boy's typhoid inoculations—Junior was "shot" before he went overseas—Wilding said, "Those things don't bother babies." Apparently he was right.

When Liz expressed some fear that the child might not take to his new nurse in London, again her husband stepped in with a word of assurance. "This baby," he announced, "likes everyone."

In London when Liz expressed some doubt about leaving the child while she and her husband toured the Continent, Mike said, "The baby's much too young to miss us now."

There is never anything patronizing in Wilding's tone or manner. Although he's twenty years older than Liz, he treats her as an equal. He makes all the major decisions but that's only because he doesn't want to trouble his young bride. He was raised in the European tradition wherein the man of the house rules the roost.

When Liz and Mike were married two years ago, the consensus of European opinion was that the marriage would not last long. One writer in Stockholm, for example, told his readers: "Miss Taylor is young, spoiled and unsophisticated. Mr. Wilding is middle-aged, jaded, and continental. This combination rarely works."

Now, read what this same writer had to say after Liz and Mike visited Stockholm on their recent holiday. "Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding—she is Elizabeth Taylor, the American film star—arrived in Stockholm today. They are very much in love, and Mrs. Wilding looks more beautiful than ever. The couple do not behave like newlyweds. They seem very well adjusted to each other. In the past two years, Mrs. Wilding seems to have developed both mentally and physically. She is a little heavier than when I last saw her—not only in the body but also in the brain."

In Copenhagen where Liz came down with a supposed heart attack, a formerly critical journalist wrote, "The American film star, Elizabeth Taylor, is a most sensible young woman. When wild newspaper reports insisted that she had collapsed here because of heartstrain, she said, 'That's ridiculous. My back just hurt me a bit and some massages took care of it very nicely.'"

"Miss Taylor is not at all the zany, irresponsible Hollywood actress the American journalists would have us believe. She knows every minute what she is doing."

"Miss Taylor and Mr. Wilding went to Kastrup Airport to meet their son and his nurse."

Liz has come to a very sensible conclusion about the relative worth of her marriage and her career. To her the most important thing is the security of her marriage—which is why you will never hear about her fighting or scheming for any coveted role. Whatever the studio wants her to do is all right just so long as it presents no threat to her family life.

In London, for example, after she and Michael had visited Stockholm and Brussels, she learned that Larry Weingarten, a Metro producer was in town. Supposedly, Weingarten was bearing news about the production of *Beau Brummel*, a film in which Liz is scheduled to star opposite Stewart Granger.

"I don't know as of this minute," Liz told me, "whether the picture will be made here in London or back in Hollywood. And frankly, I don't care just so long as Michael and I aren't separated." Then she hummed four bars of an old tune, paraphrasing the lyrics into "Michael and me and baby makes three."

As of this writing MGM says that *Beau Brummel* will be shot entirely in England which means that the three Wildings will probably remain abroad until Christmas or little Mike's first birthday.

"I don't care where I work," Liz repeats, "or if I ever work. I just want to be with two guys named Mike."

Liz Taylor has come a long way since her first marriage to Nicky Hilton. Now she has the satisfaction of a mature husband and a baby, and she is contented.

"Let her have two more children," one of Wilding's London friends says, "and the chances are she'll never make another picture. This girl is beautiful but she also has brains. Compared to her family, her career means precious little to her." **END**

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Or more specifically, come into our office and help us plan MODERN SCREEN so that this can really be *your* magazine. It's easy to have your say about what you'd like to read—all you have to do is fill out the form below—carefully—after you've read all the stories in this December issue. Then clip it out and mail it to the editors at the address listed below. And by the way—a crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started right away!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ TV Talk
- ☐ Sweet and Hot
- ☐ Happy The Bride . . .
(Lana Turner-Lex Barker)
- ☐ Out Of The Frying Pan
(Rita Hayworth-Dick Haymes)
- ☐ My Side Of The Story (Dick Haymes)
- ☐ The Truth About Those Continental Flings
- ☐ The Happiest Time (Elizabeth Taylor-Michael Wilding)
- ☐ This Is A Monster? (Robert Mitchum)
- ☐ My Roommate, Elaine (Elaine Stewart)
- ☐ Anybody Here Seen Mrs. Kelly?
(Gene Kelly)
- ☐ The Song And Dance House
(Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin)
- ☐ The Man Behind The Face
(Jack Palance)
- ☐ Friend Of The Family (Esther Williams)
- ☐ I'd Make A Lousy Bachelor
(Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh)
- ☐ Now Let Me Tell It! (Terry Moore)
- ☐ "Actors Are A Dime A Dozen"
(Dale Robertson)
- ☐ The Right Mr. Wrong (Judy Garland)
- ☐ A Faith For My Child (Deborah Kerr)
- ☐ Movie Reviews

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... State.....

Occupation..... I am yrs. old

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now let me tell it!

(Continued from page 54) general, before we get on to the business at hand. Some of you may not like it—it is understandably difficult to sympathize too much with the troubles of the poor, poor movie star—but under certain conditions this is the truth: we are terribly vulnerable to what is called “bad publicity.” We are in no position to fight back. Our hands are tied. Our public relations people nearly always advise us to keep still and take it—it’ll blow over, sweetie. And if it doesn’t blow over sweetie, what then? You’re in the public eye, sweetie, the public eye. It’s one of the penalties.

Yes, it’s one of the penalties. But it’s an unjust penalty if you are the victim of false innuendo or the lie, big or little. It can really hurt. It hurts you professionally and it hurts you personally, and I am just young enough—or perhaps naive enough—not to want to take it lying down.

Most Hollywood writers are entirely ethical and conscientious, obligated by their own code to check their facts and not print what isn’t so. A few are not. These writers go on the theory that people would rather believe the worst. Virtue and normality, it would appear, are dull subjects.

However, let’s go back to Terry Moore, and hear what she has to say about Mr. Cronin’s article. Mistaken as I may be, I have no hesitation in taking the stand.

IT BEGAN with a picture, a picture being the part of any article that hits the eye first. It was a picture of Bob Wagner and me on location in Florida for *Beneath The 12-Mile Reef*, the 20th Century-Fox film we were both working on. It is not an attractive picture but it is a rather sexy one, something I hadn’t guessed when it

... Here’s a gal with a name that should make her a fine wife: Sayno Moore. Sayno is a parttime secretary to Janis Paige. ...

Hy Gardner, H. Tribune

was made. It’s the sort of print the studio would destroy. But it wasn’t made by the studio. It was made by some photo service or other. I don’t remember which one. We’d just finished the day’s shooting. I was dead tired. My mother will tell you. But the photographer begged us for just a few shots. And here it was.

Linked to the picture was the first part of Mr. Cronin’s article, tying Bob’s name to mine, although it *did* explain that that was merely publicity.

I thought, at any rate, that Mr. Cronin had made that clear. The young man I was going with at the time may have thought so, too, but the consequences were not good, anyway. He is of a social, conservative Los Angeles family. He and his parents did not like either the picture or the tie-up. The result is the end of our friendship.

A little later I read, somewhere, a letter from a fan. She expressed the hope that Bob was not going to marry Terry Moore, that he would wait for someone “sweet and wholesome.” Ouch! And I do mean *ouch*! Please, dear reader, don’t confuse what you see on the screen or glean from irresponsible writers with what is the truth. Reading that letter, I felt like a *femme fatale*, complete with cigarette holder, slinky walk and the rest. I’m not. I’m twenty-three. I went to high school in Los Angeles and dated two nights a week. I live in Westwood, near the UCLA campus, with my mother and father and kid brother. I never do anything unusual unless being in pictures is unusual. And even if I were what this woman evidently thought I was, I’m



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sure Bob Wagner could take care of himself. Bob is a nice boy, certainly, but he is not—and I know he would agree—as naive as some writers have described him.

Mr. Cronin has followed with a brief review of my career to the present, with which I cannot quarrel.

Then he scores me with instigating the "sexy" phase of it, starting with the allegation that, in order to get the part of the girl in *Come Back, Little Sheba*, I walked into the offices of Hal Wallis Productions with a sheaf of juicy pictures of myself. A moment later, I am quoted as urging publicists that this be the "sexiest publicity campaign on record," then complaining because they wouldn't even let me wear sweaters.

What can I say? Mr. Cronin did not quote me. He did not even misquote me. What he wrote just never happened.

We come now to my marriage to Glenn Davis, a football great; a marriage which has ended in divorce. Here is something on which, I think, I am a greater authority than Mr. Cronin or even than Mr. Cronin's sources, whoever they may have been.

The article states that, "As everyone knows," Glenn was on the rebound from Liz Taylor, nursing a six-foot torch, and so forth. Well, not quite everyone. I didn't know it. Nor do I know it not to be so. But if I may be permitted a guess, if either of us was on a rebound at the time of our marriage, it was I.

In deference to taste, I can say of this only that before meeting Glenn, I had been in love with a man considerably older than myself—and may still have been in love with him. I honestly don't know. I was confused. Many girls know how it is. But if there were doubts, I think you might say the scales were tipped when my friends urged the marriage with Glenn; we were such a cute couple, all that. It didn't last, and I can see no point in dwelling on it.

BUT THE next part of the article annoyed me so that I had an urge to flip my lid.

"Then came a new kind of legend," Mr. Cronin went on. "Once she (Terry Moore) was entertaining some family friends in her hotel suite during a personal appearance in New York. A dignified stranger appeared at the door bearing a lovely mink coat. 'Mr. So-and-So sent this,' he announced. Then he tipped his hat and left. 'A shocked silence followed. Terry has-

tily explained that her businessman friend had taken her to the airport in Los Angeles. She had left her mink cape in his car, and he dispatched it across the continent by messenger on the next plane.

"'Hmm,' said the old friends politely. But it was an awkward moment."

No, Mr. Cronin. There were no awkward moments until your little account of the incident appeared. You are inferring, not reporting.

What Mr. Cronin is trying to say is that my friend bought me the mink coat and had it delivered to my hotel in New York. In fact, he might as well have said it. The less interesting, fuddy-duddy old facts of the matter are these: (1) it wasn't a mink coat, it was a mink cape, and it still is—the only piece of mink I own; (2) I bought it from what I made out of my first radio show—nobody else bought it; (3) everything happened exactly as I explained it—and as Mr. Cronin has explained it, only behind his hand and out of the corner of his mouth; nor was the happening so extraordinary; (4) there was no shocked silence; (5) nobody said, "Hmm"; (6) it was not an awkward moment.

The article resumes: "The wealthy friend didn't particularly approve of Terry's all-out sex campaign (sic)—though he'd never noticed her till she embarked on it. He actually put the kibosh on one press agent's stunt. Terry'd been all set to demonstrate that a girl could be dressed—more or less—in one handkerchief if that handkerchief were artfully draped, but the tycoon said it 'wasn't dignified.' Regretfully, Miss Moore declined to pose."

Again I have to fall back on numerical refutation. There is no other way. (1) My friend had, as observed, noticed me a long time before anything resembling an "all out sex campaign" had been bestowed on me; (2) He didn't "approve," but simply in the way no friend would approve of this happening to a girl he liked; (3) there was nothing "regretful" about my declining to pose; rarely, if ever, have I seen the word "regretfully" used with such license or less regard for truth. The stunt was suggested to me. I didn't want to do it and told my friend. "Just tell them you won't," he said. And I told them I wouldn't, and I didn't.

MR. CRONIN's next piece of fiction occurs two paragraphs later. He writes that I said to a woman columnist: "I've got a

terrific body, why not promote it?" My best recollection—and a pretty good one, it is—of that incident is this: The woman did report in her column that I said it. My publicity man promptly wrote her a letter to the effect that Terry-never-said-that-why-did-you-say-she-did? The columnist replied that if I would write her a letter denying it, she would retract the item. I promptly did so. The item was never retracted. But neither did I ever make the remark.

And after that, it says here, I became "the favorite of a half-dozen young oilmen from Texas who would fly to Hollywood in their private planes just to have a long date with her." There was only one oilman from Texas—just one.

Later: "She posed for some of the most sizzling art to come out of the studios. She pitched in enthusiastically on the sweater layout to end all sweater layouts, illustrating degrees of sexiness that can be achieved."

The first statement was not documented. As for the second—there aren't many things you can do with a sweater beyond putting it on, are there?

There follows more talk about the sex build-up, an obsession of Mr. Cronin's, together with the observation: "But no Hollywood career has been successfully sustained by sex alone." Mr. Cronin, you force me to say this: I was nominated for an Academy Award; one of the youngest actresses, if not the youngest, ever to be so honored. In all honesty, is that "sex alone"?

It is difficult, it is even impossible, for me to take issue with Mr. Cronin's article in the places where it generalizes. There is nothing to meet head on. But where he has deigned to be specific, it is all very like a screen door; the appearance of solidity—and full of holes.

On a few points, I think that he is right, and here his article taught me something, for which I am grateful. He remarks that I want to be all things to all people, that I try too hard to please. It is true I don't talk football to a musician or vice versa, but still that is an evasion on my part. I know what Mr. Cronin means and maybe I do work a little too hard to keep everybody happy.

He describes the Paramount publicity office as furious at me over insisting all future press material would have to be cleared through my personal agent, then goes on to say that the same publicity office denied me use of a studio dress from Paramount for a party. "Two minutes later, Terry was in (the publicist's) office sobbing..."

May I say three things? Permission to wear a studio dress is obtained through an executive named Bill Meiklejohn, not in the publicity office. Mr. Meiklejohn granted me permission. I did wear the dress. Apart from that, Mr. Cronin is batting 1,000.

In Mr. Cronin's next breath, I am in San Francisco on a personal appearance. Nicky Hilton has flown up to see me. (My mother was there, too; Mr. Cronin didn't mention it.) But I have pledged the publicity man accompanying me to secrecy. "I don't want it out that he's up here," Mr. Cronin has me say.

"An hour later," writes Mr. Cronin, "the publicist overheard her (me) on the phone. She was telling Louella Parsons all about how Hilton had come to San Francisco to see her. It was the same old story of Terry wanting to please."

It was months and months after that San Francisco trip that I even met Louella Parsons, let alone talked to her on the phone. That is not fascinating, I know; it is merely the truth.

There are only a dozen lines left in Mr. Cronin's article. They are all rather complimentary to me; so I can't very well

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12/3

either confirm or deny them.

But there is a little more to say. If I were you, I would be asking myself at this point: Well, what Terry Moore says here may be true, but if it is why in the world should a reputable magazine print what is not? What would be the point? And besides, where there's smoke, isn't there fire?

Nor would I blame you for asking. I don't know myself. I can only guess. One thing I am sure of is that MODERN SCREEN would not deliberately distort facts, through malice, to sell magazines, or for any other reason. I know the magazine and its editors too well for that. I think they were convinced that what they had was in essence the truth, and that they regarded it as provocative material. And I imagine it is, to speak realistically, a tribute to shrewd editorial judgment. It was something people would read. For example, I first saw it in Lone Pine in California, on location with Tyrone Power for *King Of The Khyber Rifles*. A writer showed it to Ty, who laughed at my concern, looked at the picture and the title, and said: "This is one I'd read. Don't feel too bad about it."

Maybe, as I said at the beginning, I should have taken this one: kept my mouth shut or my pen still and let it blow over. But just for once, I wanted one of us to talk back, to see if the consequences will be so dire after all.

So far as MODERN SCREEN is concerned, I'm not afraid of retribution. They have the power to hurt me for sticking pins in one of their own stories, but I do not think they will use it simply because they also had the honesty to let me stick away. What other repercussions may come, I do not know.

But this I do know; so many of us in Hollywood live in fear of antagonizing the press. You can't blame us, any more than you can blame the press for writing what

Clifton Webb's film, *Dreamboat*, is being booked all over France under the title, *Le Grand Seducteur*, the big seducer. When told of this fact recently, Webb shook his head. "My," he said, "how strenuous!"

they believe to be so. A star who enters voluntarily into stardom waives her option to a wholly private life. It is part of the game. If you yell every time you're hurt, you're a crybaby. To most misrepresentations and mistaken inferences, you should keep still. But some time, somewhere, the moment comes when you should fight back.

I don't know how much Mr. Cronin's essay cost MODERN SCREEN. It cost me the friendship of a young man I liked very much. I don't know how widely believed it was. I have heard that a denial never catches up with an allegation. If that is so, this article of mine won't be very effective.

But there are one or two things, I think, to be said for my side of the Terry Moore legend. Mine is a first-hand account, not a second-hand.

I don't mean to sound holier-than-thou. Mr. Cronin's suppositions about my attitude toward the so-called "sex build-up" (I much prefer to think of it as glamour) are not entirely in error. To be perfectly honest, when I was typed as a 100 per cent Campfire Girl, I looked with envy on this sort of thing. And if I am again fitted for a blue jean bit, I may envy this and want it again. (I am, of course, speaking professionally, as an actress, not as a person; that should go without saying, although it doesn't always.)

No, I am hurt only secondarily by what was incorrect or twisted in this "report." My basic sense of outrage—and believe me, I say this not from personal rancor but from a grievance of principle—is that I was hit from the dark, where I could not dodge or strike back

END



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happy the bride . . .

(Continued from page 31) "She was furious. She said she had heard nothing about a scandal. No magazine was going to run her life. If she wanted to kiss Lex Barker off, she'd do it. If she wanted to marry him, she'd do that, too. Who was MODERN SCREEN to tell her what to do?"

"Immediately, I bought a copy and read the article. It seemed fair enough to me, because it is true that when Lex and Lana arrived in Europe, many people thought they must be married. When they learned that they weren't, there was a great deal of talk. That's what the article said, and it was correct.

"Lana knew before she left the States that if she wandered all over Europe with Lex there would be plenty of gossip. Her studio warned her against it. Her agent warned her against it. Publicity men told her it wouldn't look good. Schemes were worked out. Maybe Lex should travel under an assumed name. Maybe it should be said that he was going to Europe to organize an independent film company.

"Responsible executives knew that Lana and Lex could not travel together with impunity. But Lana has defied advice all her life. Characteristically, she insisted upon touring Europe with Lex.

"When MODERN SCREEN broke the story of their journey and its effect on movie fans overseas, Lana must have known in her heart that she shouldn't have scoffed at her advisers.

"In the meantime, she started work on *The Flame And The Flesh* in London, while Lex went to work on a picture in Italy. Now, make no mistake about Lex. He always wanted to marry Lana, and he always said so. I guess he called long distance every day from Italy. Certainly he must have investigated all the legal angles concerning marriage there.

"A funny thing. While Lex was pressuring for marriage, Lana kept telling newspapermen in London that she and Lex were just good friends, that she did not contemplate marriage in the near future. Now, I honestly think she meant that. I don't think she intended to marry Lex. I think the one thing that crystallized her plans was that article in MODERN SCREEN.

"She would marry Lex, and then where would MODERN SCREEN be? I think the magazine helped her resolve the decision. Of course, Lex flew in one weekend and met her in Maidenhead, and I guess that's when they really decided. But I honestly feel that if she hadn't read that story, these two would not be married.

"Maybe I'm crazy but I know Lana fairly well. She's a creature of moods and quick decisions."

How much or how little MODERN SCREEN had to do with Lana Turner's decision to marry Lex Barker in Turin, Italy, on September 7, no one will ever know. But after denying for months that she planned to get married, Lana went ahead and did it for the fifth time. She certainly didn't do it to spite this magazine. She did it for love and because she is afraid of loneliness and always has been.

Like her fourth wedding ceremony to Henry "Bob" Topping in 1948, this one was distinguished by confusion. It was supposed to be a secret. It turned out to be as secret as the Alps.

On a Friday, Lex and Lana visited the State Attorney's office in Turin and applied for a marriage license. This move was tantamount to buying spot announcements on every radio network in the world.

It gave the clerks the entire weekend in which to tell their friends that the American film stars planned to get married.

78 As soon as that license was filed, the

news was flashed everywhere. News associations wired their offices in Italy to send reporters and photographers to the City Hall in Turin. They knew the lovers would have a civil ceremony, since Italy is a Catholic country, and the Catholic Church does not recognize divorce.

Incredible as it may sound, Lana and Lex imagined that when they slipped into the City Hall on Monday, the only witnesses to their wedding would be their two lawyers, Luciano Salza and Guido Abrasino, and the man who was performing the ceremony, Municipal Assessor Emilio Bachi.

In fact, they had left their three children (by previous marriages) at the *Villa Prima Sole*, in order not to attract too much attention.

Lana even covered her face with a handkerchief as she slipped into the City Hall with Lex not far behind. Surprise of surprises! The City Hall was jammed with eager, waiting, clamoring photographers.

Lex raged at the photographers. Lana screamed, "Get out. We don't want any photographers. All of you get out." The photographers merely grinned and began shooting. "If the photographers don't get out of here," she threatened, "I just won't get married." The men bore down on Lana. They ganged up so close to her that she flung herself at an open window to get

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a breath of fresh air. The Italian lensmen refused to be denied. They began to wave copies of the Italian legal code which permits them "picture rights."

FINALLY Lana agreed to pose for pictures, and the brief ceremony got under way. Emilio Bachi, who officiated, wore a green, white, and red sash—the colors of Italy—and translated the proceedings into English.

Showing very little emotion, Lex and Lana exchanged shield-shaped gold rings. Instead of placing them on the third finger of the left hand, they slipped the rings on the little fingers. They seemed anxious to get the whole thing done.

Lana, who has dyed her hair back to its original brunette, wore a pearl grey dress, a ribbon of the same color tied around her hair, a long, orange topcoat, black, lacquered sandals, and a double strand of pearls.

Lex wore a blue summer suit and a black tie. At one point in the ceremony when Lana said, "I will," she grasped Lex by the wrist and pressed her handkerchief to her mouth. That was the only unusual bit of action in the proceedings.

Lana gave her age as thirty-two and Lex gave his as thirty-four.

After the ceremony, the couple kissed,

then hurried into their car, and were driven to the *Villa Prima Sole* (First Daylight) some fifteen miles outside Turin where Lana's ten-year-old daughter, Cheryl, was playing around a fishpond with Barker's two children, Lynn, also ten, and Alexander, six. The villa is owned by a wealthy Italian textile manufacturer who turned it over to the newlyweds.

They spent their wedding night there, but they were disturbed by telephoning newspapermen. Lex answered the phone.

The following day the United States Consulate in Turin absolved itself of all legal responsibility for the Barker-Turner marriage. It is customary for United States citizens abroad to inform the consulate when they decide to take such a step as marriage. But Lex and Lana, of course, are not customary people.

In fact, several Italian officials are still wondering how Lex got anyone to marry him and Lana in Turin. According to article 89 of the Italian Civil Code, 300 days must elapse before a woman's divorce becomes final and she is entitled to marry again. Lana received her Nevada divorce on December 15, 1952. She was married to Barker on September 7, 1953, two months earlier than Italian law permits.

One Italian lawyer explains that "the law in Italy, particularly as interpreted by the courts in Turin, is extremely elastic. Don't forget that it was in Turin that Roberto Rossellini cleared his way to marry Ingrid Bergman. Besides, Mr. and Mrs. Barker are American citizens, and their lawyers requested an exemption from the statute in question, and it was granted. There is no doubt about it. For better or for worse, these two people are legally married."

All of Lana's fans, and she has millions, certainly hope that the legality of her fifth marriage is never questioned. The legality of her second marriage was. Lawyers discovered that she was married to a man who already had a wife. Steve Crane had told Lana that he was divorced. He wasn't. After legally ridding herself of Steve, Lana married him again in Tijuana.

LANA has been impetuous all her life. This readiness to obey impulse, this constant putting of heart before mind, is the reason for so much marital disaster. But perhaps with Lex, her luck has turned.

Certainly, they enjoyed a good honeymoon. After one night at *Villa Prima Sole* they put their children on the train to Paris while they drove.

It is rather difficult to have a honeymoon and look after your children properly at the same time. In Paris, Lana had a talk with her mother, Mildred Turner.

Mildred had brought Cheryl over to London and had stayed at the Dorchester with the child. When Lana went off to Turin for her marriage, Mildred had remained behind in Lana's Paris apartment.

"I had a very bad cold," she explained, "and my doctor wouldn't let me go to the wedding. But when Lex and Lana got to Paris, we talked things over, and we decided that it would be best if I flew home with the children. For a while, Lana had thought she would put Cheryl in school in Switzerland, but you know how plans change.

"I took the three children and we left Paris one Saturday. Sunday, we were back in Beverly Hills. I turned the two Barker children over to their mother, and Cheryl had dinner with her father in his new Luau restaurant. By Monday all three kids were in school.

"Lex and Lana were very happy when I left them in Paris. I don't know how long their honeymoon was, because there were conferences about her new picture the one she's making with Gable, *The True And The Brave*.

"Anyway, she has a lovely apartment. It's a new one, and new apartments are rare in Paris. I certainly hope they're going to be happy. All brides should be happy."

In Hollywood, as usual, everyone is asking how long Lana's fifth marriage will last. One columnist says that disenchantment has set in, already. This particular newspaperwoman believes that Lana married Lex because she couldn't get out of it. She, too, believes that the aforementioned MODERN SCREEN story, plus several others, made Lana realize that she could not flout public opinion. She attributes the marriage to expediency, not to love.

This, of course, is the pessimistic view. Some observers believe that the marriage will last as long as three or four years.

No one—and this is a sorry observation—expects that this will be Lana's last marriage. In fact, one week after the lovers arrived in Paris, Sheilah Graham said in her column: "Lex Barker hired a press agent in Paris to keep his marriage on an even keel. Because, believe it or not, there are rumors already."

At Lana's studio, the official reaction to her marriage was, "No comment."

Arlene Dahl, Lex's second wife, was a bit more talkative. She said, "I'm sure they're going to be very happy. They are exactly right for each other."

When a girl's toes stick out of the shoes, she's in style. When mine stick out I'm a bum.

Arthur Godfrey

One of the basic truths about Lex and Lana is that they are faithful, constant lovers. In each of her marriages, Lana has played fair. She has never flirted, never suffered from a marital disease, known as "the roving eye." The same is true of Barker. With his first wife, Connie Thurlow, he was the epitome of fidelity. Ditto with Arlene Dahl.

WHY then, do these two people count five divorces and one annulment between them?

The sad answer is that Lana never tired of her husbands. With the exception of Steve Crane, they tired of her.

Lex's two wives felt much the same way about him. Arlene Dahl, in fact, claims that she never wanted to marry Lex in the first place, but that she finally and regretfully succumbed to external pressures.

Since Lex and Lana are extremely well attuned to each other, and since they have learned a great deal from experience, it may well be that their marriage will last much longer than anyone expects.

"The key," according to one of Hollywood's leading agents, "may lie in the success or failure of Barker's acting career. Lana, of course, is a big success and has been for years. It is almost impossible for two acting careers to thrive, side by side, in the same household. The rate of progress varies with individuals. And after twenty-five years in Hollywood, I've come to one conclusion; the most dangerous occupation known to man is marrying a successful motion picture star. Look at the men who have tried it. These guys couldn't make a go of it. Is Lex Barker better than any of these, more tolerant, more understanding, more knowing?"

"With all my heart, I hope he is. In my mind, however, I know he ain't."

In short, everyone in Hollywood wishes Lex and Lana loads of good luck, and this is not an idle platitude. If ever two people deserved and needed luck, these are the handsome, charming, wonderful two.

END

(Lex Barker can now be seen in Warner's Thunder Over The Plains.)

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this is a monster?

(Continued from page 41) believable. Late in the summer, for example, he was seated in the 20th Century-Fox commissary denying to a reporter that his responsibilities as a husband and father rested heavily on him. He intimated pretty strongly that he went his own sweet way avoiding completely the cares and troubles of domesticity. Just then his wife, Dorothy, phoned.

Like millions of American mothers with frayed nerves, praying for strength to hold out until mischief-laden children were back in their classrooms, Dorothy thought she wasn't going to make it. Their two sons, Jim, twelve, and Chris, ten, had been in her hair ever since they got up. "And I can't stand it any more!" she ended.

Now Bob was in the middle of shooting *River Of No Return*, with Marilyn Monroe and Rory Calhoun. Because of injuries to both Marilyn and Rory the picture was behind schedule and the whole company was working hard to catch up. Besides, Bob was Bob. Was he going to let Dorothy dump two rambunctious boys on him?

Naturally not. Naturally he would shrug off his wife's plea and say, "Too bad. We all have our troubles. Right now I'm busy and the kids are yours." You leaned back and waited for him to say it.

But he didn't. Dutifully and considerately, he talked to his wife. "All right," he said. "Throw the boys into the car and send them to the studio. I'll take care of them for the rest of the day."

What's this, a new angle on Bob? You ask him and he dismisses your query with a wave of his hand. "Ah, they won't bother me. I won't even know they're here."

BUT IT isn't a new angle. It's an old angle and it's becoming obvious. It's repeated too often. When Bob went to Canada, to Banff and Jasper National Park for the outdoor scenes in *River Of No Return*, he took Dorothy and their baby daughter, eighteen-month-old Petrene. A Hollywood resident on the same train said he saw Bob many times, holding the baby on his shoulder and lulling her to sleep, seating her on his lap in the dining car and carefully feeding her, and shepherding Dorothy and the baby every time they walked through the train.

"It's a brand new life with every breath I draw," Bob is fond of saying. "Who can worry about things?" This is the popular conception of him—a fellow who lives for himself, who doesn't know what's going on around him, and doesn't care. There was a director on one of Bob's pictures who believed this. When an electrician up on a catwalk accidentally shifted a floodlight noisily during the filming of a scene, the director furiously ordered that he be fired on the spot. No one suspected that Bob, languidly breaking out of his role, was paying the slightest attention to what was going on. But when the electrician walked off the set Bob reached for his coat and lazily strolled away, too.

The director chased after him. "Where are you going?" he demanded. "I haven't called a break yet. We're not through with the scene!"

Bob kept on walking. "You haven't got a crew," he said, without even turning his head. "Can't make a picture without a crew."

"We've got a crew!" the director ranted. "There! Look back."

"Not a complete crew," said Bob. "Can't make a picture without a complete crew."

The director wasn't stupid. He didn't have to mull over Bob's words to get the idea, but he was an egotist (which he isn't any more, by the way) and no actor was going to get the best of him. He reported

Bob to the studio heads. The studio heads held a meeting and made a decision. Late that afternoon the director's assistant knocked on Bob's door. The crew, a "complete" crew was waiting to go ahead. But Bob hadn't finished yet. The assistant director relayed Bob's question to the director.

"Mr. Mitchum wants to know if it is a happy crew," he said. "Mr. Mitchum thinks it's unwise to work with a crew unless every member of it is happy."

The director threw up his hands and that was the beginning of his reformation. He apologized to the electrician whom he had already restored to his job. Word was sent to Bob who returned without the slightest hint in his expression that anything unusual had happened.

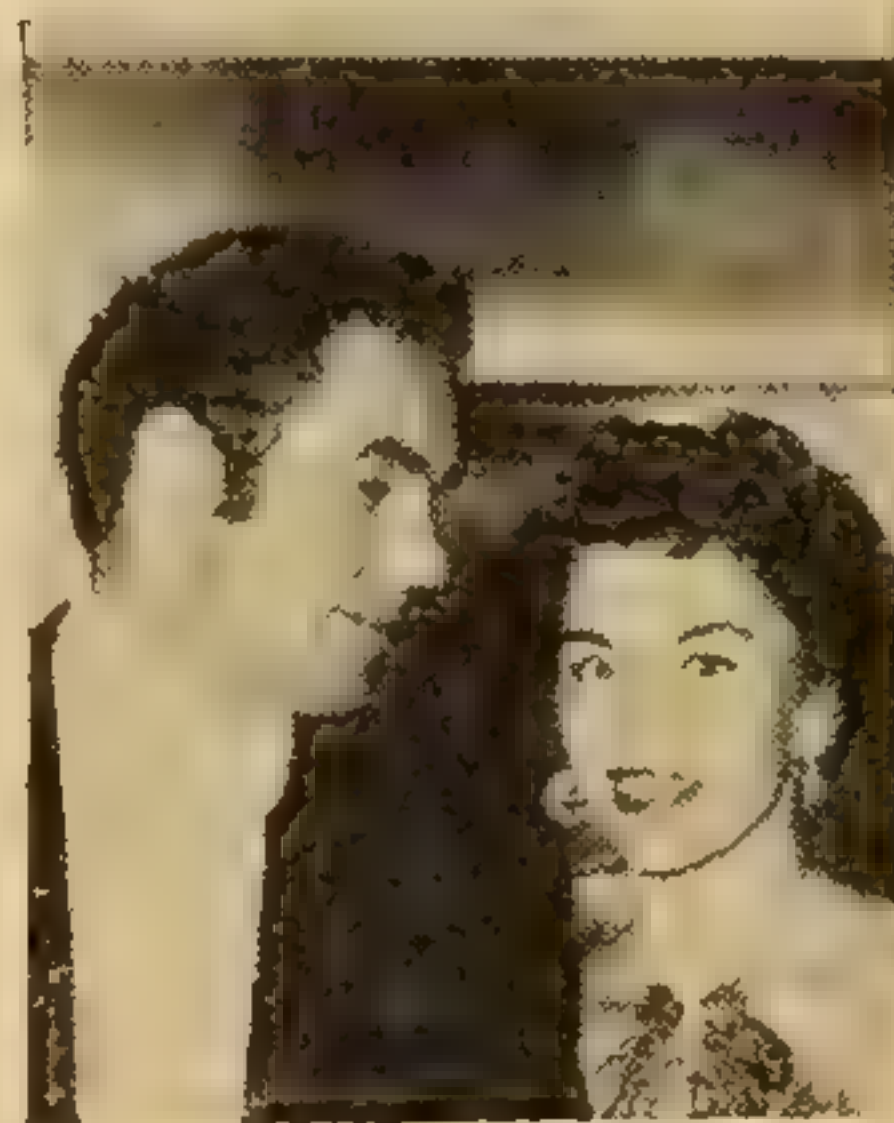
THERE are dozens of stories of this kind that could be told to show that Bob fabricates when he makes of himself a hard case, insensitive to his fellow men. He has demonstrated the opposite so thoroughly that the working people in the studios feel that he can do no wrong. You'd feel the same way if you were one of them and knew that when the director feels like bawling out someone it will never be you. He has long since learned, as have all Mitchum directors, that when

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was having dinner at my aunt's home in Westport, Connecticut, when my cousin, who is a policeman there, came into the house and shouted, "Ma, put on some more macaroni. We have company."

My aunt was delighted to welcome Tyrone Power and Linda Christian. They were playing at a Westport theatre, and had asked my cousin where to find a good place to eat. Naturally, he took them home!

*Joseph Assante
Bronx, New York*



he loses his temper the safest fellow to yell at is Bob himself. All that happens then is that Bob yells back. But if the director turns on someone he doesn't consider important enough to defend himself, and especially when his wrath takes an unreasonable direction, he may have to close up shop. His star may take a walk.

This is not the complete story of Bob in his relationship to those with whom he lives and works. This would class him as just another of those stars who defend the small fry because they like to be known as "very democratic." With Bob this sort of pose is unnecessary. Without trying, he is as democratic as an old pair of socks. By instinct, he is for the little guy, but he is not unaware that the big guy has a job to do, too. He has been steadily gaining stature in the eyes of his directors because when the moment comes for the cameras to roll—he delivers.

To say that his acting is good is to enter the realm of opinion. To reveal that he spends from two to four weeks with every script, studying it until he knows not only every word, but all the flavors they could possibly come in, is just repeating somebody's claim. To add that a lot of people think he should have his name on some of his scripts as a writer because he has contributed so much to the dialogue

and plot, is quoting opinion again. But there are some facts about his value as an actor which can be given in the form of cold figures.

He practically never misses a line. In *River Of No Return* he had 184 speeches and delivered every one without a flub. A more exciting demonstration of his amazing memory took place during the filming of *White Witch Doctor* in which he starred opposite Susan Hayward. The script required that he speak a whole page of dialogue in Bakuba, an African dialect. His speech was typed out phonetically in English and handed to him at nine o'clock in the morning. To one unfamiliar with Bakuba, as Bob was, it meant nothing but a couple of hundred odd, guttural sounds. A half hour later he was in front of the camera, tearing off his speech without a mistake, and without any idea of what any sound meant.

THERE is no use in trying to get Bob to admit that he is a pretty good fellow, hard working, and with decent instincts in his possession. You can't even trap him into it. "Say, I heard that you had a good record when you worked at Lockheed before you got into pictures," a cameraman once told him—almost accusingly. "You were there more than a year. You couldn't have been as breezy and unconcerned as you keep pretending."

"Aw, they only kept me on because I was frozen on the job by war regulations," Bob replied. "I was horrible."

Yet, some of the fellows who worked with Bob at Lockheed remember that after starting as an unskilled hand he was soon in charge of fifteen men. You don't get supervisory jobs like that lounging around and ducking your responsibilities.

Bob's wild and incriminatory stories about himself give interviewers a weird time. Last winter, a reporter spent two hours with him over a luncheon table and failed to get one statement from Bob that wouldn't be practically libelous if it were printed. He finally put away his pencil and pad with the weary remark that he hadn't a thing to write—the interview was a failure. For the first time since they had sat down, Bob grew serious.

"You're stuck, huh?" he asked.

"Sure," the reporter replied. "There's nothing here I can use."

"Tell you what," offered Bob. "Come to dinner at my home. Sit down with the family. Talk to anyone. Look at anything you want to. Ask anything you like. If I don't make sense ask my wife, the boys, the maid. Somebody ought to give you a straight answer."

Sometime later a friend asked the reporter if he had had the dinner with Bob.

"I did," the reporter said. "I got a good story of Bob as he is with his family, when he is relaxed and at home. And when it was time to go he realized it was cold outside and I had come without a topcoat. He insisted on lending me one of his. But I had to promise not to put that in the story."

All over Hollywood, you run across fellows with little tales like that. There is the publicity man at RKO who was rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. He knew Bob but didn't hear from him until the day he was getting ready to leave the hospital. Then the telephone rang.

"What do you plan to do now?" Bob wanted to know.

"Oh, go home and recuperate for a week or so before I go back to work," was the reply.

"How are you going to recuperate?" Bob asked. "You're a bachelor and you live alone. You'll probably bust your stitches trying to wait on yourself. What you'd

better do is come to my place till you're on your feet. I've got a wife and a maid. They'll take care of you."

It's a typical Mitchum gesture, but typically, nobody knew about it till the publicity man let it slip in an unguarded moment. Anyone who works with Bob knows that these are things he doesn't want spread about. If you ask his secretary, Reva Fredericks, she'll tell you, laughingly, that he is a monster. But Reva is one of the best-informed and most capable secretaries in Hollywood and she doesn't have to stay with Bob Mitchum. Everyone knows she has been called by every agent in town to come to work for one of their stars at twice the salary Bob can afford to pay her. Why doesn't she leave "the monster"? Her answer is "No comment." But other people have already commented. They say her employer is soft and easy-going whereas the average star reacts to professional worries by turning into a nervous, carping taskmaker. No one has ever seen Bob nervous or in a tantrum.

friend of the family

(Continued from page 51) encroaching jungle of wild orchids and gardenias. Up the street, you must drive carefully or risk getting hit by Bob Mitchum as he backs out the trailer he keeps in front of his \$75,000 hut. The next hazard is a pair of oversize dogs, a boxer and a police dog, who roam the area, looking for people who do not belong there. They belong to Vic Mature, who also makes life dangerous for trespassers by pitching practice golf balls up the canyon. Relatively few people are hardy enough to reach the top by the ancient road that leads to the many-acred estate of June Allyson and Dick Powell.

Esther and Ben have the best, the most authentic Early American farmhouse we've ever seen (and we've seen enough to start a new New England.) They don't have a bed George Washington slept in, but they have everything else. They have a pool so big the tides come and go in it. It's a far cry from the one in which Esther broke cement every time she took two strokes.

You've heard about the homes of movie stars? Well, let me tell you!

This one has a television set in every room, a projection room built in for home movies. It has two nurseries for the children. And yet, it's a home where an embroidered sampler would not be amiss.

There's no butler who precedes Esther as she comes into the room, to announce: "Miss Esther Williams, MGM star of *Easy To Love* and other extravaganzas." No, Esther and Ben are, despite the million-dollar atmosphere, plain "folks."

One time Jim had a golf date with Ben, and he brought along his father, who is a retired businessman from Cleveland. Jim's dad didn't care much for traipsing around a golf course, so he readily accepted Esther's invitation to hang around the pool, while the boys played golf. She entertained him all afternoon, chatting and swimming and diving.

Later, as Jim and his dad were driving home, the elder Backus exclaimed, "Say, that girl who's married to the tall feller with the cigar—she can really swim. Now, if she'd like to come on back to Cleveland for a spell, we might fix it so she could give an exhibition at the Athletic Club. I'd buy her a dinner and maybe she could do herself some good."

ESTHER and Ben are constant party-givers and will use any excuse to invite over eight or ten people. Esther will go out and buy a beautiful housecoat, say,

Little by little, Hollywood is catching on to the well known Mitchum and the little known Mitchum. And Bob is becoming aware of it, too. His attitude that nothing is important, much less himself, earns the skeptical stare more often than not. But he still keeps on. A man who has known him ever since he came to Hollywood pointed out that he must keep on.

"Bob, in a sense, is the victim of his intelligence," said this friend. "If he were a less intelligent man he could accept his fabulous rise as a natural consequence of superior artistry and talent. But Bob can't fool himself that way. He remembers exactly how much luck had to do with it and he knows that if it were not for a few fortunate twists of fate he still might be living in the chicken coop he had to clean and cover with tar paper for his bride when they first came to California. When Bob waxes cynical he is hooting at his own success. Bob, the man, loves to rib Bob, the star, maybe to make sure they both keep their feet on the ground." END

and next thing you know, she's on the phone inviting us over for a costume party: "Everybody come over and wear housecoats and pajamas!"

Then, out of the deep freeze comes a beautiful buffet supper. She's an excellent cook, specializing in American and Americanized dishes. A typical buffet might be ham and turkey, strawberries Romanoff, a salad (we've kidded her by calling it "salad with chlorine roquefort dressing right out of the pool") and later, coffee and a great pie, homemade à la E. Williams.

You can get waffles all day long at the Gages, but one thing you'll never get is seafood. They don't dig it. Once, they found us sitting over a seafood dinner and Esther asked, in awe: "What are you eating? Live bait?"

At a typical party, you may find Janet Blair (whom we all call "Poo") and her new husband, Nick Mayo, Virginia Bruce and Ali Ipar, Donna Reed and Tony Owen, David and Jane Wayne, Dick and Winnie Wesson, the Backuses (who else?) and Dr. Raymond La Scola, the babies' pediatrician. At one party in the backyard, the good doctor and Esther roasted individual squabs for each of us. We had wild rice, garlic toast, that salad and Cherries Jubilee.

The men wore blue jeans and the gals, pinafores. Ben showed up in a white suit. Jim took one look at the long man in white and dubbed him "The Good Humor Man." I noticed his vanilla was dragging. Esther wondered, "Where are your chimers?"

Then we saw some color movies of their trip to Hawaii, and behind-the-scenes film of Esther's two films, *Pagan Love Song* and *Fiesta*.

For one Photographers' Ball in Hollywood, Esther and Ben had our whole gang dress up as waitresses and waiters from their restaurant, The Trails. There were eight men and eight girls. We used dark make-up from head to toe, and the girls wore pretty, dainty, revealing costumes. We may not have been the most elegant gals there, but we certainly overpowered the rest of Hollywood's great names by sheer numbers.

Incidentally, Keenan Wynn was in our group. He had worked all day, and then it took him five hours to get his make-up on. He wore white eyebrows and a white mustache over jet black make-up. Jim took a look at him and screamed: "Man, you look like a negative!" A photographer came and snapped our pictures, and then poor Keenan collapsed from sheer fatigue. We dragged him home and off to bed. After five hours of arduous make-up application, he never did get to the party. Esther

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never runs out of ideas for costume parties. Once, when she appeared to be stumped, Jim laughed her out of it by suggesting she marinate herself and come as a herring.

PARTIES for sheer fun aren't Esther's only hobby. Each year she is hostess for fund-raising affairs for babies blind from birth. All the stars help her, but she is the sparkplug. Moreover, she devotes many hours a week teaching these children to swim, and she donated a pool. Jim does lots of charity work during the year, and when they are needed, Esther and Ben always rally around.

Esther loves to laugh, even at her own expense. Jim once said: "She's the only hostess I'm afraid of. I saw her hug Ben and break three of his ribs!"

And when Jim called her "the world's wealthiest barracuda," her laughter was the loudest.

There's a running gag about Esther's housekeeping instincts. She never comes to our house when she doesn't hang up her coat, roll up her sleeves and start emptying ashtrays, carrying trash to the incinerator and tidying up even where everything has just been tidied. At such times, Jim will say: "Esther, why don't you go down to the garage and bring up two cases of soft drinks? Oh, and on your way back, don't forget to mow the lawn!"

She'll be on her way before she lets out a roar of laughter and cries: "Hey, what am I doing?" Anent the same trait, Jim says, "After Esther started coming to our home, I laid off the gardener!"

She's always lecturing me on what she calls my "silly, New York extravagances." She tells me ways to save money and urges me to be thrifty. For instance, I never have learned to drive a car, so I spend a fortune on cabs when Jim isn't around to chauffeur me. Once, exasperated with me, she said, "Henny is the only person in the world who takes cabs to a drive-in!"

Esther is a great floor sitter, and an articulate gesticulator, waving her arms, jumping up, striding and plopping down again during the narration of an anecdote. She also takes off her glasses when she swings into action. While she is "back-stroking" a story, she has broken a pair of glasses a day.

But neither that, nor anything else, ever makes her lose her temper. She's generally as sunny as a wheatfield in the noonday sun. When she's really annoyed, she may cluck her tongue and say: "Oh, honestly!" She prides herself (and who wouldn't?) on her self-control.

SHE loves to play tricks, but we've never known a practical joke by Esther to hurt anyone. When Jim first became the judge on the *I Married Joan* tv show, the shooting schedule was rugged. In one episode, I played Jim's secretary while Joan Davis played his wife.

When Esther heard this arrangement, she quipped: "Why don't you announce yourself as Jim's Other Wife from now on?"

During that tough schedule, we usually got home after midnight pretty tired. One night, we shuffled into our enlarged cracker box (really, it's lovely) and found it shipshape. Candlelight softened our dining room. The table was set, and the aroma of good cooking emanated from the kitchen.

Ben and Esther had stopped by, found us not at home, broken into our house, cleaned it, cooked the meal and set the table for our arrival. Now that's a trick we'd like to have played on us every day. If she had the time, don't think Esther wouldn't do it.

When Jim and I returned from summer stock in August, Esther had taken a photo still of a scene from *Julius Caesar* in which 82 I played the Citizeness, had it blown up

to mural size and papered one wall of my studio with it.

Summer stock, too, was Esther's idea.

At the end of last season, Jim broke his toe in a nosedive into our sunken living room. He broke more than that; he broke both our hearts. Jim was to have taken advantage of the summer hiatus of *I Married Joan*, to appear opposite Judy Holliday in *A Name For Herself*. The accident killed that golden opportunity and about three other good roles.

We were mooning over our fate in Esther's house, and it was getting late. The later it got, the more morose Jim got. Esther wouldn't let us feel low, but at the same time, this could have been an all-night crying session.

"All right, Buster," said Esther to Jim, "what are you playing now? *The Man Who Came To Dinner*?" Without a second's hesitation, she continued: "And say, that's a great idea!"

It was. The wheelchair role of Sheridan Whiteside was tailored for Jim, and I went along to co-star as Maggie Cutler in the Rabbit Run Theatre's production of the great George S. Kaufman-Moss Hart play. We broke all records, but we'd have just been sitting and squawking if it hadn't been for Esther.

Esther is very un-movie star with her

IT HAPPENED TO ME

When I was three years old, I was on a train with my parents. My mother took me into the dining car and ordered our breakfast. Then she had to leave me at the table for a few minutes and go back to our car. While she was away, I started to cry.

When she returned to the table, Robert Taylor was holding me on his lap, feeding me my breakfast.

Patricia McMahon
Washington, D. C.



friends. It's heartwarming. We've never seen Esther "pull her rank" on anybody. Once in a while, she puts on her school-teacher face, especially when she sees youngsters out very late, hunting autographs. She admonishes them for not being home in bed. Even then, she's more solicitous than stern.

Once she got solicitous and schoolteacherish about Jim. It was Jim's first day at Metro, where he was making a picture.

Jim was still at the make-up table at eight in the morning, when Esther bounced onto the set and buttonholed the director.

"Now, I want you to let me know how Jim is doing. It's his first day and I want everything to go right. If there's anything he doesn't do right, let me know. If there's anything—" and so on. Jim slipped off the years and felt like a kid on his first day at school.

IF ESTHER is a devoted friend, she is a more devoted wife and mother. You must have read reams about her in this respect. We can only add, "Amen." To us, Esther is a Brahms lullaby played by Stan Kenton.

Esther's children round out the happiest, best-adjusted woman we know. She loves every minute of every day. She loves acting, swimming, her husband, her children, her home life, her social life, doing things with her hands, knitting, sewing, cooking, reading—but most of all, she loves to laugh.

She gets a big boot out of Jim's characterization of "Mr. McGoo" which won two Academy Award nominations for cartoons for Jim. The nearsighted old dodger peers into a washing machine (GE, says Jim), looks at the thrashing water and says: "Oh, that Esther Williams, what a sleek tuna—puts on a fine show." Esther throws back her head and roars.

And we've laughed over "girly" stuff. We discovered that the Gages and the Backuses own the same silver pattern, the same glassware, the same china. Since then, we pool our stuff whenever either tosses a big party. It takes us hours after a party to sort the "B" monograms from the "G". Last Christmas, we received three dozen demitasse cups from Esther and Ben. Jim says it's only because Esther could then borrow them for a big wingding.

Esther is very generous. Every time a new swimsuit comes on the market, she gets one for me. I now have the best swimming wardrobe in the country. For a girl who can't swim a stroke, that's pretty good. (Says Jim: "In fact, I think she sinks.")

When I worked at Metro in *Caesar*, Esther was on location and she turned over her sumptuous dressing room to me. She'd arrive at five, go into the dressing room and leave notes of instruction (how to behave on the lot, how to turn on the shower, etc.) all over the place. It was an eye-opener each day, to arrive at seven, to find that Esther had been in, and had gone to location two hours before I arrived.

She is always tipping me to rare bargains, for which she has an uncanny nose, has Esther. Her home is filled with good buys in rare antiques, pressed glass and other articles. She does her own marketing when she can, buys her own clothes and every second best-selling book. I buy the other best-sellers, so we can swap. It's a good thing, for neither of us ever gives anything back.

She's the only athlete I know who doesn't particularly care for spectator sports. So, when the men are off golfing, Esther and I are home knitting, chattering or cooking.

EFFICIENCY is another trait of Esther's. She and Ben love to travel, and can be ready to go anywhere in five minutes.

It seems that everything they own zips up and has a handle. She has every conceivable traveling gadget including a lightweight picnic basket, so they can eat on the run. We were at their home once when she received a phone call to fill in at a benefit for someone who just couldn't make it. Within minutes, it seemed, they were on the plane for San Francisco.

Esther can take spoofing; her sense of humor about herself is legend. Yet, she can give as well as take. She doesn't wisecrack at the expense of others. She's too kind to capitalize on another's misfortunes for the sake of a yock. But she can ad lib an unforgettable line.

Once, she was called to do a benefit at which every show business personality was present. There were Berle, Benny, Thomas, Kaye and many another comedy "great" preceding her on the bill. Stars, who just came on to take a bow and flit, were making the audience hostile when there were so many good "entertainers" waiting. It was a tough spot for Esther. She walked out to face the waiting audience. It was awfully quiet out.

"Now," she said, calmly, "if you'll just flood the joint, I'll go into my act!"

She waltzed off to a thunderous ovation. That's our Esther Williams, the greatest gal in town. And we love her. Why shouldn't we? We're ahead three "G"-monogrammed forks, two glasses, a best-seller . . . and our ashtrays are the cleanest in Hollywood!

END

actors are a dime a dozen

(Continued from page 56) Then I might have had *High Noon*. I don't know. They looked around for years for a young Gary Cooper, then settled on Gary Cooper. But who can tell?"

AS FOR the anyone-can-act proposition, Robertson hadn't meant that anyone can be a star. "What I do say is that workaday acting, journeyman acting, is one of the four or five easiest things in the world, and the people who make a good living from it should say a hundred thank-you's every night before they go to bed. Instead, some of them actually go temperamental and kick up a ruckus, never remembering they won't be missed around here. Now, if you're a cameraman or a make-up artist or an effects man, you might get away with it. Those people are specialists and they would be missed. But actors, generally speaking—except the genius and the established boxoffice draw—are a dime a dozen. So a guy has talent? So has another guy, waiting just outside the door. Besides, what's talent? There are players around this town with exactly one-and-a-half expressions that draw \$150,000 a picture, or a hundred thousand per expression, and you know who they are. Me, I'm going to go right on practicing with my left arm."

Robertson apparently was not being self-deprecatory. A man with a rather heavy, masculine face, he has several more than one-and-a-half expressions plus a wide and unquestioned appeal for at least two audiences: the young and the admirers of virile, outdoor fare. They should serve him for a good many years to come.

"I'd play drawing-room stuff if they asked me. They dish it out, I take it. But I wouldn't like it."

Nor is it probable he will be asked to take it or to like it. The present formula is keeping the stockholders happy, both at RKO and at 20th Century-Fox, Robertson's home lot.

"You know something?" Robertson resumed after a moment's thought. "If you see a guy display temperament, you're looking at a stupid guy. And an insecure guy, too. They're like barking dogs. A dog that'll bark at you isn't going to bite you. That's the oldest saw in the world, I know, but what I'm trying to say, is the dog's trying to tell you not to call his bluff because that's all he's got—a bluff. He doesn't want a showdown and that's his way of trying to prevent it. Keep coming at him and he'll beat it. I've worked with a director like that, and there was only one thing in the world wrong with him. He didn't know his business. So he had to keep that showdown at arm's length. The dog to look out for is the baby that just peels back his upper lip and looks at you."

Robertson, as most of his friends know, possesses a cracker-barrel wit, abetted by an adenoidal Oklahoma delivery, not unlike that of a friend and sponsor of his youth, Will Rogers.

He launched into a disquisition on sidearms that for a moment, gave a passing impression that Robertson had got himself mixed up with one of his film portrayals. But his knowledge of pistols and firing techniques is authentic, the product of long study and practice. He said he could beat the draw a man who had him covered, not because of any special manual fleetness but because his reflex in the matter would be aggressive, whereas the other's would be static. He derided the film gunman who fires like a man hammering nails. Seems you can't hit anything that way.

ROBERTSON may have forebodings of career mortality, but he'll be around for a spell, anyway. Should his business ven-

ture set him up comfortably for life, he would not check out of pictures. "Out of acting, maybe. But I'm crazy about this business. I went to enough trouble getting into it so why get out till I have to? There's writing, directing, producing, a lot of other angles. But acting—" He shrugged as his old nemesis rose to confront him again.

On the whole, this represents a change of thinking on Robertson's part. As recently as a few months ago, his intimates believed that pictures to him were strictly a means to an end, the end being to return to Oklahoma and pick up the breeding of horses where he left off. He has not forsaken horses, but the horses will have to come to Hollywood, now. As of the last available returns, he was maintaining only four in California while fifty-odd cavorted on a friend's ranch back home, waiting for him to send them their train fare.

Perhaps the best male authority on Robertson away from the screen is actor Kit Carson, his best friend in Hollywood. The Robertsons—Mrs. Robertson was Jacqueline Wilson—spend a lot of evenings at the Carsons' home, playing canasta or chess or charades, and Carson has deposed at various times that Robertson is pretty fair at the first two and a brilliant livingroom mime—"the only evidence that he is an actor by profession." Despite his light lunches, Robertson eats like a rhino when the mood is on him, having tucked away on a recent evening *chez Carson* half a chicken, a fried steak, cream gravy, mashed potatoes and two quarts of milk. "He wasn't breathing very hard when he finished," Carson recalled. On the beverage detail, Robertson's a no-liquor-no-coffee man but will belt down a Coke if the party is on the unrestrained side. His golf, which he has been working on for only a couple of years, is good and getting better. Carson believes that Robertson may give his busi-

Today's best laugh: On Bob Hope's show *Zsa Zsa* ("Moulin Rouge") Gabor mentioned she was wearing a new gown because she might be stepping out. "You," said the wide-eyed Hope, "haven't far to step."

Earl Wilson
N. Y. Post

ness manager severe headaches. In theory, he lives on a modest allowance his manager doles out to him, but in practice he is chronically overdrawn, due to a weakness for certain charities. He is bitterly opposed to neckties, which he claims shut off his windpipe, but Mrs. Robertson is breaking him to that saddle by stages. The Robertsons have a little daughter, Rochelle, closing in on twenty months. The other day, she said "Howdy," just as Robertson has been drilling it into her.

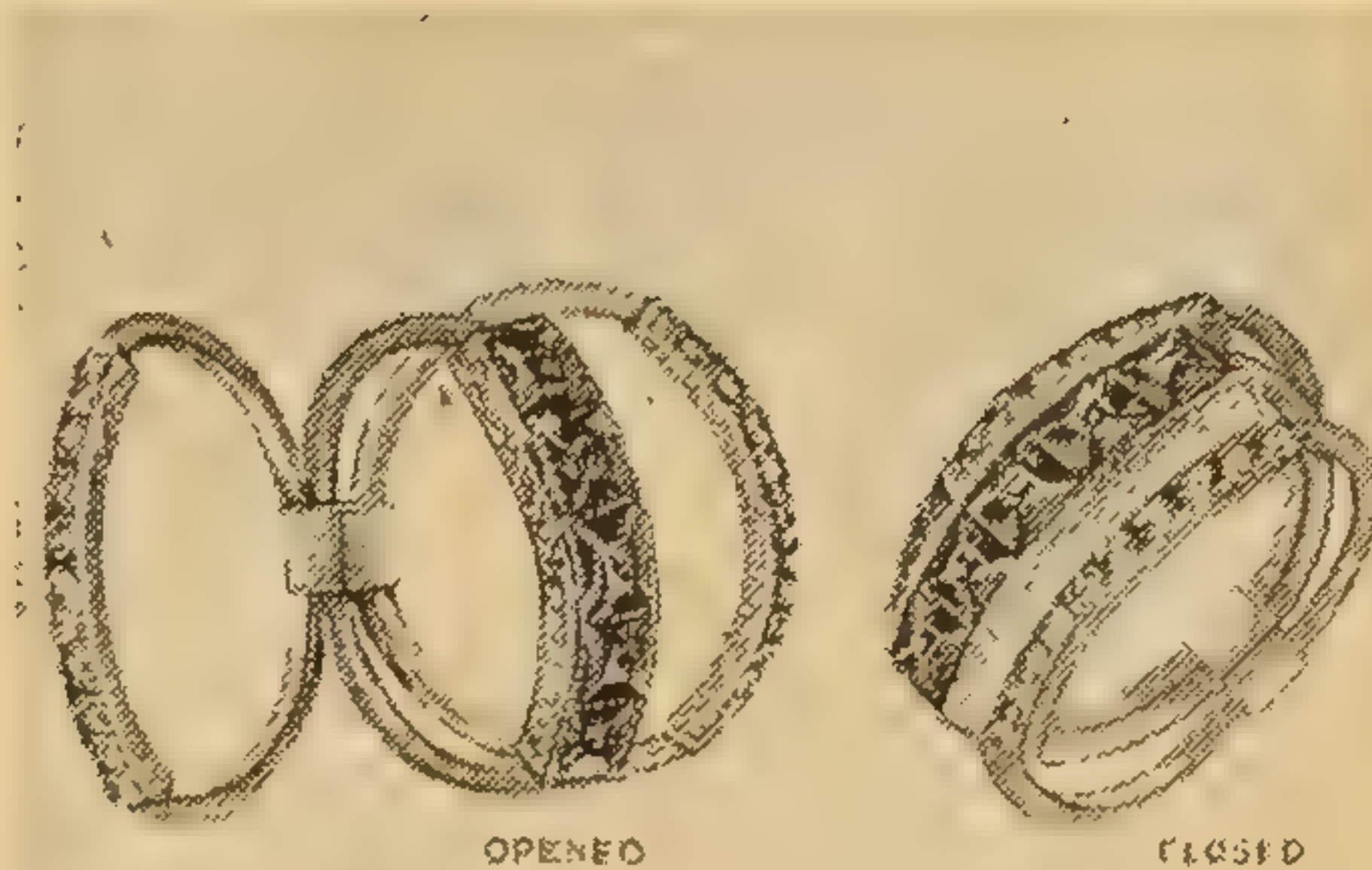
"It used to be," Robertson said over his third flagon of milk, "I'd say 'Howdy' and she'd say 'Daddy.' Now I say 'Daddy' and she says 'Howdy.' We'll get together yet." He had a few seconds of normal parental worry. "You know, you should have seen her at our party the other night. For the first time, I thought she looked beautiful. I've always thought she was a *cute* baby but never beautiful until then. You know, another thing, I hope she'll grow up to be tall. I mean, five-five, five-six, even five-seven, something like that. Small girls, small women, are cute but the real beauties—" he made an all-encompassing gesture, "—have that height."

ROBERTSON was born with quite a flossy handle—Dayle LyMoine Robertson—which he curtailed and edited "as soon as I was old enough to read."

He went to school in Oklahoma City, graduated from Oklahoma Military College in Claremore, and met Will Rogers, a friend of his parents. Something almost

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came of that. Rogers wanted to take the young Dale to Hollywood at a time when he, Robertson, was just learning to rope and bulldog on the family ranch. The upshot was that the Robertsons decided he wasn't quite ready for it but they did mention dramatics school to Rogers, who vetoed the notion so promptly and emphatically that Robertson has shied from the idea ever since.

"They want you natural in Hollywood," Rogers said in part. "The drama coaches will put your voice in a dinner jacket and most people like their grits and hominy in everyday clothes."

At Oklahoma Military, Robertson was a really nervous athlete, racking up twenty-eight varsity letters, all told, at such assorted pastimes as football, basketball, baseball, boxing, tennis, golf, swimming and polo. He even had a little time left over. This was devoted to the study of law. Summers, he was variously a shipping clerk, a jackhammer operator, a cowboy and a trainer of polo ponies.

Most of this came to an end in September, 1942, when Robertson became a unit of the United States Army. Starting as a private, he moved up to first looney with the 332nd Combat Engineers battalion attached to General Patton's Third Army, and by and by took a dose of enemy mortar fire in one knee. That sent him back to Fort Bragg and nine months of treatment, including an excruciating period when doctors thought the leg would have to come off. But two operations fixed it—there is not even a suggestion of a limp today—and in February, 1946, he was back in civilian life, more or less ready to begin beating his head on Hollywood's disinterested portals.

The portals should have been easier to open. In the early stage of his Army career, Robertson was stationed in San Luis Obispo, not far north of Los Angeles, and came down to Hollywood one day to have his picture taken to send to his mother. Well, the photographer, a woman prophetically named Parsons, thought so much of her effort that she stuck it in the window, and right away all these agents began dropping Robertson notes having to do with motion picture employment.

So when Robertson got his separation papers, he immediately wrote the same agents, who couldn't have cared less, now that the first team was back in the lineup.

ROBERTSON had an optional career, but with infinite wisdom he declined it. He might have been a fighter. He was a good amateur boxer in the Army and a fairly good pro later on, and he looks it, but that way of making a living shouldn't happen to a werewolf.

So Robertson went around to the end of the Hollywood line and started all over again.

In all, Robertson made the trip from Oklahoma to Hollywood ten times. The first nine times, he struck out or fouled out or scratched an inconsequential hit down the

third-base line, represented by modeling jobs at a cool \$40 a week.

But he had been creating a foundation in the event lightning was really looking for him hard. He had made tests at Fox and Metro and Warners, without setting any executives on fire, but not calling for defumigation measures either. In night classes at UCLA he was learning the business—all but acting.

One fine day a producer named Lee Brooks, who had considerable confidence in Robertson but was not making a film at the time, introduced him to agents Ned Marin and Charles Feldman, who signed him, took him over to Fox for a test.

That story has the soggiest payoff of the season. The test was terrible and Robertson wasn't hired.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

I was selling papers at Sky Harbor Airport when a tall man stepped off a plane and paused for a moment while a photographer took his picture. He noticed me standing there, I guess, and said to the man with the camera, "Say, fellow, destroy that picture and get one with this boy and me instead."

He's a great guy, as well as a great actor, that Jimmy Stewart.

*Russell McKnight
Phoenix, Arizona*



After that, for no very clear reason, Agent Marin brought him around to see his brother, Producer Ed Marin, and Ed Marin, still for no very clear reason, hired him to play Jesse James in an item called *Fighting Man Of The Plains*.

It was a small part—nearly as small, for instance, as that of Guy Madison in *Since You Went Away*—but it attracted the same kind of attention.

Well, you can't let a thing like that pass, not if you're head of a studio, and before you could say Find-me-the-chowderhead—who-let-this-kid-go, Zanuck had signed him. Nice seven-year deal, sealed on November 9, four years ago.

ZANUCK saw Robertson, correctly, as a star of rugged stripe, nursed him along slowly, and wound up with a straight flush. But he never did instill in him any great reverence for the art of acting—or rather, for acting as an art.

"The man in the street is going to get wise some day," Robertson is reported to have said, "and storm the gates. We'll have to defend our jobs with pikestaffs and grape. It's a wonder it hasn't happened yet."

later taken over by Betty Hutton, in *Annie Get Your Gun*. She and her husband, Vincente Minnelli, were being divorced. Judy was caught up in a whirlwind of doubt, fear and insecurity. From childhood, disciplined in the ways of show business, she had allowed her "elders" to guide her every move. Now they could not realize that she was a mature woman. They couldn't stop meddling in decisions that should have been strictly her own.

JUDY turned her back on Hollywood, determined to cut these ties forever. In New York she met Sid Luft, a man who

He has added: "And it's so true that good looks or great ability haven't much to do with it. It's something no one can define and Joe Blow is just as apt to have it as Ty Power or Bob Mitchum. The lucky thing for us is that this seldom occurs to Joe Blow. If it did, it'd get mighty crowded on this here now island."

Robertson met the present Mrs. Robertson on a picture set. They lobbed how-do-you-do's at each other and then forgot all about it. Literally. At their next meeting neither had the faintest recollection of the incident. But that oversight was cancelled in a hurry.

Today they live in Reseda (a part of the San Fernando Valley uncomfortably far away from anything but Van Nuys) in a three-bedroom GI house that Robertson furnished in modern.

There are the German shepherds and, within striking distance, the horses Thunder, a Morgan; Tightwad and Dor quarter horses; and Jim Dandy, described by a scholarly breeder as half thoroughbred, half saddle-bag colt.

In the classic tradition, Robertson likes to hunt and fish, to ride, of course. There's this golf deal. That leaves Mr. Robertson at separate times a golf widower and a studio widower but never a hunt-and-fish widow because she does those things with him. And—Robertson's a handy man with a rope. Authentic *ranchero*.

He's a big, heavy-set citizen, around six feet, up and down, and very wide in the shoulders. RKO reports that he weighs 190 but looks heavier than that. He has black hair, a gentle, drawling voice, and yet a certain intimation in his bearing that a man would be ill-advised to fool with him or get his back up unnecessarily. The Podnuh-when-you-say-that-smile quality comes through very clearly.

This may be reenforced by the knowledge that his pro ring record is twenty-eight to two, with the win column on the left.

He has an engaging personality rare in Hollywood. To one outside the business, it would appear to be a minor thing but actually it is effective. He does not drop names. That is to say, if he is speaking of Betty Grable, he refers to her as Betty Grable, not simply as Betty. In the same way, Darryl Zanuck is Darryl Zanuck, Ty Power, Ty Power and Richard Widmark—Richard Widmark—not even "Dick." First names are not left dangling in the air to live or die alone, a shoddy Hollywood mannerism designed to give the speaker a badge of vicarious importance. It is presumed from this that Robertson, notwithstanding his protestations to the contrary, must feel quietly sure of himself.

Besides, you must remember that he can light a cigarette with his left hand alone, purely in the event he ever has. And most people can't.

There must be a place for such resourceful planning, particularly among actors who, like Dale Robertson, do not think acting is such a much.

the right mr. wrong

(Continued from page 59) right because for the first time in her life Judy used her own judgment, free from the advice of all those friends and relatives who wouldn't let her grow up. And it was this man, producer Sid Luft, who helped Judy renew her courage and her faith in her fellow men, bringing her back to her stature as one of the greatest stars of all time.

Three years ago, Judy Garland's fourteen-year contract with Metro had been abrogated upon her refusal to do the lead,

had been somewhat battered, too, though not defeated, by Hollywood career problems. He, too, was divorced.

At the time, their romance broke records for unpopularity. In the eyes of self-styled important people in Hollywood, his great sin was that he was almost "nobody." It didn't matter that he and Judy were deeply in love. A not-too-subtle campaign to break them up began immediately.

Looking back at that time, Judy remembers, "We were even criticized for spending so much time in night clubs. Sid had to court me somewhere!"

From Sid's point of view, the mounting

opposition to his love for Judy was equally puzzling. He may have been unknown, but he did have integrity, a word that is foreign to many a Hollywood big shot.

In many ways, Hollywood is a cruel city, for the most "important" of its inhabitants have ways of "crushing" little people who get in the way of their plans. One way is to feed columnists and reporters a series of slanderous rumors about an offender. For instance, the report was circulated that Sid Luft had enlisted in the Canadian Air Force to "dodge" military service in this country—a ridiculous story. To set the record straight, Sid Luft has an enviable war record.

He enlisted in the Canadian Air Force on October 18, 1940, more than a year before Pearl Harbor. With the rank of Pilot Officer, he flew for two years with the R.C.A.F. prior to the entry of the United States in the war. On his release, he joined the Ferrying Command, and flew ships all over the western hemisphere. There was a sudden urgent demand for veteran fliers who could take over a necessary and daring assignment—that of test pilot.

Sid Luft qualified. He went to work for Douglas Aircraft Corporation, performing invaluable service in "finding the bugs" in all sorts of aircraft. It was while pursuing his dangerous job that he test-dived a plane which came screaming out of the skies and crashed. Sid crawled out, critically injured. For several months he was hospitalized, and by the time he had recovered, the war was over. It was only then that he went back into civilian life. He took a position with the Marx agency and then went on to become a movie producer.

This, then, is the "wrong man" who, after they fell in love, took charge of Judy's problems. His prime concern was not her career, but her happiness. Judy, however, was determined to continue to work—to wipe out the unhappy memories caused by the mounting maladjustments of her long years of doing what other people wanted her to do. So, with criticism from the press ringing in his ears, Sid mapped out a program for Judy. He convinced her that doing vaudeville would not only revitalize her career, but doing live shows before the public would give her the confidence she so sorely needed. "Forget everything else," Sid told her, "and concentrate on the truth—that millions of people love you."

Plans for the appearance at the New York Palace Theatre were mapped out by Sid and Judy's agent, Abe Lastfogel, with special material by the talented Roger Edens and dances by Chuck Walters, who had worked with Judy in several of her best Metro pictures. After ten days of Hollywood rehearsals, the entire group headed for New York on the big gamble. Hollywood skeptics predicted Judy would flop. She was well aware of the attitude of her former friends.

THE DAY of the Palace opening, Judy was so nervous she couldn't eat for the entire day. Despite Sid's assurances, she had no idea how the public would receive her efforts. She needn't have worried. After the first curtain, people stood in the aisles and cheered her through thirteen encores. With tears in her eyes, Judy thanked the people. That night, for the first time in months, she slept like a baby.

A few weeks later, while sophisticated New Yorkers stood in line every day to hear Judy's songs, she was struck suddenly by an excruciating pain in her chest. The doctor diagnosed the pain as a slight heart attack, called his office and had an electrocardiograph machine rushed to the theatre. When an attendant plugged the machine into the DC electrical outlet, it flew up and Judy's nerves went sky high. Dazed and woozy, she insisted on going on with the show.

"I barely remember getting on the stage," Judy recalls. "Then the sea of faces before me began to revolve like a nightmare. I hardly remember singing. Backstage, they saw what was happening, and after the second number they practically yanked me into the wings with a butterfly net. Vivian Blaine, bless her generous heart, was in the audience. She hurried onstage to finish the show, and I was rushed to the hospital."

Sadly, no one really close to Judy was there. Sid was out of town on business. Her manager and her agent were away for the weekend.

"I never needed just one familiar friend as badly as I did then," Judy remembers, "but when I recovered enough to go back to the Palace my wonderful audiences gave me a roaring reception. I felt so completely at home that never again can anything frighten me so badly."

When the Broadway adventure ended, Judy returned to Hollywood. Sid, meantime, had a firm hold on a dream of his he'd never expected could come true—he wanted to film a story about the greatest race horse of all time, Man O' War. The horse had belonged to Samuel Riddle, a successful breeder with a reputation for being extremely difficult in business deals. Everyone told Sid he would never get what he wanted, but Sid went to Riddle's home and persuaded him to sell Man O' War's story rights. About six months later, Mr. Riddle died.

"He was a wonderful guy," Sid recalls, "and I was a little dazed by his sudden passing. I knew that if I had not seen him when I did it would have been almost impossible to buy movie rights from the estate. And it seemed as though, in a way, I had been chosen to do this story. I feel very humble about it."

Tony Curtis is wondering whatever happened to an expensive pair of alligator shoes he ordered. Meanwhile his manager had returned same to the bootery, advising they didn't fit. What the money-watcher meant was they didn't fit into Tony's January budget.

Frank Farrell
World-Telegram & Sun

So, each on a high note of personal triumph, Judy and Sid took their vows in a simple ceremony at Hollister, California, over a year ago. Now they were ready for the next step in their plans, a production company of their own, which Sid set up with the financial and production backing of Warner Brothers. They began plans for remaking *A Star Is Born*, which won several Academy Awards when it was made originally with Fredric March and Janet Gaynor. The new version was planned as a musical, with Judy and James Mason, the screen play by Moss Hart and music by Harold Arlen and Ira Gershwin.

AT LAST Judy's life has begun to approach fulfillment and she happily has dropped out of the headlines. Judy now begins her mornings as she surveys her domestic domain propped up in the center of her king-sized bed with Sam, her "mixed" German shepherd sprawled full-length at her feet. Liza, Judy's seven-year-old daughter, usually is curled up beside Sam, affectionately scratching his big ears. And from her nearby crib, eight-month-old Lorna pulls the morning bottle from her rosebud mouth long enough to utter occasional delicate and contented burps.

When she's working, however, Judy and Sam rouse the whole family at six A.M., although the dog simply can't understand the sudden frenzy. "I named him Sam," Judy says, "for no particular reason, and I wouldn't part with him for a cool mil-

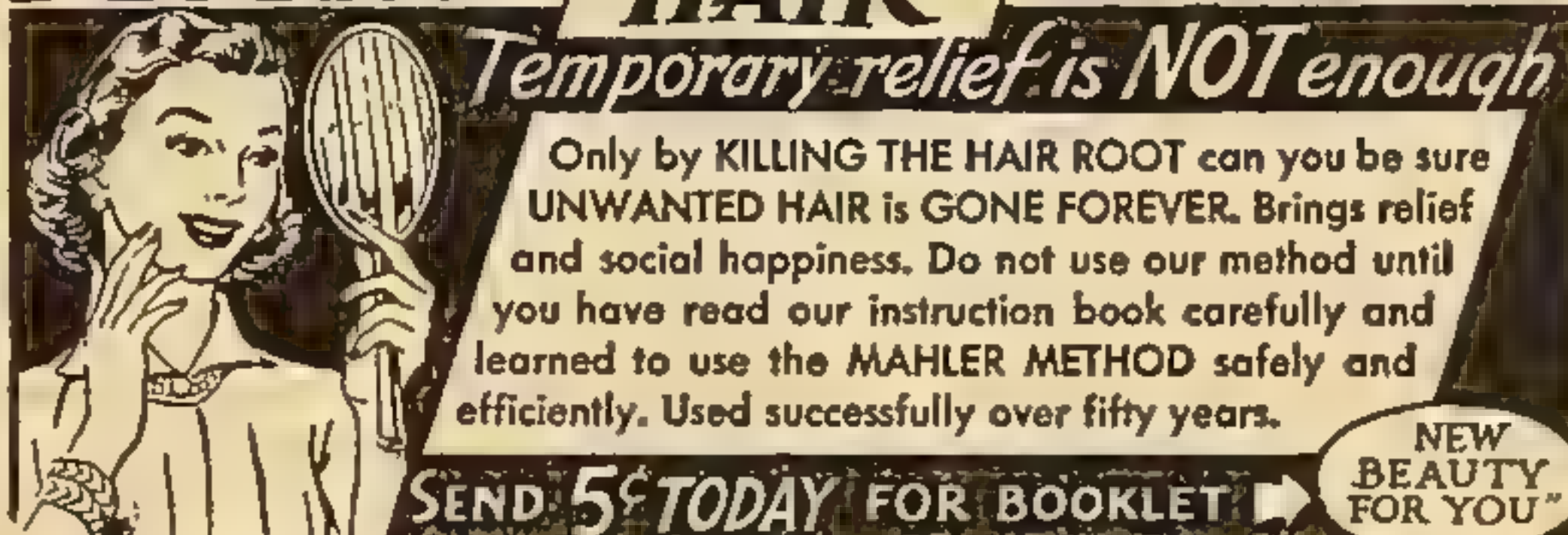
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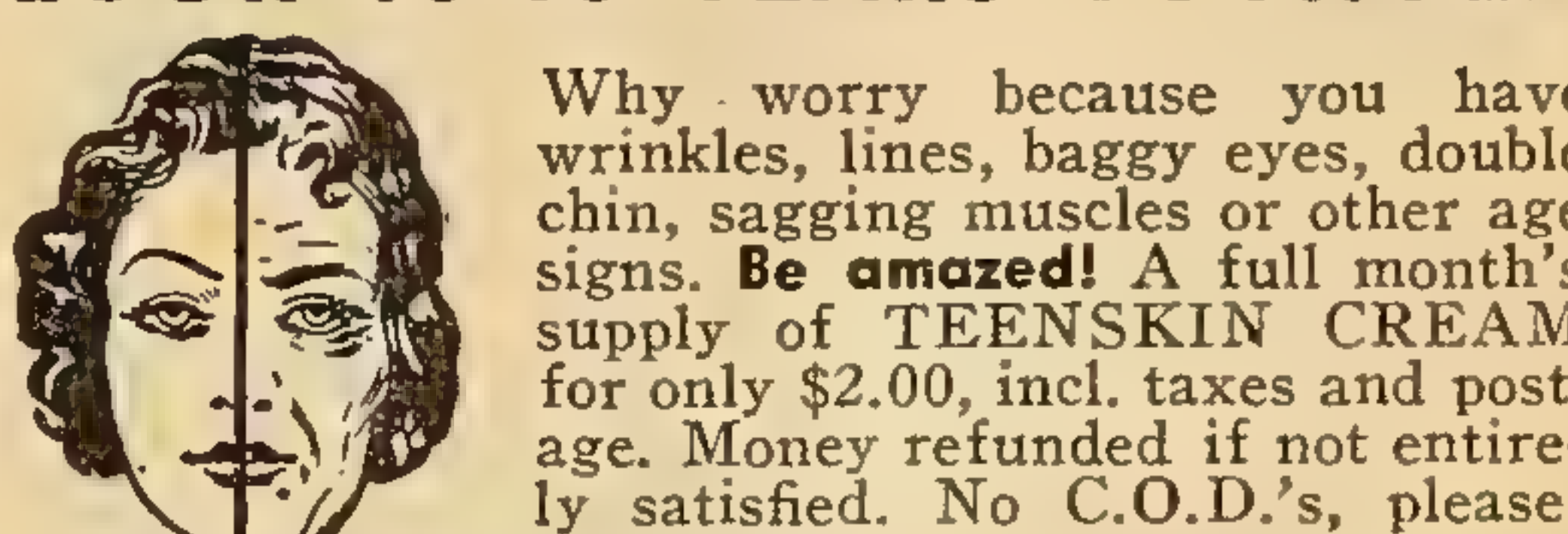
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lion. I've always been a light sleeper, and during my pregnancy I had a terrible time resting. That was all right with Sam, who is part night-hound. He took me for long walks and let me talk to him by the hour. When we were both nearly exhausted he brought me home. He is one of the finest fellows I ever knew, but I wish he wouldn't be so much of a one-man dog. When I go shopping, he goes shopping, or you can hear his howls for blocks. Sometimes I even take him to parties. The only time he ever leaves my side is when we all go to the beach, early in the morning. Sam roars off, up and down at the water's edge, snarling and biting at the waves."

While it was easy for Judy to name her dog, she couldn't think of a name for her second little girl. "We went through all the girls' names ever dreamed of," she says, "and for four days the poor darling was nameless. Then Sid came up with 'Lorna.' *Lorna Doone* happens to be one of our favorite novels, and somehow it seemed just right."

According to legend, movie children arrive with as much fanfare as a première and then retire to a close circle of nurses and governesses, seeing their career-crazy parents by appointment only. Mother Garland is a different type. In one of their few arguments, Judy told Sid that she wanted to let both the nurse and housekeeper go, take care of the baby and run their Beverly Hills home herself. She had nothing against their employees; she simply wanted to be normal. Unfortunately, with so much of her time scheduled for recording, picture and television plans, she simply didn't have the time. Even so, her intense preoccupation with family life caused a columnist or two to break out in a small rash of irritation. One of them complained petulantly in print: "I wish Judy Garland would learn how to arrive on time for dinner parties!" Judy didn't bother to explain that she gives two "lullaby performances" nightly, one for Liza and one for Lorna, before she and Sid can go out.

NO OFFENSE intended, but the children of Hollywood stars seldom show as much indication of talent as the milkman's or policeman's kids. Born to luxury, they never learn how to work. Judy's little girl, Liza, is a delightful contradiction. Extremely popular with her classmates at the Buckley School, she shows early promise of a tremendous gift for dance. Currently, she is taking lessons from Gene Loring at the American Academy of Ballet. She writes little songs and has already produced a kiddie show with the help of her friends, personally writing the plot, in addition to handling the choreography and working on the costumes.

"On top of that," Judy explains with pride, "she is a second mother to her baby sister. She insists on racing home from school to feed her, and is disappointed if she can't stay up late and baby-sit. The other day, this busy tyke of mine came running into the house to tell me she'd worked out a dance routine for my next picture!"

But Liza isn't one to grab all the family attention. "Lorna is really the general manager of the household," Judy declares. "She gets the admiration of all the guests when she looks at them with her calm, almond, blue-eyed stare. They call Liza 'little old lady,' and I think Lorna should be nicknamed 'belle of the ball.'"

Still another member of the Sid Luft household is John Luft, Sid's four-and-a-half-year-old son by a former marriage. John and Liza are the best of friends, discounting the latter's normal urge to boss him by reason of her "advanced" age. For a time, John raised quite a squawk because he wasn't allowed to hold the baby.

Judy compromised by announcing he could pick her up when he was five. Net result: for two weeks, Sid received a telephone call every afternoon from his son, wanting to know whether he was five years old yet.

Despite these homey touches, Judy and Sid aren't just another couple like your neighbors down the block. They live in a glamorous, sophisticated world. The pressure of their mutual enterprise, however, keeps them away from Hollywood's more elegant social affairs. They usually have dinners with intimate friends, such as the Cary Grants, Ann Sothorn and Peter Lawford.

They have spent a great deal of time with Moss Hart, Ira Gershwin, Harold Arlen, George Cukor and Jack Warner in evening conferences for *A Star Is Born*. Unlike her earlier years at the studio, when Judy simply did what she was called upon to do, she has had a voice in production planning. Her wisdom acquired in years of show business is so considerable that

ing, she insisted that she be allowed to take over. She did, with only thirty minutes of band rehearsal. Bill Morrow, Bing's close friend and head writer exclaimed, "It was the most remarkable performance I've ever seen."

In a way, this incident is indicative of the one great danger that lies ahead for Judy Garland. In order to achieve a high standard for herself and for her friends, she spends her energy with reckless abandon. Here, however, Sid Luft provides the safety valve, encouraging Judy to slow down and take things easy.

For instance, when they were invited to attend the debut of Jack Warner's daughter last Christmas time in New York, Sid ruled out flying. Instead, they boarded the Super Chief out of Los Angeles on Christmas Eve, carrying with them a small Christmas tree, their presents and two bottles of champagne.

"We had a wonderful Christmas," Judy says. "There were exactly nine people on that whole train, so it was as close to traveling on a Presidential Special as I'll ever get. On top of that, ever since doing *The Harvey Girls* on the screen, the diners have given me super-de-luxe service. The waiters are always superb, but on this occasion I had a battalion of them and I felt like a queen."

Most feminine stars, having "arrived," turn lazy. After a "difficult" picture, normal physical relaxation is too much effort for them. Instead, their exercise consists mainly of massages by a small army of physical therapists who daily make the rounds of Beverly Hills and Bel Air.

This is not for Judy Garland. When she is not working she can usually be found playing golf at the Bel Air Country Club, or taking tennis lessons at Hillcrest, with Lorna in her carriage, looking on.

Judy first took up golf in Tarberry, Scotland, where she and Sid spent a five-day vacation after her appearance at the London Palladium. Here they played twenty-two holes a day, stopping at the eleventh, which brought them back to the clubhouse for lunch. "Sid brags that I shot a forty-nine for nine holes the first time out," Judy explains, "but I think he must have given me an encouraging audit; I was too busy whacking at the ball to count."

If Judy stays with the game, she has a chance to play in the same league with her husband. Sid plays to a six handicap. Judy is a natural left-hander, but has switched to playing golf and tennis from the right side, a maneuver which usually results in making better players of southpaws.

Recently, on the sixth hole, Judy hit her tee shot, walked to the spot where the ball should be and couldn't find it. She finally located it in a drain pipe, and announced, "A hole in one! Wait till I tell Sid!"

On the next hole, faced with a difficult shot out of a sandtrap, Judy studied the situation carefully, took a wedge iron out of the bag, swung smoothly, hitting an inch behind the ball. For a second, she was lost in a cloud of sand, from which the ball sailed in a high arch, landing two feet from the cup.

Judy grinned with satisfaction. "There's nothing to this game. All you have to remember on each shot is to do all forty-seven things right."

If Judy Garland has one handicap still to overcome, it is the fact that she tries too hard on everything at which she takes a swing. She ought to know by this time that to 99% of the public it is not at all necessary that she do "all forty-seven things right" every time out.

If Judy should ever step up, take a swing and fall flat on her face (which isn't likely) we hope she'll remember this: that she has banked so much entertainment happiness for all of us that from here on in she can do no wrong.

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Warner himself said, "You really don't need me, Judy. You could produce this picture yourself." It wasn't idle flattery. Although most women have been singularly unsuccessful at this sort of thing, Judy may devote herself to it completely as she regains her strength.

Many nervous breakdowns occur because people fail to recognize their limitations. They constantly strive for goals they are incapable of achieving. Judy's trouble a few years ago stemmed from exactly the reverse situation. Circumstances had contrived to hem in her talents and prevent her from attaining her natural high level in the entertainment business.

THIS IS all changed now. In addition to the level thinking of her husband; Sid Luft, the confidence that Bing Crosby had in Judy at a time when she was considered a poor performance risk, is something she will never forget. And she had occasion, last year, to partially repay Bing's loyalty. The night before Dixie Crosby died, Bing's brother, Larry, called Judy and told her that Bing was in no condition to do his radio show. Although Judy was seven months pregnant at the time and in about as good a condition to step into a top radio effort as she was to go mountain climb-

the truth about those continental flings

(Continued from page 35) the handsome daughters of the French middle class. They do not marry Frenchmen above their station, but they may marry foreigners or rich Frenchmen who have no social pretensions. Parisian models are seen everywhere but primarily as walking ads for the high fashion dressmakers.

Both Bing and Ghislaine understand this, and neither is trying to buck local custom. They have a good time together, but nobody imagines that she would be tickled to death to live on a Nevada ranch, nor that she will be invited to do so.

Ghislaine enjoys some distinction among the mannequins because she is used to show off the creations for Princess Margaret of England. She has the same measurements as the Princess, but Ghislaine is darker and has a round, vivacious face.

Crosby met her in Paris and saw her occasionally, but sidestepping the social errors of his compatriots, he never gave the impression that he was taking this seriously. He was vacationing with his son, Lindsay, and he devoted most of his time to showing the boy Europe. The gossip was that Bing saw a great deal of Ghislaine while Lindsay was in England to see the coronation of Queen Elizabeth.

Bing has loved Paris a long time. "It's one of the few places where I have a little privacy," he says, and it would surprise no one if he returned next summer and took an apartment or a house.

The French, particularly the Parisians, hold Bing on a slightly higher social plane than the other American actors. Crosby, of course, is better educated than some of them, has a larger intellectual horizon, and understands French. He has sparkling wit and *joie de vivre*. Having made *Little Boy Lost* in Paris, he knows many of the citizens—Nicole Maurey, Claude Dauphin, Edouard de Segonzac. He has participated in several charity affairs and he has been fought over by social leaders. One of his good friends is Paul Barrelet de Ricou, well-recognized in French society, and through him, Bing has made many friends.

In Paris, they say that Bing loves continental living and that he is sure to return. They say, too, that he is a man of tact, diplomacy, and intelligence, that he never wears his heart on his sleeve, and that he chooses his women with care and discrimination.

"If I did not know that he comes from Spokane," a Frenchman told me, "I would bet that *Monsieur* Bing could easily settle down into the life of the respectable, middle-aged Frenchman, with good food, good wine, and of course, a good mistress."

From a Parisian, this is high praise.

ALTHOUGH he does not approach Crosby as a social success, Gary Cooper has achieved another kind of distinction. On the basis of his performance with Gisèle Pascal, the French are convinced that he is one of the world's great lovers.

Coop arrived in Cannes last April to attend the Film Festival, and a day after he checked in at the Carlton Hotel, Gisèle, tall, brunette, and thirty-one, was on hand to take care of his social life. These two went everywhere together, and soon the French were curious about Prince Ranier of Monaco, to whom Gisèle supposedly has been engaged for the last three years.

One story was that Gisèle, the tall beautiful actress, daughter of a grocery importer, had given her Prince a wedding deadline. When Ranier stalled, she quickly moved into Cannes, set her sights for Gary Cooper, and took him in a matter of hours.

Another story: Gisèle used Cooper to arouse the envy of her royal lover.

In any event, once the Festival was over,

Coop went up to Paris. There he drawled a characteristic denial, "Heck, I hardly know the gal. She was just one of the many I met down there." The denial fooled no one, for Gisèle had gone to Paris, too.

Prince Ranier followed, and there was a big scene with the Prince, also thirty-one, departing in a huff and leaving Paris to Coop and Pascal.

They say Coop had to work fast because his wife and daughter were coming over to Paris. Apparently he did his work well, because to date, Gisèle and her Prince are estranged and it looks as though Gisèle will never become the Princess of Monaco.

Whether she will try to become Mrs. Gary Cooper, no one knows. When Rocky and Maria, Coop's daughter, pulled into Paris last summer, Gary saw to it that they had a wonderful time. He did soft-pedal his relationship with Gisèle, but he had already accepted an invitation to appear at *Kermesse des Etoiles*, a huge fair where the movie stars sign photographs. The romantic French, not knowing that Mrs. Cooper was arriving, had assigned adjoining booths to Gary and Gisèle. This was titillating until Coop arrived with his daughter, Maria, on his arm!

After Rocky and Maria sailed for the States in September, Coop met Gisèle again, and they did Paris together. Then he checked into the American Hospital, supposedly for another hernia operation, a result of his trying to fight a bull in Spain.

There are three things any woman will make an excuse to get out of: a rainstorm, a tight girdle, and a diet.

Ronald Colman on NBC

Of Gisèle and Gary you can, of course, hear anything: that they are passionately in love, that Coop wants this beautiful woman for his wife, that Gisèle is using Coop to get into American films, that this is just a ninety-day romance, that Coop will never re-marry because Rocky will never give him a divorce.

The truth is that Coop doesn't want to re-marry. He just wants to have a fling. If he wanted to marry someone else, Rocky would have given him his freedom long ago to marry Pat Neal. She has said so.

Gisèle Pascal is lucky enough to have plenty of money. Her family is wealthy, and her Prince reputedly gave her handsome gifts. She may have no intention of marrying Cooper, for she is said to prefer younger men.

AN ENTIRELY different kind of girl is Suzanne Dadoile. Of all of these girls, she seems to be the one most in love and most interested in marriage. She has devoted her time to Clark Gable for over a year, and although he was reserved about her at first, they were later seen together constantly. Toward the end of last summer, you could find them practically any evening, dining out at any of the cafés in Paris along the Champs Elysées.

There are friends who say that Clark intends to make his Suzanne the fifth Mrs. Gable, that as recently as September he was introducing her to friends in Paris as "my future wife." Others insist it's just a fling. "I'll give you even money," a friend of his says, "that when Gable shows up in South America for his next picture—that is, if he does show up—he will be still single. I know the guy and I'm telling you that he was burned in his last marriage and he doesn't want to try it again."

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he said he had absolutely nothing against marriage and that if the right girl came along—"someone sophisticated, attractive, and of course, someone with whom I was in love, I wouldn't mind getting married one bit."

It is difficult to tell whether or not Suzanne Dadolle fills his requirements. Gable has appeared to be a bit of a social climber, and three of his four marriages were to socially prominent women. Perhaps he no longer cares, for Suzanne is a *mannequin* (although she hasn't turned up at Schiaparelli's even during the busiest season of *haute couture*) and as such does not occupy an especially favorable position on the Paris social ladder.

Gable, whose sense of humor is limited, seemed more cheerful than ever, last summer. He greeted everyone with a smile, signed autographs left and right, and appeared to be completely in love, not only with Suzanne, but with France.

Suzanne, who worked for the Free French in London during World War II, speaks excellent English—a great help to Gable, since he speaks nothing else. She is thirtyish, a tall, handsome red-blond. One acquaintance said, "She is shy and amazingly naive for a French girl her age. She is placid and utterly without malice. She thinks Clark is the greatest guy in the world and personally, I hope she marries him."

On the other hand, one French social leader explained that she had known several women who had met Gable. "I hear that he is really a frightful bore and quite inhibited. Personally, I believe this Dadolle girl is just perfect for him. I understand he hopes to take her home for Christmas."

Suzanne does not offer alertness or vivacity, but she does offer slavish devotion; she has risked the repeated censure of her family to be with him. Certainly, she is no sophisticate, but neither is Gable, although he has tried to be one sometimes.

His marriages to fashionable women have failed. Perhaps this time he will be willing to risk marriage with a woman of average background, average accomplishments, and average tastes. Certainly, in Paris he did not seem to mind being left out of the top-drawer social classification. In Hollywood, as Gable's wife, Suzanne Dadolle would be accorded all the recognition and courtesy owing to her position. But the cynics say that his is just another Paris fling, soon to fade into memory. Possibly that is Gable's point of view. It is not Suzanne's.

WHILE Gable, Crosby and Cooper operated smoothly enough in Paris, some of their younger fellow-citizens from Hollywood were having more dazzle—and more trouble from home.

Gregory Peck has a taste for youth, as evidenced by his friendship with Veronica Pasanie, a half Russian, half French *journaliste* of twenty-one. She is a part time reporter for the Paris *Presse*, and she inveigled the Paramount press representative into getting her an interview with Greg. As a result of that interview, Veronica was asked to follow up the story. When Greg took off for Rome, she was not far behind.

Greg says, "She's just a girl I met in Paris." Veronica claims, "I am a professional *journaliste*. All my contacts with Mr. Peck have been in the line of duty."

Peck has taken out Veronica on several occasions. They have been seen dining in Paris, and while that may be attributed to assiduous journalism, you can't tell it to the French. They don't know whether Greg is separated from his wife, Greta, or not, but they do know that in France he does not lead a monastic life. Even Greta never expected that.

For a time, Veronica hoped that Greg might get a divorce and marry her, but this no longer seems likely. It has been hushed all over Europe that Greg has really been smitten by Audrey Hepburn,

his co-star in *Roman Holiday*. If it's true, Greg is in a difficult spot because Audrey's mother watches her very carefully.

Audrey is scheduled to start *Sabrina Fair* at Paramount's Hollywood studio. Maybe that's one reason Greg plans to come home by Christmas. Or he may wish to settle his marital problems once and for all.

As a breeding ground of European flings, Paris has one rival. Rome. Only recently Zsa Zsa Gabor said that George Sanders shouldn't be angry about her friendship with Porfirio Rubirosa because, "After all, George had a wonderful time with a girl in Rome."

Kirk Douglas is another star who has been living it up in Italy. Probably, he has dated more foreign beauties than any other American actor. He was seen with a new girl each night at the Cannes and Venice Film Festivals. His reputation in Rome accords him the record, quantitatively speaking.

Errol Flynn is another who is constantly being paired with Italian beauties in the gossip columns. Only a few weeks ago there was a terrific slugfest in his apartment, supposedly caused by a woman. Robert Taylor, you'll recall, got into big trouble with Barbara Stanwyck during the filming of *Quo Vadis* when it was said that he had become enamored of an Italian bit player, Lia de Leo. A picture of Taylor and de Leo is rumored to have caused Stanwyck's flight to Italy to rescue her mate. It didn't work out that way. Taylor wanted his freedom, and Stanwyck gave it to him, albeit at a stiff price. Now that she is free, Ursula Thiess, the German actress, will be the next Mrs. Robert Taylor.

Because so many motion pictures with American stars are being filmed overseas these days, it follows that these celebrities will seek romance wherever they are. In fact, it is safe to surmise that for Hollywood's stars the days of the Paris fling have just begun. **END**

the man behind the face

(Continued from page 49) burned beyond recognition, even by his mother.

"I don't see much in my life to dramatize," Jack Palance will tell you after the manner of most men chosen by fate to face brutal experiences few of us ever suffer. "It's true that I was the son of a coal miner in Lattimer, Pennsylvania, and that my family was what might be called 'desperate poor,' but we didn't know it. If you grow up in a town which is almost treeless and emphatically black and grey, it never occurs to you that life has played a dirty trick on you. Yes, compared to a town in which there are trees, flowers and lakes, Lattimer could be called a grim place. But the good Lord has a way of balancing the books in favor of people like us. Among the citizens of Lattimer there is probably more of honesty, loyalty, love and pure decency than almost anywhere else on earth."

You could expect a boy like Jack Palance to grow up into a street corner rabble-rouser, or worse, living as he did in a "company" town. His mother had to pay \$1.10 a pound for butter. She could buy the same butter in a town just a few miles away for eighty-seven cents, but resisted the temptation to economize for fear her husband would be fired from his mining job.

"We were poor," Jack Palance remembers, "but we were never hungry. When the miners went on strike for months at a time, we didn't have meat on the table.

88 We had all the vegetables we could eat,

though. I weigh about 200 pounds now, which ought to be proof enough that I didn't starve to death as a kid."

WITH all his acceptance of a bleak childhood, Jack Palance was not a happy boy. From the time he learned to read, he had an insatiable appetite for books and felt it made him "different" from other kids. To compensate for this, he turned to fighting, climbing into a ring for the first time at the age of thirteen and turning in a creditable performance against a twenty-one-year-old pug. The prize money was \$1.50, winner take a buck. They fought to a draw for a split purse—seventy-five cents each.

"That's where I got my nose broken the first time," Jack says. "I did fair as a fighter, but I was scared as hell a lot of the time. The worst night I ever spent was in a ring with a guy by the name of Rough House Williams. I was fully grown before I was out of my teens. Stood six, four, and weighed over 200 pounds. But when I looked across the ring at Rough House I felt like crying. I had watched him work out in the little town near Louisville, Kentucky, where we were fighting, and I'd have preferred to trade left hooks with a gorilla."

As the bell sounded, Palance moved to the center of the ring. Rough House did likewise. Then Palance moved back, but fast. He kept on back-pedaling. The crowd booed. Palance clinched and Rough House tore a hard right through his midsection. Palance broke loose, backing into the ropes. Rough House picked up a left hand from somewhere near the floor.

"When he caught me on the side of the chin, I went three feet up in the air. The bell rang before I could get up. I wished it hadn't. While my handlers were slapping me sensible, the referee came over with a few words of encouragement. He said I'd either have to start fighting or he'd give the decision to Rough House.

"I went out for the second round. Rough House looked even tougher. I told myself to make a fight of it, but all the while I was running around the ring like a monkey looking for an opening in his cage. When Rough House caught up with me, he tore me apart. My eyes popped out like Eddie Cantor's. My hands swung like a couple of windmills. Then everything went blank. I felt somebody holding me up with my right hand ridiculously up in the air, and because I couldn't hold my head up, I stared down at the canvas. There was Rough House, stretched colder than a mackerel in a deep freeze. He didn't know what had hit him. To be frank, neither did I. I'd knocked him out by accident, and if the referee had told me that he'd done me a favor by hitting Rough House with a baseball bat, I would have believed him."

This confession is not to be taken as an invitation for anyone to step up and try his luck with Jack Palance. He's not quite as tough as he looks on the screen, but almost.

As is usually the case with capable men, he doesn't make speeches about his physical prowess and he goes to considerable lengths to picture himself as just an average guy.

Fighting, Palance believes, can be fun.

Not, however, if you have a nose that needs a remodeling job every time it is touched by a soft jab. As for fighting for profit, Palance was never knocked out during his ring career; still, the most he ever earned for one fight was \$400. Now he earns more than five times that in a week.

It is necessary now to pry more deeply into the life of this remarkable actor to understand what there is about him, inwardly, that causes his personality to project so powerfully on the screen. To put it more precisely, Jack Palance is a man who has been "to hell and back," within himself. He can't be blamed if he doesn't want to talk about it.

"The little accident" Lieutenant Jack Palance had when his B-24 crashed on takeoff during the war near Tucson, Arizona, was no minor experience. The plane burst into flame. Palance dragged himself out alive and in flames. In the months that followed he wished himself dead. His whole face was a mass of scar tissue. Delicate operations followed, one after another.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

The day was a hot one, and all the pedestrians on Hollywood's main streets were trying to beat the heat by wearing as little excess clothing as possible. Imagine my family's surprise when we saw a cowboy approaching decked out in full western regalia—and a long red beard. At first I thought, "That poor man must be suffering terribly from the heat," but as he came nearer I saw that the beard was a fake and realized that he had inflicted it upon himself. At this moment, my little brother, Buster, looking awestruck, said humbly, "How do you do, Mr. Rogers?" To everyone's amazement the man stopped, removed his fake red beard and said, "For goodness' sake, how did you know who I am?" Sure enough, there was Roy Rogers smiling down at my little brother. For a moment Buster was too overwhelmed to speak, but he finally came out with it. He had seen the initials "R. R." on Roy's boot, and made his own deductions.

Betsy Barron
Yoakum, Texas



Those who see his face now for the first time on the screen are slightly taken aback. The expression is one of gaunt strength and contained fury, which thousands of women moviegoers find highly exciting. If the phrase "contained fury" is inadequate, there are no words that come anywhere near what Palance thought of his face for months after the accident. He avoided looking at himself in the mirror. Despite the fact that those who knew him could notice miraculous improvement, he couldn't. The entire experience was one long nightmare in which he had lost his original face and was being given a new one.

Courage is also an insufficient word to describe the strength with which he emerged from the fear of being seen in public and went again about the business of living, enrolling at Stanford University under the GI bill as a student in radio acting and short story writing. Somewhere along the line, he whipped the complexes about his facial appearance. He went on

to New York, by way of such jobs as short order cook, life guard and ice cream salesman, at last landing an important role in the Broadway show, *The Big Two*, directed by Bob Montgomery. Everybody loved the play but the critics and the audience. It folded in three weeks.

Jack had just enough money left to pay his room rent and get on to Chicago. Here his budding career sank to another depth. He understudied Anthony Quinn in the Windy City company of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, a job in which he was as important to show business as last week's issue of *Variety*. Every night he sat in his basement dressing room reading a heavy book called *The Anatomy Of Melancholy*.

But he was not alone in his misery. In the dressing room next door sat a girl named Virginia Baker, who understudied the Vivien Leigh role. Although Helen Hayes has pronounced her the most capable young dramatic aspirant in New York, then she was as much a "nothing" as the moody Mr. Palance.

One evening, when she no longer could stand being buried beneath the street while audiences cheered the powerful play going on above her head, Virginia went to Jack and said, "Let's go to a movie."

The picture had a title appropriate for the two of them—*Sorry, Wrong Number*. They felt like a couple of wrong numbers and Jack had the same opinion of the picture. Somewhere along in the middle, he left the theatre. At the final fadeout he came back to his seat. Virginia said, "You're a charming escort. Where've you been?"

"I didn't like it so I went out for a beer."

Virginia made a mental note that Mr. Palance was strictly a foul ball, square type. But a few nights later leading man Tony Quinn was attacked by a strep throat. Now, understudy Palance had his big chance to rise from the dressing room graveyard and face an audience in a hit play.

"I was curious to see if Jack was a more inspired actor than he was a date," Virginia admits, "so I sat out front that night. It was the surprise of my life. He was not just good. He was great. When he walked out from the wings, sparks flew. To my dismay, I fell in love with him."

For Jack, the triumph was short lived. He had the part for two performances, then had to go back to his basement dressing room. Virginia loyally explained, "Maybe Tony heard how sensational Jack was. Anyhow, he got well overnight. As for me, I woke up in a hurry. First, I realized that Mary Welsh was far too healthy for me to hope to step out of the understudy role. Second, and a lot more important, I had to get out of Chicago. I was an actress trying to get started. I had fallen in love with a guy who had shown me that he preferred a bottle of beer to my company. It didn't make sense."

Virginia went back to New York and Jack went on the road with *Streetcar*. But he suddenly missed the girl who had shared his misery in the Chicago theatre basement, and he followed her with a series of letters climaxed by a Christmas Eve proposal. Virginia was touched and a little frightened. She flew to Detroit to tell Jack why she couldn't become Mrs. Palance.

Then, less than a month later, Marlon Brando, who was playing the role in New York unconsciously took an important part in their romance by breaking his nose. The producers needed Jack Palance immediately. He had quit the road show and nobody knew where to find him. They checked with Virginia, who called all the relatives she knew, finally locating him at

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a cocktail party in Greenwich Village. Jack climbed aboard *Streetcar* again, grateful for Virginia's detective work.

"I don't know exactly when we decided to marry," Virginia went on, "but I think I must have started the proposal. At least I know that I cued him. At any rate, we were married in New York's Little Church Around the Corner on April 12, 1949. By this time we were both out of jobs. Even so, Jack insisted that we have a honeymoon, so we checked in at the Hotel Holley on Washington Square. I didn't realize that we were dead broke until I noticed that Jack began to take his suits to the cleaners and they never came back. He was hocking them to keep us going."

Then the gods of the theatre apparently went into executive session to see what they could do about these two. Immediately they came up with a couple of small parts, then the Hollywood call to play the role of the heroic Marine in *Halls Of Montezuma*. This, of course, was followed by *Panic In The Streets*.

During *Halls Of Montezuma* Virginia was concentrating on motherhood. For weeks Jack had been coming home to say, "Don't you think it's about time you went to the hospital?" One evening, Virginia talked him into going to see the play, *Death Of A Salesman*, to ease his nerves. When he arrived home at midnight she said, "Jack, the baby's on the way."

"Oh, no," he moaned. "Not tonight!"

Obediently, he backed out the car again and they started for the Good Samaritan

Hospital, which isn't easy to find even when you know where it is. He made the wrong turn off the freeway, and after checking with three gas stations finally found the place. "Poor guy," Virginia remembers. "I insisted on a natural birth so he stayed with me almost all night while I tried to prove that it didn't hurt. We decided to name the baby Holley after our honeymoon hotel. I don't know how Jack stayed awake on the set the next day, but the ordeal must have helped because the director told him his work was particularly good."

Father Palance was not too happy about his career, however. It seemed that all the good parts at 20th Century were going to handsome guys. So he chose to make an issue of his being cast in *Viva Zapata!* to break his contract.

"Probably that was stupid on my part, because Tony Quinn, whose understudy I had been for so many months, took it and played it into an Academy Award. For my part, however, I was lucky. I went back to New York and into *Darkness At Noon*, which seemed to more or less establish me as an acting commodity."

That's putting it modestly. Audiences shook the rafters with their applause. Television and movie offers, specifically for *Sudden Fear* and *Shane*, snowed him under. Jack left Virginia and the baby in their apartment on Central Park in New York and began to commute.

"He was in Hollywood when Brook was born," said Virginia, "and I was glad.

Fathers have such a terrible emotional struggle at a time like this. As for me, I simply took a taxi to the hospital. The cab driver was very helpful. He never asked where my husband might be."

EVEN if movies don't wake up to the fact that Jack Palance is considerably more than the most terrifying "heavy" Hollywood has ever seen, TV certainly has, as evidenced by the fact that *Suspense* for the first time is splitting itself into two half-hour shows in order to allow Jack to star in *Othello*. If that doesn't do the trick, persuasive movie fans may help to show producers the way. They certainly haven't been asleep at the post, as witness the letter written by one MODERN SCREEN reader to a movie boss: "Why do you insist on casting Jack Palance as such ugly characters? Sooner or later you'll discover that the public has already marked him as a star. It isn't necessary for him to frighten the first five rows of customers stiff to prove himself a fine actor. It's not the face, but the man behind the face that counts!"

The young lady never said it better. Her letter and hundreds of others may have already turned the trick, for although Jack Palance has been killed in five of his six pictures, a bulletin on his future has just come through as follows: "In his next picture, *Flight To Tangier*, Mr. Palance plays the hero and wins not one but two heroines."

That you've got to see!

END

I'd make a lousy bachelor

(Continued from page 53) one woman could change a man's whole attitude toward life. Take, for instance, my life back in New York. In high school a lot of guys collected girls like trophies. "Look at me," they'd say. "Five dates this week—all with different dames." I never went that route. I had a lot of insecurities, but this wasn't one of them.

I called girls "dames" because that's what all the fellows called them. I knew from nothing about women. With the exception of Mom, my family was made up of males, and if I thought at all about women I regarded them as a sort of foreign race of people without whom I could get along just dandy. No female, I decided, was ever going to drag me to the altar. Marriage was strictly for the birds, and I pictured for myself a long and happy life eating out of tin cans and taking off for South Africa if and when I felt like it. Girls, schmirls, who needs 'em?

By that time I figured I was really living. I never hung up my clothes and I made the bed only when I changed the sheets—or maybe sometimes when it got so rumpled it was uncomfortable. If I forgot to take my clothes to the laundry and was minus a clean pair of shorts or a shirt, I'd go out and buy some clean ones. I hated restaurants, so I'd go to the corner delicatessen and buy a roast squab chicken, a loaf of French bread, a dill pickle and a bottle of Chianti wine, and I'd take the stuff up to my room and eat it sitting on the floor and reading a book. Mom had always harped at me to do better than this, but I regarded such things as the inconsequential stuff of life and couldn't be bothered about it. My socks were the only thing that puzzled me. I'd buy a new pair and wear them and then after I washed them they'd be too small. So I'd send them home to my brother, Bobby. He was always appreciative, thinking they were new, but I

guess Mom knew they were shrunk, all right. Anyway, I worried briefly about those socks, wondering what I was doing wrong, and then decided this was the way it was supposed to be—that all guys buy socks, wear them once, wash them and then send them to their little brothers.

After Mom and Pop and Bobby came out and got settled in a house, I moved in to share a place with Marlon Brando, Jay Kantor and Irving Paley. This was even better. Marlon and I used to get up at four in the morning and play records and beat his drums. This was living it up, I thought. I didn't need or want anybody else.

And then I met Janet. I was scared for a long time, scared that I'd be hurt again. She was different, and I didn't want this to end. But I distrusted her just as much as I had every other girl I'd known. When I asked for a date and she said she had another date, I'd spend that evening in the bushes opposite her house. First I'd put a note under the door for her. "What's with this guy?" And when she'd come out of the house with this other joker, she'd be laughing softly to herself. I'd wait there for hours, counting stars and playing she-loves-me, she-loves-me-not with assorted daisies, and when Janet came home with her date she'd find another note. "Don't stay too long with him." The other guy never could figure, I guess, what Janet found so amusing in her mail. And then he'd come out ten minutes later and when I'd notice he didn't wipe his mouth with his handkerchief to take off the lipstick, I'd write Janet another note. "Good girl." She'd find that one when she left the house in the morning. She used to ask me when I ever slept.

She must have had an awful time with me when we got married. I forgot appointments as fast as I made them and I was never on time. My eating habits were nonexistent, and Janet stood over me every morning until I'd stuff down my eggs and bacon and milk. She hid the orange pop. When I painted during the evening and

left everything in a mess, I'd hear her tiptoe around after I was in bed, and the next morning I'd find clean rags and clean brushes waiting for me. She was forever picking up my clothes. Once she asked for a lump of stuff on a chair so that she could put it in the laundry and I handed the whole mess to her, whereupon she promptly went down on her knees. Included in the pile of clothing had been some weights I use for lifting exercises, so now I put those away myself.

By this time I'd probably be doing it all myself, but I've learned that Janet isn't happy unless she can be waiting on me all the time. People say she spoils me and I guess she does, but she likes doing it. In any case, Hawaii proved to me that whatever she does, I like it. By this time, I'd make a lousy bachelor.

THERE I was, on the island of Kauai, bivouacked in a plush hotel, with a room and lanai of my own. If anybody had told me ten years ago that one day I'd be in the Hawaiian Islands, living in such style and being paid for it to boot, I'd have put him in a strait-jacket. If I'd never met Janet, such a trip would have been a highlight of my life. As it was, I spent my free time there mooning around like a Gloomy Gus. I might as well have been quartered in a medieval garret for all the joy I got out of it.

I lived out of my trunk, figuring it made the time go faster. Sort of an illusion that I'd be moving out any minute. Once when I came back from work my pajamas and things had been hung up and put away. It was the maid who did it, of course, but for a fleeting moment I had the strange sensation that Janet had been there.

It was always awful when I got back to the hotel after a day's work. I'd gotten so used to married life that the days seemed empty without the welcome I always get at home. The mail addressed to me is put in a neat little pile. Janet has my folding chair in front of the TV set, and nearby is a plate of caviar and bread and onions, and a big

jug of cold root beer. People might say that caviar and root beer is a weird combination, but it's all right with Janet because she knows I like them together. The caviar is expensive, but she's so intent on getting me to eat that she says I should have anything I like, as long as I stuff myself with it. The root beer bit is for two reasons. I think it tastes good with caviar, and besides, it's an equalizer. The caviar might float my head into the clouds but the root beer keeps my feet on the ground.

That's the homecoming I was used to, the kind I loved. But on Kauai, I rushed into the room to get showered and put on fresh clothes, and then into the restaurant to eat and then back to the room to go to sleep as fast as I could. Janet always puts some kind of goop on her face and hands at night—cold cream or something, I guess you call it—and it was amazing how much I missed the odor of that stuff every night. In the morning when I piled out of bed at five o'clock there was always something missing that I couldn't quite place until I realized it was the aroma of Janet's cologne. It was these little things that made me feel I wasn't really alive.

At first I'd had the sneaking thought

IT HAPPENED TO ME

When my husband was stationed in Wyoming, several movie stars came to the base to entertain the men. Unfortunately, I couldn't go to see them, as I had just come home from the hospital after



our first baby was born. The baby was crying and I was feeling terribly depressed. Suddenly, I heard a soothing voice singing a beautiful lullaby. The baby stopped crying and went to sleep. I was cheered and grateful, but I was too sick to get out of bed and meet my husband's guest, Gene Autry.

Mrs. J. A. Moore
La Mesa, California

for five whole weeks I'd be able to eat what I pleased. Janet wouldn't be standing over me and my eggs, and if I wanted to, I could starve myself with complete abandon. The funny thing was that I ate the biggest breakfast of anybody in the company—eggs and milk and flapjacks. I ate well and regularly, and I remembered every appointment. I was even on time. I'd figured, too, that I could blow the budget a little, but it turned out that the only thing I spent money for was a pair of levis. And a Chinese dinner one night when I went out with the gang. The rest of the time I ate at the hotel because I never knew when Janet might telephone. It was almost as though I was behaving myself because if I didn't, God might put the picture behind two or three days. Or maybe it was simpler than that. Maybe it was because I knew it would make Janet happy.

THEY kidded me a lot on the set. There were a lot of married men there who were lonely, but I don't think any of them were in such a turmoil as I was. Part of it, of course, was because of the baby we lost. It happened less than a week after Janet had got back home after our ten days in Hawaii together, and being away from her then was more than I could bear. We had put ourselves on a budget by agreeing that I would call every other day, and I remember that Sunday well. I

had phoned the night before and was to call again on Monday, but I sensed something was wrong. I phoned our apartment, but no one answered. Then I phoned Mom and Pop's place because I remembered Janet was to go there for dinner that night. Mom told me Janet wasn't feeling well and that her parents had taken her to the doctor. I knew then why I'd had the urge to call. It hit me like a ton of bricks, and even the phone calls to Janet in the next few days didn't help much. I felt I should be there with her at such a time, and I'd have taken the next plane home, job or no job, except that I knew that would have upset Janet even more.

I took to talking with the kids on the island, and somehow that helped me more than talking with adults. Kids seem to understand so much better than grownups. There was a gang that used to hang around the hotel, all of them about six or seven years old, and I used to snitch rolls and cookies for them from the restaurant table and then we would have a long talk before I went to bed.

There were four more weeks to go, and I did everything I could to make the time fly. I'd purposely neglect sending out laundry, thinking maybe by some miracle I'd be ordered to go home. When I did send it out I always asked that it be brought back the next day. "But Mr. Curtis," they'd say, "you'll be here another three weeks."

"I'd better have it tomorrow," I said. "You never know what might happen."

I missed Janet most of all, of course, but it got so I was missing everything and everybody. I missed the fruit bowl we always attack just before bedtime, and I missed our maid Ida May's cooking. I missed sharing with Janet the funny things that happened and the crazy comedy routines we do together. Five weeks without a schticklok is a long time. It got so that when I'd been reading, I even missed Janet's interrupting me.

COMING home on the boat took four days (I sailed because of that crazy feeling I've got about flying), but it wasn't so bad because every hour brought me closer. I spent the days in my cabin, taking my meals there, and at night I would go up on the bridge and chin with the watch officer. Janet couldn't meet me at the dock because she was working, and as soon as we got in I went straight to the studio. Just seeing her, in that brief first instant, took all the misery away.

In no time at all we were back to normal. She finished her picture in time to go to Detroit with me when I began work in *Johnny Dark*, and before the trip started I got my fill of caviar and root beer, and Janet's cologne, and Ida May's cooking. Nothing had changed except me, and I knew by then that I could no longer exist in a bachelor's life.

Last night is a good example of what I mean. I was sprawled out on the couch and Janet came over and asked if I wanted anything. She always does that and I've learned she's unhappy if there isn't anything she can get for me. So I never have the heart to say no. Last night, though, I shook my head.

"You don't want a peach?" she said. "Or maybe a pear? I'll peel it for you."

"Uh-uh," I said.

Her eyes grew a little wider. "Would you like a glass of water?"

"Nope."

Then it dawned on her that this was a schticklok. She made a slight curtsy. "There must be something? Sire?"

So I waved my hand at the coffee table, ten inches away. "Give me a cigarette, woman," I said. And then we both broke up, laughing, the way we do so often. This is the life for me.

END

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out of the frying pan

(Continued from page 33) He was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, in 1916. As a boy Dick was sent to school in Switzerland. He was admitted to the United States as a permanent resident in May, 1937, when he entered the country at New York City under his mother's passport. At that time he made application for his first citizenship papers.

In 1939, when he was twenty-one and was singing with an orchestra, he fell in love with a girl who was singing in a Chicago hotel. They were married, and a few weeks after the marriage, Haymes requested a divorce.

Strangely enough, Haymes never told his third wife, Nora Eddington Flynn, about this first marriage. A few months ago, a reporter commented to her, "If Dick marries Hayworth, it will be his fourth marriage. That's pretty good for a guy of thirty-seven."

Politely Nora turned and said, "Dick has only been married twice, once to Joanne Dru and once to me."

When the truth finally emerged at Haymes' immigration hearing, Nora was shocked. "He never told me!" she exclaimed. "He never told me. I get more surprises every day."

"Perhaps it slipped his mind."

"Slipped his mind, my foot," Nora said. "I'll tell you this. He is not going to get a divorce in Las Vegas before I file for a divorce in California. He's not going to do that to me. I've been pretty darn co-operative with him and Rita. If Dick tries to marry without my okay, he and Hayworth will be involved in bigamy."

Nora meant exactly what she said. She wanted \$8,000 in a cash settlement and alimony of \$100 a week until she remarries, or she'd never even file for divorce. Haymes gave her what she asked for, anything to be free to marry Rita.

After his first divorce, an event which he blocked out of his memory, Haymes fell in love with an attractive young actress named Lacock, who later changed her name to Joanne Dru. She is the mother of his three children, currently aged eleven, eight and a half, and five and a half. And it was while he was married to Joanne Dru that he hit his stride as an entertainer, earning more than a million dollars a year for at least three years. During his career as a singer, Dick has grossed about \$6,000,000 and spent every cent of it in taxes, expenses, alimony, and living.

DURING World War II, Joanne Dru gave birth to a child. Haymes, who had been classified 1-A by his draft board, asked for a deferment. When it wasn't

granted, he filed an application on January 25, 1944, for relief from military service as an alien.

The following sentence is on that application: "I understand that in making this application for relief from military service as an alien that I will be barred from ever becoming a citizen of the United States."

Haymes' attorneys claim that the application which Dick signed was an incomplete document and was never acted upon by Dick's draft board in New York.

The irony of it all is that after Haymes applied for exemption from military service he was notified to report for a physical examination by Draft Board 251 in Los Angeles. He was given a thorough going over and classified as 4-F, physically unfit. High blood pressure.

When that news was sent back to Dick's original Draft Board 31 in New York City, the members couldn't believe it. So Haymes was ordered to appear for another physical, this time in New York. He was shipped to Governor's Island and held there for three days from August 13 to August 16, 1945 (the war was pretty nearly over by then) and again he was rejected for military service.

If Dick had never applied for a service exemption on the grounds that he was a citizen of a neutral nation, Argentina, or if he had waited until he had taken his physical, he would have been classified 4-F and exempted, anyway.

He doesn't think matters through. Take this deportation mess. He didn't even bother to tell his own lawyer about it until he was arrested. Then he called Bob Eaton one morning, and said, "Bob, they've got me here in the pokey. Come on down and get me out."

The lawyer signed a bailbond for \$500 and Haymes was released.

DICK Haymes first met Rita Hayworth in an Italian restaurant called The Naples. It is located a few doors up the street from Columbia Studios. Dick was working on *Cruising Down The River*. One noon he went to lunch at The Naples. So did Rita, who was also working at Columbia. When Rita's companions saw Haymes lunching alone, they asked him to join their table. The crooner took one look at Rita, and wham!

From that minute on he began an ardent, tempestuous courtship. This was permissible since he was separated from his wife who was dating other gentlemen.

All of Haymes' former wives agree on one thing, that Haymes is a good and golden and honorable lover. He is a man of loyalty and fidelity.

Rita liked that. Lonely, unhappy, depressed, suspicious, and doubtful, she suddenly found herself pursued by a tall,

young, handsome crooner who wanted only to be with her, to love her, to marry her to make her his own.

Even more than most women, Rita needs love. She appeared to receive little from husband number one, Ed Judson, who was twenty-five years older than she. From husband number two, Orson Welles, she got a daughter, Rebecca, whom she now supports, and a liberal education in fine arts, but again, little or no love. From husband number three, Aly Khan, she got a title, a daughter, Yasmin, whom she also supports, and here again, little or no love.

All three of these husbands attempted to improve Rita, to make her over, to play Pygmalion to her Liza. They thought she had potential but no polish. Haymes is the first of her four husbands to love her just as she is.

This unasking devotion is what won him Rita's heart. It is also what lies behind his deportation trouble.

Earlier this year, when Rita flew to Hawaii for location work on *Miss Sadie Thompson*, Dick simply could not stand being away from his love. He had his agent arrange a concert for him on Oahu.

In fairness to Dick, this must be said: Before he left for Hawaii, he went to the office of the Immigration Department in Los Angeles. He said that he was an alien resident, that he had been born in Argentina, that he was not a United States citizen, and he asked if it was all right for him to make the trip.

He was given permission.

When he returned to Los Angeles, he told one of the Immigration men that he had lost his alien registration card.

The Immigration man was amazed. "How did you get out of the country in the first place?" he asked. He told Dick that under the terms of the McCarran Act, no man avoiding military service by claiming alien citizenship, could legally re-enter the United States once he had left the continental limits of the country. Hawaii was outside the continental limits, and Haymes was liable to deportation. Haymes had sixty days to prepare his defense.

INSTEAD of taking up this matter at once with his attorney in Los Angeles Haymes secretly took off for New York with Rita. There he went to a legal firm which specializes in matters of immigration. These lawyers are said to have made an attempt to have Congress pass a private bill, granting him United States citizenship.

The Immigration Department in Washington keeps abreast of all private bills of this nature. When they learned of this there was more trouble. By then, Dick and Rita were back in Hollywood.

One morning, early in August, Haymes was driving along Sunset Boulevard when the Federal boys pulled up alongside his Ford. "Pull over," they said. Haymes was taken downtown and arrested.

Through all this, Rita Hayworth said absolutely nothing, but she went to work behind the scenes. She had her lawyer Bartley Crum, fly out from New York. Ostensibly, Crum's trip was in connection with the financial settlement Aly Khan was offering to make on his daughter.

Crum had a conference with Haymes' attorney, Bob Eaton, and later told Rita that Dick was in good legal hands. Eaton moved to have the deportation proceedings dismissed on the grounds of an old reciprocal treaty between Argentina and the United States. The judge said the matter merited further study.

ONCE Dick began to make the headlines he suddenly became a valuable box office attraction. For years he had been sliding steadily. Overnight he became, as the agents say, "red hot—a curiosity attraction."

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(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1953.

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He was booked by the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas for \$7,500 a week. His lawyer began to receive offers from London, Paris, New York, Philadelphia, and they went as high as \$15,000 per week.

Things were picking up for Dick who currently is reported to be in debt to the extent of some \$200,000.

Simultaneously, Rita Hayworth decided to bare her feelings. "I love Dick Haymes," she announced. "I'm leaving for Las Vegas to marry him. I am behind him 100%."

At the time, Dick still had plenty of problems. His second wife was suing him for back support, an agent was suing him, the Bureau of Internal Revenue was prepared to attach his salary, and his wife, Nora, wanted cash on the line before she would consent to a divorce.

After she filed for divorce, Nora suddenly decided not to sign the waiver granting Haymes permission to marry Rita Hayworth in Nevada.

The next day, she changed her mind. "I just wanted time to read the paper. I wish Rita and Dick every happiness."

Two days later, Haymes, in Las Vegas with his bride-to-be, filed for divorce. The trial took about seven minutes.

"It was just general incompatibility," Dick told the judge. "My work takes me out of town a lot, and she didn't want to come with me. We grew further and further apart."

"You mean," interjected Dick's lawyer, "that she actually refused to make a home for you on the road and live with you as your wife?"

"That's right," Dick said.

"And what effect did that have on your health?"

Haymes mopped his brow. "I couldn't tackle my work with a clear head. I lost weight."

The judge nodded. "Judgment granted the plaintiff." And that was that.

An hour later, Dick returned to the courthouse with Rita. Two dozen photographers and reporters followed them into the marriage license bureau. Rita was exceedingly nervous and unusually cooperative with the press. Beads of perspiration broke out on Haymes' face, but he remained calm.

Half an hour later, the couple sat for an interview. "Do you plan a honeymoon?" they were asked.

"No," Haymes said. "I've got to go out and earn some money."

"If you're deported, will Rita go with you?"

"I'm not going to be deported," Dick said flatly. "I'm going to beat this case."

At eleven-fifty A.M. on Thursday, September 24, they were married. After Dick kissed his bride, someone whispered, "He's too nice to be deported."

So far, no disposition has been made of the deportation case against Haymes. Some lawyers say that eventually he will be deported, that it may take years, but in the end, Dick will have no official residence in the United States. Others point out that even if Haymes should be deported, he could enter the country on a visitor's visa and as the husband of Rita Hayworth, who was born in New York.

Dick, before his marriage to Rita, signed an agreement which prohibits his possible inheritance of her money, property, or worldly belongings. He also stipulated that he is in no way to be held liable for any debts previously incurred by him.

The future looks good to Dick and in a short time, he hopes to be free of his debts. All Rita Hayworth wants from him is his undying love.

Right now, that's all Dick Haymes has to offer. Tomorrow, however—well, in Rita and Dick's philosophy, tomorrow never comes. It is always today. They live each day as if it were their last. **END**

my side of the story

by Dick Haymes

Editor's Note: MODERN SCREEN presents Dick Haymes' side of the controversy. Here is his comment on the reputed attempt by the Immigration Department to deport him from the United States.

August 25, 1953

I was arrested three weeks ago for deportation, and since then I have been torn apart by headlines and political statements about my case that have all but prejudiced me as guilty as a murderer.

Since then, I have been pounded by legal and political angles that make me look like a traitor to America on one hand, and like a football being kicked around to prove or disprove political points, on the other.

In a time like this, when a man feels distrustful of factions and legal technicalities, I feel I must make certain facts known to the American public—not as a defense, for I feel no guilt—but rather to get certain things off my chest; to get the strength to fight for the right to remain in America, and to fight for the chance to become an American citizen.

I am not guilty of trying to evade military service for the United States. I was actually notified to report for my draft physical on June 20, 1945, by order number 2136 issued by draft board 251 in Los Angeles.

I reported, the same as many millions of other men, and I was examined at the Armed Forces Induction Station in the Pacific Electric Building, Sixth and Main Streets in Los Angeles.

Shortly afterwards, I received a notice from Induction Station Commander 1st Lt. J. M. Connors, stating that I was "rejected physically unfit."

The reason was high blood pressure or hypertension, the same disqualification which marked several million other men as 4-F.

I was called again in New York and examined at Governor's Island on August 13, 1945, and again rejected for high blood pressure. I still have the original notice of my rejection by Captain Edgar Montville, the induction station commander of New York.

So you see I did not try to evade military service. I wanted to pass my physical because I knew it automatically meant citizenship in ninety days. But I was rejected—just like several million other men.

The fact that I did sign a paper stating I was an Argentina national, previous to that, did not stop me from reporting for my draft notice. I was not rejected for military service and a chance for American citizenship because I was an Argentina national, but because the American Government didn't think I was physically fit for service.

I trust that the public will understand that better than all the legal arguments I can muster to explain my case. I trust the public will also understand that I was given permission to leave the country for Hawaii by the same Immigration Department which today claims I violated the laws by doing that.

The same Immigration Department knew my file, knew my case, and gave me a temporary alien registration card to go to Hawaii, because I had lost my original.

If perhaps I don't make it clear in any future defense in the confusion of a hearing room when the shadow of strict law hangs over the individual, I want to make it clear now to the press and to the public. I was given permission to go to Hawaii by Richard Cody of the Immigration Department and when I got back I was told I had violated the McCarran Act by leaving the country.

I was called an "excludable" although the department knew of my draft rejection. I was called an "excludable" after having been given permission to leave the country, and when I asked why I was given permission in the first place I was told, "Well, the officials can't know everything."

I was then told to prepare my defense or "get the Congress to pass a law that would give me citizenship within sixty days." I was given that word by the Immigration Department.

On the twenty-ninth day, I was called and told to call the Department the next day.

The very next day I was on my way to see a lawyer—a sacred privilege in America—when I was arrested. I did not get the sixty days I was promised by the Department to make legal arrangements. I got no explanation for their actions since then—only tight-lipped silence that keeps burrowing into my peace of mind with suspense and anxiety.

In a short time, I am to appear for a hearing on my case. But politicians' statements have deluded the public into pre-judging me as a criminal, a deliberate betrayer of the wonderful privilege of living in the U. S.

If, in the confusion of official hearings and through the screen of authority, these facts are not properly presented to the press and public or are distorted by the shadows of inference of deliberate violation of the laws of this great country, I will at least rest in the peace of having given my side of the story.

I think the American public, judging from the few letters and handclaps given me so far, will believe that I am right in the conviction to fight this case and that I have not done wrong nor have I betrayed the right to live in America.

END 93

anybody here seen mrs. kelly?

(Continued from page 45) lies!"

In the midst of all this hullabaloo, Eugene Curran Kelly was his usual, calm, assured, astute self.

Sitting in the living room of Gene Tierney's home—he had rented it until the lessees who had sublet his own were ready to go—he grinned his broad Irish grin.

"I don't know what the fuss is all about," he said. "Honestly! I took a plane from England and landed at Idlewild in New York. I traveled under my own name. I went through Customs and Immigration just like everyone else. It was a Sunday. Maybe that's why the reporters missed me."

"Then I caught a plane to Pittsburgh. After all, I hadn't seen my folks in over a year. I spent a couple of days with them and, incidentally, had a lot of fun with reporters from the Pittsburgh papers."

"After that, I came out here. Suddenly, there's a lot of fuss. I'm not hiding from anyone. What have I got to hide? It's no crime to take advantage of a favorable tax law. Besides, who cares? I've always paid my taxes. If the Government says I owe them money, I'll pay. If they say I don't, then I won't."

"It's as simple as that. Right now, I'm working hard on *Invitation To The Dance* (one of the three films Kelly made while abroad) and we're trying to work in some cartoon transitions. Betsy and Kerry will be home in a couple of weeks and they can tell you anything you want to know about Europe."

That conversation should give you some small clue to the Gene Kelly personality. Here is a man who has no time for gossip, trivia, or inconsequential small talk. Let others rage at slandering columnists. Let others threaten to file their lawsuits. Gene has no time for legal battles, rumor denials, studio politics, feuds of any sort, or any such manifestations of the Hollywood social game. He and his wife, Betsy, stay out of night clubs, and he is probably the only Hollywood star earning \$5,000 a week who doesn't drive a Cadillac.

Most of Kelly's life revolves around his work. Ray Boulting, the talented Englishman who directed Gene in *Crest Of The Wave*, says, "Kelly is probably the most accomplished player I've worked with. He's absolutely sure of what he's doing. And it isn't just Hollywood slickness. He is a man of profound intelligence who is terribly well-grounded in all the fundamentals. Also, and this is very important, he loves to work."

Friends of the Kellys predict that Gene's obsession with work may yet lose him his domestic happiness, but his wife says, "That's just nonsense. Kerry and I—well, we're part of Gene's work. Gene isn't the kind of husband who divides his life into two segments: on the job at the studio and off the job at home. He spends many hours of the day and night working at home. Our house is filled with all sorts of studio workers. Dancing and directing and choreography aren't something apart from us that Gene reserves for himself. All of us in the family are an integral part of his work. And he wants us to be. Some men shut their families out from their profession. Gene always includes us."

DESPITE this, those who know the Kellys well are of the opinion that Gene should devote some of his time to his wife's career.

"Gene and Betsy have been married for twelve years," one friend explains, "and they've been very happy, but there is one obstacle which may throw them if it isn't overcome, and that's Betsy's frustration."

"This girl has great talent. There's no doubt about it. Ask anyone who has seen

her perform. People still talk about her acting in *The Snake Pit*. When she and Kerry went over to Europe to join Gene, we hoped she might get a break overseas."

"She was offered a good role in England but she couldn't get a labor permit, so she went to work for Anatole Litvak in France and in Italy as a combination coach and script girl."

"Betsy is crazy to have a career. After all, what can she do with her time? Kerry is nine and goes off to school each day. Gene goes off to the studio. Lois is a marvelous secretary and takes care of the mail and the bills. Servants look after the house."

"Betsy Kelly wants an acting job, but it's the same old story. She is handicapped by being married to Gene. Why should any casting director hire her when there are hundreds of other young actresses who really need the money?"

"This was the situation when Gene and Betsy left Hollywood almost two years ago. Gene has a great, constantly expanding career while Betsy, loaded with talent, drive, youth, and ambition, has none. We thought the situation would change in Europe, but no luck. Career-wise, Gene gets bigger, she gets smaller."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was at a wedding shower in the banquet room of Lucey's in Los Angeles. One girl came in and reported excitedly that Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis were having lunch in the main dining room. We all wanted to see them, but we didn't think it was right for thirty girls to gang up on them. Someone suggested that we ask them to come and see us, and we all agreed but none of us thought they would. To our surprise, they not only came in, but they gave us all autographs, told jokes, and to top it off, they both wished the bride-to-be luck and happiness with a great big hug and kiss!

Anita Bockman
Inglewood, California



Like her husband, Betsy Blair is frank, honest, down-to-earth, and unassuming. Ask her if she's frustrated, and she tells you the truth. "Of course I'm frustrated," she says, "but so are a lot of other actresses. I want to work but I can't find the jobs. Certainly, it isn't Gene's fault. Anything I want to do in the way of a career is all right with him. He never has objected to that."

Kelly knows that his young wife is a fine actress, but he dislikes nepotism, and he would never use his own power or prestige to advance his wife's career. He feels that if Betsy is going to make it to the top, she's going to make it through her own efforts. And he has a deep, abiding faith in her eventual success.

One of Betsy's friends says, "I can't figure Betsy, at all. Why doesn't she give up all this career pretension? Why doesn't she have four or five more kids and raise a big family? Now that Gene has a new contract and all that tax-free money, she isn't going to have any financial worries. Besides, the Kellys have always lived modestly. To my way of thinking, this girl has everything: a successful husband, a beautiful daughter, a nice home, money in the bank. Why does she want to knock herself out?"

The Kellys would like to enlarge their family, but even if they should, Betsy Blair would yearn for a career. She is one girl who has always wanted to entertain. She went to work as a dancer when she was only fourteen. Show business is in her blood, and she cannot drive it out.

She wasn't yet eighteen when she was married to Gene in 1941, and in the ensuing decade she succeeded in sublimating her ambition. As she approaches thirty, however, she feels that her acting career will have to start now or never.

Kelly who doesn't like to discuss his private life, says anything that will make Betsy happy is fine with him. He understands and appreciates her frustration, but he is sure it offers no threat to their marriage.

"Essentially," he says, "Betsy is a very sensible girl with very sound values. She knows that it is virtually impossible for two careers in one family to be equal."

AS FOR his concentration on his work Gene says, "They'll have to carry me, feet-first, off the dance floor before I retire. Right now, I'm as strong as a horse. I want to act and dance and direct, and I don't ever want to stop."

"*Invitation To The Dance* was my first straight directing job, but we didn't shoot it for a wide screen, and if they show it on one, they'll ruin it. But I think that from the point of view of the dancer and the choreographer, these new dimensional techniques—3-D, CinemaScope, and the others—are great, because they give the screen what it's always lacked, depth and the illusion of dancing on the stage."

When Kelly started out to make *Invitation To The Dance*, a full-length feature told only in mime and ballet, several studio executives called him in and said, "Why do you want to make a dance film without words? You must be nuts."

Gene explained what he had in mind, and the studio had such great faith in him that he was given the go-ahead. Two Decembers ago, he flew overseas, made a quickie in Munich, and then began to hire ballet dancers for *Invitation*. Now finished, the film has several non-dialogue ballets strung together. Theoretically, this picture will raise the aesthetic level of the film musical to an all-time high.

Of all his musicals, Kelly claims, "On The Town is my favorite, although I've danced better in other films than I did in that. I think I did my best dancing in *Anchors Aweigh* but *On The Town* was important, a different kind of a musical."

OF THE three Kellys who went abroad, Gene was the first to return. He has been in Hollywood since August. Betsy, Kerry, and Lois McLelland, Gene's secretary, stayed behind in Paris, and a few weeks later, Lois and Kerry flew back to the States. Kerry spent some time with her grandma and grandpa Boger in New Jersey and arrived in Beverly Hills early in September, in time for school-opening. She was elected president of her class.

Betsy closed the picturesque apartment the Kellys had rented in Paris and was the last of the wandering tribe to pull into Hollywood. The family lived in Gene Tierney's home in September and finally got back into their own home in October.

Now that Gene is hard at work, Kerry is going to school, and Betsy is looking for an acting job, it seems to the Kelly trio that they've never left home.

They are still one of Hollywood's truly happy families, and should Betsy get one good break, they will be the happiest. Until then, and this is one of the French sayings the Kellys learned in France, "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose." The more things change, the more they are the same.

END



Shampoo this diamond sparkle
into your hair with new
DIAL SHAMPOO



Only Dial Shampoo gives
this complete cleanliness,
because only Dial contains
Hexachlorophene

Now you get a *complete cleanliness* with new
Dial Shampoo that you've never been able
to get with ordinary shampoos. Because
Dial Shampoo contains a new freshening
agent, Hexachlorophene, that gives your
hair clean-smelling freshness.

And Dial Shampoo leaves your hair so
clean it has a diamond sparkle!

Today, ask for Dial Shampoo in the un-
breakable squeeze bottle—so easy to use!

*No other shampoo gives this glorious Dial beauty
—yet leaves your hair so easy to manage*

Pure, Mild **IVORY SOAP**
Doctors' First Choice
For Complexion Care



Every practicing doctor in America

was recently mailed this question by a leading medical journal: "What soap is your first choice for skin care?" In the answers doctors, including skin doctors and baby doctors, voted: FIRST CHOICE . . . IVORY SOAP. Yes, Ivory first again! Why don't *you* try Ivory?



**You can have That Ivory Look
— a week from today!**

Day by day, your mirror will show your skin looking prettier! All you do is change to regular care and pure, mild Ivory. And in 7 days, you'll have a complexion that is dramatically softer, smoother, younger-looking! You'll have That Ivory Look!



99 44/100% pure...it floats



Mild enough for a baby's skin!

The milder the beauty soap, the better the condition of your skin—the prettier your complexion. And Ivory is mild enough for a baby's skin . . . doctors' first choice for her complexion and yours.